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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXII.

JANUARY, 1834.

Art. I.—*Life of Cowper.*

The Life of William Cowper, Esq. By Thomas Taylor. Philadelphia. 1833.

When we saw that a new life of Cowper was offered to the world, we imagined that some able hand had undertaken to give a philosophical view of his character and writings; and such is the interest which still follows him as a poet and a man, that we can hardly conceive of a finer subject for a sagacious and discriminating mind. Considering how little we are generally interested in any poetry excepting that of the day, it is rather surprising that he should still stand so prominently before the public eye; we mean the eye of all who are interested in subjects of the kind, a class which does not by any means embrace the whole human race, even in civilized countries. He is yet, though a quarter of a century has passed since his death, and twice that period since his day of fame, so interesting by reason of his genius and his sorrows, that any writer, who could do justice to the one, and give a rational explanation of the other, would be sure of a hearing and a welcome from the reading world. The mysterious affection of his mind, which wrapped it sometimes in sudden and painful eclipse, and then, without apparent cause, suffered it to shine out with surpassing brightness, seems so much more like the capricious agency of an evil spirit than the common effect of disease, that its details, furnished by his own powerful and desperate hand, are eagerly devoured by vulgar curiosity, while more enlightened investigators study it as a marvellous page in the history of mind. Then too, all who have a taste for poetry, whether natural or refined, admire his faithful descriptions, his familiar truth to nature, and the manly grace and English freedom with which he walks in the path where those before him went with measured step, and manner suited to the prevailing taste, which they either worshipped as perfect, or had not enterprise enough to alter. Now had a biographer appeared, who had penetration enough to discover, and independence enough to tell the world what Cowper was, instead of repeating the dictations of party, he might have satisfied his own reasonable ambition, by repairing the statue which has been injured by the conflicts carried on around it, though not worn by the waste of time.

The present period is quite favorable for such an undertaking. So many fierce battles were fought concerning him, as soon as he was in the dust, that a long breathing-space necessarily followed; and accordingly the subject has been left untouched for some years, or agitated in a manner which seemed like a returning echo of old and narrow opinions. Cowper had an enterprising mind, however timid and retiring in his habits and feelings. He struck out a new track for himself, and walked in it with so much glory and success, that his example of enterprise was followed; and in the brilliant period of poetry with which the present century began, each minstrel consulted his own taste and power, insomuch that, as once it happened in Israel, the highways were all deserted. To this breaking up of old associations we owe the fairy wildness of Southey, the oriental richness of Moore, the Druidical inspirations of Wordsworth, and the varied enchantment of Scott. They might possibly have written as they did had Cowper never existed, but any one who knows the power of classical associations must be aware, that hundreds see the benefit of change before one dares to make it. Cowper himself, perhaps, hermit as he was, did not feel the greatness of his adventure. But shortly after the declaration of its independence, the republic of letters was divided into fierce and bloody parties, each maintaining that its own writing, and nothing else, was poetry. The general strain of the dispute resembled the lawsuit between the eyes and the nose, contending to which the spectacles rightfully belonged; but it was not by any means so easily decided. As no general law could be established to determine the invariable principles of poetry, which would have been in effect to reëstablish the despotism which had just been broken down, nothing remained but for men of similar tastes to associate themselves in schools, each with its peculiar and exclusive opinions. Far be it from us to revive the memory of these schools and their border wars. As often happens, what was peculiar to each was erroneous, and the truth was common to them all. That of Wordsworth has subsisted longest, but is losing its exclusiveness as fast as his poetry gains its rightful place in the public mind. But now that hostilities are over, and schools and creeds sinking into a forgetfulness, which we hope will be eternal, the times are favorable to a fair and impartial discussion of the poetical merits of Cowper,—showing how far he was affected by circumstances, how much he accomplished, and what accidental causes either aided or hindered his success.

Our readers may naturally doubt whether the state of the religious world be equally favorable to impartiality, but we trust that there is more enlargement of mind than in former days, since controversies, though not more gentle than formerly, are argued on more liberal and enlightened grounds. But whether this be so or not, it is evident that a fair view of the subject of Cowper's depression need not give offence to any religious party. Hayley and others, who did not agree with Cowper in his sentiments, have generally described his complaint as religious despondency; a phrase which has given much offence to those who hold those opinions. Even Montgomery, who, one would think, lived far enough from the scene of action to be able to keep his temper, expresses himself thus: 'In spite of unanswerable confutations of the ignorant and malignant falsehood, the enemies of Christian truth persevere in asserting that too much religion made poor Cowper mad. If they be sincere, they are themselves under the strongest delusion; and it will be well if it prove not, on their part, a wilful one,—it will be well if they have not reached that last perversity of human reason, to believe a falsehood of their own invention;'—and more equally in the spirit of the Gospel.

We know not where these stormy denunciations are meant to fall; for we think that no one who reads Cowper's history can suppose, that his depression was owing to religion. It is commonly thought necessary, that a cause should be antecedent to the effect in time: now every one knows, that prior to his confinement he was not overburdened with religion of any kind. His disease was insanity, which was immediately brought on or rather brought to a point by his dread of a public appearance before the House of Lords. Far from charging his insanity to his religion, the enemy of his religious opinions would be much more likely to ascribe his religion to his insanity, and to attempt to show, that the peculiar aspect in which that subject presented itself to his mind, was occasioned or affected by the gloom which he had just passed through. But if we understand the question, the suggestion, which gave so much offence, was that his madness took the form of religious anxiety. This is undeniably true: his prevailing feeling was despair of salvation; but it is evident that the fierce agony of his disease, and not his religion, was the source and origin of that despair. It being admitted, then, that no views of religion are answerable for this insanity, which was the result of his constitutional tendencies, irritated by unfortunate circumstances through all his youth and manhood up to the hour when reason gave way before them, it is not to be supposed that any sect could take offence at a discussion of the question, whether other views than those which he adopted would have done more to secure the peace and happiness of his later years. Or, if party spirit is too jealous to permit this question to be debated by those who are enslaved to it, it is only necessary that the enquiry should be conducted by one who has a respect for all conscientious opinions, but is in bondage to none.

Since the times are favorable to an impartial estimate of the merits of this distinguished man, we cannot help regarding it as a signal calamity, that he should have fallen into the hands of Mr. Thomas Taylor. We know not whence he came, nor whither he is going; the publishers do not inform us whether this is a reprint of an English work or not; but though left in the dark on these subjects, which it concerns reviewers to know, we say, with confidence, that Mr. Taylor was never created to be the biographer of Cowper. No new facts were to be expected, and none are given, save one, viz. that 'toward his excellent father he had always felt the strongest parental regard.' The whole work consists of shreds and patches, taken partly from the writings of Cowper, and partly from the biographies and criticisms of others, strung together with a want of skill which does much to destroy their charm. Hayley's Life, it is true, was made up in the same way; but then Cowper's letters were new, and Hayley was wise enough to know, that to permit Cowper to be his own historian would give the work a surprising attraction. But now, when those who would read a new biography are already familiar with his letters and history, the biographer must adopt a different course, and one which requires higher qualifications. He must, to be sure, set down the incidents of Cowper's life, but this is a trifling part of his duty. He must tell us what Cowper was, and show how far circumstances tended to make him what he was; he must explain to us the nature and spirit of his mind, and the strength and weakness of his heart; he must show us what that mysterious affection was, before which he sometimes bowed down in infant helplessness, while, at other times, he threw it off like dust from the eagle's wing. In short, a biographer, worthy of the subject, must do much which Mr. Taylor never thought of doing, and if he had, would not have been able to do.

The first biographer of Cowper, Hayley, was a man in no respect equal to the undertaking; but, by a fortunate accident, he adopted a plan similar to Mason's in his life of Gray, and thus acquired considerable reputation from the circumstance that so little of the work was his own. He was probably induced to take this course by the embarrassing nature of his subject. Having no taste or capacity for philosophical investigation, he did not venture to inquire into the causes of Cowper's literary success nor of his physical depression; and, knowing that his religious opinions, if expressed, were likely to give offence to some of Cowper's surviving friends, he seems to have been unwilling to provoke them to a conflict, in which his elegant literary repose would have been seriously endangered. There was also another reason for his reserve, which we cannot find it in our hearts to condemn. The details of mental suffering, when they oblige us to follow a man of fine genius to the cells of a madhouse, are painful and revolting. It was natural that he should wish to draw a veil over this dismal scene in the history of his excellent and honored friend: but this forbearance gave an incompleteness to his work, and its readers found many questions starting up in their minds to which it furnished no reply. As often happens in such cases of truths withheld, the imaginations to which it gave birth were worse than the worst reality. But it was necessary to say something, and nothing can be more misplaced than Hayley's attempt at explanation. He says, 'had Cowper been prosperous in early love, it is probable that he might have enjoyed a more uniform and happy tenor of health.' Here let us stop to say, that we learn only by intimation that Cowper was disappointed in love, not however by the insensibility of his mistress, but the interference of their relations. An event so important in the annals of his life, might surely have been described at large after the lapse of more than a generation. 'Thwarted in love,' says Hayley, 'the native fire of his temperament turned impetuously into the kindred channel of devotion. The smothered flames of desire, uniting with the vápors of constitutional melancholy and the fervency of religious zeal, produced altogether that irregularity of corporeal sensation and of mental health, which gave such extraordinary vicissitudes of splendor and darkness to his mortal career.' This explanation, for doubtless it was so intended, only serves to show the writer's perplexity, and when translated, means that Cowper's malady was owing in part to circumstances, in part to physical constitution, and in part to the habits of his mind. But Hayley does not seem to have been aware of the power of disease to destroy the moral energy: the mind, like the harp, when under firm command, gives out bold, expressive and inspiring sounds; if the moral energy be lost, it is like the harp of the winds, all sadness. But in criticising Hayley's work, we must not forget what does him more honor,—his generous kindness to Cowper; he was one of those matchless friends who remained faithful to the poor invalid, when even the Samaritan would have been tempted to pass by. Nothing in the endeavors and successes of genius can make our hearts burn within us like the self-devotion of those living martyrs, who, unseen by the world, can sit within the shadow of death with the sick and sorrowful, and count it their highest glory to bind up the broken heart.

We shall take advantage of this publication to make a few remarks on Cowper's life and character, and at the same time to express our hope that some one, who is equal to the undertaking, will accomplish that which Mr. Taylor has attempted in vain.

Cowper evidently had, in his constitution, the elements of that disorder, which made such fearful inroads upon the happiness of his life; and the circumstances of his childhood brought them into early action. His mother died when he was but six years old; and if we may believe the accounts we have respecting her, she would have had the judgment to detect and control the native tendencies of his feeling. It is not at all uncommon for the young, at a very early age, to be suspicious of kindness, jealous of affection, and to betray all those infirmities which, if not resisted, make their possessor, or rather their victim, a burden to himself, and useless to the world. But so slow and difficult is it to give a new direction to character which has already begun to take its form, that nothing less than a mother's affection has the long patience which it requires. What Cowper's father was, we do not know. His biographers only tell us that he was once chaplain to George II., and afterwards rector of Great Berkhamstead: as to his character we have no information beyond the fact, that he was a learned and respectable man. But whatever he may have been, he could not fulfil that delicate trust, which nature has confided to a mother's hands, nor does it appear that he secured to himself more than an ordinary place in the affection of his son. We do not remember in all his letters any particular allusion to his father, except where he speaks of the sorrow with which he felt that his death dissolved the relations that bound him to the place of his birth. Till his father's death, he had always considered their dwelling-place as a family possession: he had become intimate with every tree that grew near it; and it was with a bitter feeling that he gave it up to the stranger's hands.

Immediately after the death of his mother, which was of itself a sore calamity, he was sent by his father to a public school. Young, shy, and timid as he was, he shrunk back into himself, at witnessing the rough and savage manners of the older boys; and being unable to defend himself, and finding no defender, he was treated by them as lawful prey. Dr. Johnson said to a parent, who wished to overcome the retiring disposition of his child by sending him to a public school, that it was forcing an owl into the sun: a comparison more just than the Doctor himself imagined; for every one familiar with the woods knows, that whenever the owl is forced into the day, the painful glare of the sunshine is not the worst evil he endures. Every thing that has wings takes advantage of his helplessness, and torments him with insults and injuries, till he is weary of existence. The wonder is, that such discipline did not entirely break the gentle spirit of Cowper. He tells us that one young savage tortured him in such a manner, that he was afraid to lift his eyes upon him, higher than his knees: but he dared not complain, and this dire oppression was discovered by accident at last. Here his heart was confirmed in the habit of keeping to itself its own bitterness; an unfortunate reserve; for there were more instances than one, in which the counsel of a judicious friend, who could have entered into his feelings, would have been worth more to him than all the world besides. The consumptive patient, wasting in loneliness and sorrow, is not a sight more affecting to the thoughtful, than he whose moral energy is withered by disease of mind. But in the world at large, the sight inspires less sympathy than ridicule and scorn.

Though we shall not follow the example of Mr. Taylor, who has considered his subject only in a religious point of view, it would be impossible to speak of Cowper without regarding him in that relation. There must be a time in every man's life, we mean every good man, when he begins to act from principle; and Christians, of course, regard Christian principles as the rule, by which the conduct and feeling should be governed. It is the object of religious education to supply these principles to the young, and to teach them to act upon them; and nature points to the beginning of conscious existence as the time when these principles should be formed, requiring those who have given life to the child to teach him how to live,—to give him a right direction, so that, when he becomes responsible for himself, his tastes and habits may be already formed in favor of loving and doing that which is excellent, honorable and good. When the young mind has been so unfortunate as not to receive this early care, it is hard to supply the deficiency in later years. Still it can be done, and not unfrequently is done; and we take it that, when he who has lived at random begins decidedly to form the character of a Christian, and to govern himself by Christian principles in all that relates to himself, to others, and to God, he is said, in the dialect of our religion, to begin life anew, or in other words, passes through the conversion of the Gospel.

Now such is our condition, that energetic principles of action are absolutely necessary. The man without them can no more reach excellence, usefulness, and peace, either in this world, or another, than a vessel can drift to its destined harbor. The ship, which moves most rapidly and powerfully when under command, would drive most wildly, when left to the winds; and the man most largely gifted with passions and powers is dangerous to himself and others, in exact proportion to the success and glory with which he might exert himself in the way of duty. Cowper, unhappily, by the misfortune of his childhood, lost the benefit of a religious education, which might have formed principles, and taught him to act upon them: nor was there ever a time in the earlier history of his life, though he often lamented the defect, when he could summon energy enough to make himself what he wished to be. He felt that he was living without purpose; but as often as he attempted to break his habits and associations, he was like a man with a withered hand. His conscience perpetually haunted him, but it disturbed him like a dream; the moral energy to act was wanting. We do not believe that he was a profligate wretch, as he afterwards represents himself in his own confessions: we see more evidence of weakness and frailty than hardened guilt, in his course of life: but there certainly was enough to deplore in the loss of his earliest and best years, in which little was done, and that little not what it ought to have been.

That his conscience was always upbraiding him, appears from various incidents recorded by his own hand. His tastes were evidently in favor of what was right, but the force of circumstances was too strong for mere taste; and as for principles, as we have said, they never had been formed. The admonitions of his conscience, which seems to have had power to avenge though not to redress its own wrongs, were deeply felt at the time, but his unhealthy sensibility gave so much force to external things, that her warnings were lost, if not forgotten. Still they returned again and again: he endeavored to escape from them by joining in society with gay companions, but in vain. Even at that early period when he was at the public school, he tells us that one day, when sitting in solitude, he was forcibly struck with a passage of Scripture, which applied to the oppression under which he labored: it started up suddenly in his mind by some association which he could not discover, and he seems to have regarded it as a suggestion *made* to his soul. While he was at Westminster, happening to cross a churchyard late one evening, a sexton, who was digging a grave by the light of a lantern, threw up a skull, which accidentally struck him upon the leg. This excited his conscience through his imagination; but he was, he tells us, 'as ignorant in all points of religion as the satchel at his back,' and though he regarded these as religious impulses, he did not know how to use them. Never having been taught to regard the subject in its true light, he seems to have considered these incidents as supernatural intimations, and to have condemned himself for neglecting them, as if they had been given by an articulate voice from on high.

This weakness and frailty, however, were owing principally to disease; for his taste and judgment were so decidedly in favor of what was right, that we can hardly account for the disturbing force which held him back from religious excellence and intellectual exertion, except by supposing that this secret infirmity weighed him to the dust. His diseased frame communicated its unhealthy action to the mind: and the mind, in turn, worn by perplexities, increased the disorder of the body; so that, although he was painfully conscious of the defects of his early education, he had not sufficient energy to repair them. But his mind naturally turned toward the subject of religion in times of sadness: it was like the fountain of Ammon, which, however cold by day, grew warmer as the shadows fell. Soon after he went to the Temple, a cloud of dejection settled heavily upon him. He met accidentally with Herbert, and some of the beautiful inspirations in which that writer threw off the restraints of the bad taste which prevailed, and followed his own taste and feeling, went to the heart of Cowper, and touched the string which was then silent, but was afterwards waked into deep and full vibration. He tells us distinctly, that it was the piety of that devout writer which gave him such a hold upon his mind. Inspired by the example, he attempted to secure the peace which religion alone could give: but not being aware that such peace is not to be found till the whole heart consents to this direction of the feeling, nor indeed till familiarity has made it easy and sweet, he gave over his attempts in despair, because he did not find at once the relief which he expected. As often as his mind attempted to rise, the strong hand of his disorder bound it down. He gives us a remarkable instance of this in his own narrative. At the time alluded to, he went into the country. While there, he walked one day to some distance from the village, and sat down in a retired spot, which commanded a noble prospect both of land and sea: the land-view was quiet and lovely, and the sun shone bright upon the sleeping ocean. Suddenly, as if a new sun had been kindled in the heavens, his soul was lighted up with joy, and filled with a glow of gratitude to the Power, to which he felt that he was indebted for this unexpected blessing. Unfortunately he returned to his old associations, and the benefit of this restoration was lost. The effect here described was precisely similar to what he tells us of his later periods of depression. He rose in the morning, he says, 'like an infernal frog out of Acheron, covered with the ooze and mud of melancholy;' but as the sun rose higher, his gloom gradually cleared up, its depth and duration depending upon the brightness of the day. In all this we see the misfortune of a man, whose heart longed to commune with the grand and beautiful works of nature, but was compelled to remain in the cells and caverns of the town,—who needed to associate with the contemplative and thoughtful, but was driven to the society of the busy or the gay,—who had a mind formed for poetical musing, but had not yet discovered where his strength lay,—whose soul was made for devotion, but never had been taught to rise; and who, in addition to all these unfavorable circumstances, was afflicted with a disorder, which palsies every faculty of body and spirit at the time when the man most needs exertions of power.

Situated as Cowper was, those difficulties, which in better times might have operated as springs to his active and powerful mind, became so many dead weights to him. Difficulties came thick and fast. His resources were so few and small, that an attachment, which, so far as we can discover from slight intimations, was returned by the object of his affection, was broken off by the friends of the parties: and not merely did this privation interfere with his happiness; he had the prospect of actual poverty before him. Affrighted at this vision, he eagerly grasped at the place of reading-clerk to the House of Lords, which a friend offered him, and forgot that the nervous shyness, which made a public exhibition of himself 'mortal poison,' would render it impossible for him ever to discharge its duties. The moment this difficulty occurred to him, it covered his mind with gloom. But he had not resolution to explain himself to his friend; and though they passed great part of every day together, it was only by letter that he could bring himself to propose that this office should be exchanged for that of clerk of the journals, which required no public appearance, and was also in the gift of his patron. No sooner had he applied for the change as a personal favor, than his friend generously consented to it, though it disappointed his kind purpose and even, from particular circumstances, exposed his integrity to suspicion. Thus, where a single word would have saved him from much suffering, it was one which he had not strength to speak; and yet, hardly had his mind been set at rest on this subject, before it was called upon to make a similar but still greater exertion. For reasons, of which it is enough to say, that they were not personal, he was threatened with a public examination before the House, before he entered upon the duties. This made him completely wretched; he had not resolution to decline what he had not strength to do: the interest of his friend, and his own reputation and want of support, pressed him forward to an attempt, which he knew from the first could never succeed. In this miserable state, like Goldsmith's Traveller, 'to stop too fearful and too faint to go,' he attended every day for six months at the office where he was to examine the journals in preparation for his trust. His feelings were like those of a man at the place of execution, every time he entered the office door, and he only gazed mechanically upon the books, without drawing from them the least portion of the information which he wanted. A single letter to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, shows how helpless and hopeless was his condition; he had not strength to stand self-sustained, and he had not courage or confidence to reveal to his friends the torture which was wasting the living fibre of his heart. Perhaps those only, who have been in a condition in which the lightest touch is to the mind like sharp iron to the naked nerve, can sympathize with the heart-sick delicacy which prevented his making another appeal to the friend, who seems to have been actuated throughout simply by the wish to serve him. As the time drew nigh, his agony became more and more intense; he hoped and believed that madness would come to relieve him; he attempted also to make up his mind to commit suicide, though his conscience bore stern testimony against it; he could not by any argument persuade himself that it was right, but his desperation prevailed and he procured from an apothecary the means of self-destruction. On the day before his public appearance was to be made, he happened to notice a letter in the newspaper, which to his disordered mind seemed like a malignant libel on himself. He immediately threw down the paper and rushed into the fields, determined to die in a ditch, but the thought struck him that he might escape from the country. With the same violence he proceeded to make hasty preparations for his flight; but while he was engaged in packing his portmanteau his mind changed, and he threw himself into a coach, ordering the man to drive to the Tower wharf, intending to throw himself into the river, and not reflecting that it would be impossible to accomplish his purpose in that public spot. On approaching the water, he found a porter seated upon some goods: he then returned to the coach and was conveyed to his lodgings at the Temple. On the way, he attempted to drink the laudanum, but as often as he raised it, a convulsive agitation of his frame prevented its reaching his lips; and thus, regretting the loss of the opportunity, but unable to avail himself of it, he arrived, half-dead with anguish, at his apartment. He then shut the doors and threw himself upon the bed with the laudanum near him, trying to lash himself up to the deed: but a voice within seemed constantly to forbid it, and as often as he extended his hand to the poison, his fingers were contracted and held back by spasms. At this time some one of the inmates of the place came in, but he concealed his agitation, and as soon as he was left alone, a change came over him, and so detestable did the deed appear, that he threw away the laudanum and dashed the vial to pieces. The rest of the day was spent in heavy insensibility, and at night he slept as usual: but on waking at three in the morning, he took his pen-knife and lay with his weight upon it, the point towards his heart. It was broken and would not penetrate. At day-break he rose, and passing a strong garter round his neck, fastened it to the frame of his bed: this gave way with his weight, but on securing it to the door, he was more successful, and remained suspended till he had lost all consciousness of existence. After a time the garter broke and he fell to the floor, so that his life was saved: but the conflict had been greater than his reason could endure. He felt for himself a contempt not to be expressed or imagined; whenever he went into the street, it seemed as if every eye flashed upon him with indignation and scorn: he felt as if he had offended God so deeply, that his guilt could never be forgiven, and his whole heart was filled with tumultuous pangs of despair. Madness was not far off, or rather madness was already come.

Here we must say that we entirely agree with those who contend, with more zeal it may be than the occasion calls for, that religion had no agency in any of its forms in causing his insanity. Those who have thrown out this suggestion seem to have done it as matter of inference merely; finding in him that despair of salvation, which they think that certain views of religion are fitted to produce, and knowing that he afterwards adopted those views of religion, they have taken it for granted, that this was the cause which produced depression at various periods, and once conducted him to the maniac's cell. But if they look into the history of his life, they will see that his depression took the same form before he embraced that religious system: he was then agitated by the same fears, lest he had committed the unpardonable sin, and destroyed all his hopes of immortality. And after he had become a convert to that faith, his mind, in its seasons of depression, was oppressed with fears which were in direct opposition to his religious convictions; for in health he believed himself accepted, but in depression he imagined that he was cast out in consequence of his neglecting to destroy himself on the former occasion. Surely it is needless to assign intellectual causes to such wild fancies as this. We are rather disposed to believe, that some such anchor to the soul as religion would have afforded, might have enabled him to outride the storm; for though his disorder was physical, the calm energy and sacred confidence which religion would have inspired, might have prevented it from affecting his mind so deeply; the concentrated purpose and quiet determination which religious principle gives to the mind, might have removed some of those perplexities by which the fever of his soul was exasperated to madness and despair. Of course we do not speak of the effect of the views of religion which he adopted: this is not the place to discuss the merits and influences of different systems. Each sect, by a natural habit of association, imagines that the water of life has most virtue when drawn from its own fountains, as wayfarers in the world think that the element is no where else so sweet and reviving, as that of their father's well. Any one who reads Cowper's letters, will see that his religion was pure and undefiled by the spirit of any party. In fact we know not where to find a finer exhibition of the beauty of holiness, than in the life of this remarkable man. Hardier spirits could doubtless accomplish more in the warfare and struggle of the world; and feeling that he was physically disabled for such a service, he retired from the public ways of men. But those who suppose him to have been a recluse, are entirely mistaken in his character. He was ready to enter into society and contribute to its employments, when disease did not prevent him: and so far from cherishing a spirit of devotion like the shew-bread of the temple, which was a formal offering to Heaven, his religion was always carried out into useful and benevolent action. He was familiar in the cottages of the poor, where he gave comfort, counsel, and such relief as his slender means would allow. He seems to have been employed by Thornton, the well-known philanthropist, who considered him as a judicious and faithful dispenser of his bounty to the destitute, and who would not have entrusted it to incompetent hands. This is in our view the very spirit of religion. That messenger of Heaven dwells not in cells nor cloisters; she goes forth among men not to frown upon their happiness, but to do them good; she is familiar and cheerful at the tables and firesides of the happy; she is equally intimate in the dwellings of poverty and sorrow, where she encourages the innocent smiles of youth, and kindles a glow of serenity on the venerable front of age; she is found too, at the bedside of the sick, when the attendants have ceased from their labor, and the heart is almost still; she is seen in the house of mourning, pointing upward to the house not made with hands; she will not retire so long as there is evil that can be prevented, or kindness that can be given, and it is not till the last active duty is done, that she hastens away and raises her altar in the wilderness, so that she may not be seen by men.

There never was a spirit more evidently made for religious excellence than that of Cowper; through all that early period of life, of which he speaks in such exaggerated but natural terms of condemnation, his conscience was, as we have seen, always upbraiding him with the infirmity of purpose which made his best resolutions vain. In times of distress, too, he seems like a ship-wrecked man, constantly trying to cling to the rock of ages, but as often as he seemed to grasp it, sinking down from his hold with the returning waves. But while the tendencies of his feeling were naturally favorable to religion, it seems probable that they must have received a direction in his early childhood. Many deep and lasting impressions in favor of religion may be made by a mother's affection, before she is aware that the young heart is open to receive them: and if the parent be early lost, as in the case of Cowper, the heart will be conscious of the impressions, without being conscious whence they proceed. Certainly his recollections of her were strong and vivid, as will be seen by those who read his sweet and affecting lines upon his mother's picture; and it is not to be supposed that a parent, so tender and faithful, would have been inattentive to the most sacred of all her duties.

The complaint under which Cowper labored throughout his life was *hypochondriasis*, or, as Dr. Rush prefers calling it, *tristimania*, a disorder, not, as is idly supposed, originating in the imagination, though it employs perverted fancies as its chief instruments of torture. Cowper was aware of this; for he says to Lady Hesketh, 'could I be translated to Paradise, unless I could leave my body behind me, my melancholy would cleave to me there.' His disease was dyspeptic habit, which gave a morbid sensibility to his body and mind, and placed him in that state which predisposes to insanity. The conscience shares in the general excitement; there has been an instance in this country of a young man who died insane from the belief that he had offended his Maker, by not saying grace at the table of a friend; and the experience of physicians supplies them with many cases, bearing a near resemblance to that of Cowper. The disease is not without its remissions; we see in his letters, written at the times when his melancholy disqualified him for society and exertion, occasional flashes of humor, which seem strangely at variance with the accounts of his biographers; but it was the fact, as he says, that sometimes, while he was the most distressed of all beings, he was cheerful upon paper. But as the disease gains ground, even these gleams of happiness vanish; all becomes dreary, comfortless and cold; there is no beauty in nature; its sights and sounds become painful and disgusting; there is no brightness in the sun; however brilliantly it lights up the world, it cannot shine inward to the heart. Kindness, friendship and affection all lose their power; their attentions are accepted without seeming gratitude or pleasure; even the voice of religious consolation speaks as hopelessly, as if it were addressed to the dead. The anguish arising from this constant depression is so intolerable, that it often drowns all sensation of the most intense bodily pain. Sometimes the sufferer prays for madness, like King Lear, hoping in that way to be relieved from the agony of thought; it would seem as if there could be no darker change beyond this ; but it is, if possible, worse, when it settles down into the frozen calm of despair. Here, there is often a conflict between the wish and the fear to die. The sufferer longs for death as a hidden treasure, and would welcome it from the hand of another, but dares not inflict it with his own. Sometimes the hatred of life prevails, and he resorts to poison, the pistol, or the halter. Such is, in general terms, the description given of hypochondria by those whose profession makes them familiar with it ; and almost every one of these signs and sufferings is found in the history of Cowper.

It would have been surprising if a heart like his, after being tormented for months by such a disease, should not have overflowed with gratitude and praise as soon as light broke in upon the darkness of his soul. For we have seen that this was the case on a former occasion, when the veil of darkness was suddenly lifted ; but at this period, when he felt that he was sinking into an insanity which might last as long as life, and was grasping at every thing that afforded the faintest hope of relief, his attention was turned to the subject of Christianity. His mind fastened itself upon that subject ; it was his prevailing imagination while he was ill, though of course perverted by the wildness natural to his disease, and was the idea uppermost in his mind when he began to recover. And now, being separated from his old associations, and placed in a situation favorable to the indulgence of his religious feelings, where the influences about him were all auspicious, and no uncongenial pursuits and temptations were present to distract his mind, he studied the subject of Christianity, and applied it to his life and feeling, till his whole heart became a living sacrifice of grateful praise. Nor is it strange, that the particular aspect in which the subject was presented to him when it first engaged his earnest attention, should have been dear to him ever after; but if any think of him as the slave to a system, they will find, on reading his letters, that he did not take offence at the sentiments of others, and was content with holding fast his own. There was not in his whole composition one particle of the material of which bigots are made. Interested, ardent and zealous no doubt he was, but his zeal, instead of blazing out against others, rose upward in a clear bright flame, which, wherever it shone before men, could have no other effect than to attract them onward in the strait and narrow path of duty.

Some of the evangelical friends of Cowper, considering the honor of their views of religion deeply involved in the discussion of this subject, have entered largely into an investigation of this curious page in the history of human nature. They have endeavored to draw the limits between religious concern and the terrors of a disturbed imagination; they allow that his religious anxiety might have had a tendency to increase his disorder for the time, but so far as his unhappiness was of a religious nature, he was wounded only that he might be more effectually healed. A sensible writer on the subject, in the Eclectic Review, allowed 'the extreme difficulty of determining, in all cases, the true character of those alternations of joy and despondency, of levity and seriousness, naturally enough connected with correspondent frames of thought, to which his narrative continually refers.' 'In cases where the sympathy between the body and the mind is peculiarly exquisite; where the slightest change in the temperament of the frame communicates itself to the imagination and the feelings, and the breath and pulsation seem in return to be regulated by the thoughts, it is almost impossible to depend upon a person's own account of the origin of his emotions. There can be no doubt, that the presence of fever is the real cause of much that passes for religious transport in the prospect of dissolution, and that despondency is not less frequently the mere effect of the bodily languor, consequent upon the exhaustion.' But he contends that these emotions, though they may originate in physical changes, are not to be viewed as physical phenomena; impressions may be made in dreams which are true; and convictions may come over the mind in sickness, which are not the less just because partly attributable to the state of the system. The way to ascertain whether they are delusive or not, is to learn whether there is any ground for them; meaning, we suppose, that the question is, whether the mind creates unnatural or only exaggerates natural emotions. His inference, if we understand him, is that Cowper was an example of the latter state of mind; and of course, that disordered as he was, he may be considered as a moral agent, and his conversion quoted as a genuine instance of the effect of the influences of religion.

One would think, however, that admitting the justness of this distinction, it would be unsafe and undesirable to present a mind, which has lost the power of judging and comparing, as an illustration of the effect of religion upon a healthy understanding. When the man in delirium sees spectres about him, it will not do to point out objects in the chamber, which his mind distorts and enlarges into shapes of terror; they may furnish a starting-point for the imagination, but they will not prove that the patient's observations are any more to be trusted. The person who neglected to say grace at table, in his own view of the subject did wrong; and so far he had some ground for self-reproach; but would the fancy, which dwelt upon this omission with such excessive remorse, have found any difficulty in creating causes of self-condemnation? And would any one trust the judgment of such a man, more than that of another, who was in the same state, without any actual cause for self-upbraiding? Neither will it do to say, that the subject of religion is infinite, and that no amount of devotion to the subject can therefore be excessive. This will be readily admitted by all, if by religion we understand religious duty. The question is, whether there is no such thing as excessive remorse for neglect of some particular obligation. On the whole, we think, that the friend of religion, instead of endeavoring to find order in the confusion which prevailed at that time in Cowper's mind, will consult the honor of Christianity more, by pointing to the healthy action of his powerful intellect and the daily beauty of his unclouded life, as a fine and attractive example of the spirit and power of religion. His regret for lost and wasted years, was best manifested by the earnestness with which he redeemed the rest; his gratitude for the divine goodness, which restored him from suffering, was displayed by his beginning life anew. These facts are undoubted; and they afford volumes of testimony in favor of Christian truth.

When Cowper, at the age of thirty-three, had recovered so far as to be able to leave the care of the physician, and retreat into the country, he became acquainted with the family of Unwin, to which he was indebted for so much of the comfort of his later years. Wherever he felt at ease, his manners were said to be singularly attractive: and this family seem to have had a simplicity and warm-hearted kindness, which offered him precisely the social resources which he wanted, besides having the advantage of being able to sympathize with him in all his religious feelings. After residing with them two years, the circumstances of the family were changed by the death of Mr. Unwin, and, at the suggestion of Mr. Newton, they went to reside near him in Olney, the scene of his pastoral labors. In

Mrs. Unwin, a woman of intelligence as well as excellence, who was seven years older than himself, he found a counsellor as well as friend, who was so much interested in his welfare, that after her children, who were both of mature years, left her, she made it her duty and pleasure to devote her life to him. Beside the all-engrossing subject of which his heart was full, he spent his time in exercise, conversation, and music, in which he always delighted. It does not appear that he engaged seriously in writing any thing more than the Olney hymns, which he undertook in conjunction with his friend Mr. Newton: but as he wrote with great facility, these were trifles which made but small demands upon his mind. By external circumstances he was little troubled, with the exception of the loss of his brother, a learned and excellent member of the University, whose death he deeply deplored; but he found consolation for sorrows like this more easily than for the perplexing evils of the world, and this will not furnish us with a reason for his relapsing into gloom. Hayley ascribed it to his excessive religious feeling, not discriminating between the feeling itself and the means which he took to cherish it. In true religious feeling there can be no excess; since the feeling, as it grows, will spend itself in works of active duty; but in his religious exercises, possibly there may have been a cause for his returning disorder. Such at least is the explanation given by one of his evangelical friends, who says, 'that a considerable portion of his time was given to devotional exercises must be acknowledged; but that devotion, which does not issue in action, partakes too much of the religion of the cloister to have the effect of keeping the mind long in a healthy state. The right use of time is a very important division of Christian duty; and here we cannot help thinking that Cowper failed. Devotional exercises, instead of being used to prepare and strengthen the mind for the active duties of life, were suffered in a great measure to supply their place; and not only was the opportunity thus lost of benefiting mankind by labors which would have proved their own reward, even in the peace and satisfaction which they imparted to his own bosom; but the natural timidity and feminine softness of his character must have been increased by his almost total seclusion from the world.'* These are sensible remarks, and contain much truth with respect to Cowper: but his seclusion was enforced by a disposition which made it almost impossible for him to go forth in search of friends, though he always welcomed those who sought him; and it must be remembered also, that religious feeling was the principal employment and happiness of his mind; it was not as if he had retreated from a world where he might have been useful. He had found himself wholly unable to contend in the race with the swift, and in battle with the strong; neither was his life so inactive as is often supposed. Far from sinking into a dead calm of quietism, he went about doing good, and never mistook the verdure of stagnation for living green.

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* Christian Observer, 1805.

But though Cowper may have been in error in giving, not too much of his feeling, but too much of his time to religion, this period of his life seems to have been more tranquil and serene than any other. There are not many letters, but those are on the subject nearest his heart, and are written in a cheerful spirit, which seems to show that there was nothing morbid in his devotion. There is nothing in the least presumptuous or intrusive in his manner: he speaks of himself in terms of unfeigned humility, stating his own sentiments with manly freedom, but never complaining of others because their feelings did not keep pace with his own. This way of life seems much more favorable to the health of his mind, than the more brilliant period when he stood out before the gaze of men: for however much he endeavored to guard himself against excessive sensibility to the world's opinion, it is manifestly impossible that any man should be indifferent to censure or praise, and he of all mankind was least likely to present a breast of steel to the critic's blow. He succeeded much better in guarding himself against the temptations of flattery, than against the depressing effect of censure. His letters betray the consternation with which he looked for the critical sentence of Johnson, and the almost bodily fear in which he waited for the signal from the Doctor's heavy gun, which should give notice whether the poet was to live or die. He was delighted with a line from Franklin, which, though it betrayed no great poetic enthusiasm, showed that he had discernment to see the substantial excellence of the new candidate for fame. Throughout Cowper's life, he seems to have been deeply wounded by neglect and scorn, whether as a poet or a man. When he first went to Huntingdon as an invalid stranger, some one had spoken of him as 'that fellow Cowper;' and he does not disguise the satisfaction which it gave him to prove that he was by birthright a gentleman. He never was reconciled to the neglect which he experienced at the hands of Thurlow, who was once his intimate friend. He had once playfully engaged to provide for Cowper if he ever had the power; but when he became Lord Chancellor,he followed the example of Pharaoh's chief butler, a person who has found more imitators than most others recorded in the Scripture. It was not to be expected, that a coarse and somewhat savage individual like Thurlow, could sympathize much with one so gentle and refined; nor would it have been easy to provide for him except by a pension; but all that Cowper wished from him was an assurance that he was not forgotten, and it is a disgrace to Thurlow that this small measure of attention to his feelings was never paid.

After eight years of health, in the year 1773 Cowper's depression returned, and soon deepened into an impenetrable gloom. No enjoyments, no cares nor duties could find the least access to his mind; he did not show the least interest in the society of his friends, nor gratitude for their kindness, though they were unwearied in their exertions to rescue him from his distress. Mr. Newton, though he was sometimes injudicious in his treatment of Cowper, proved himself a faithful friend on this occasion; and Mrs. Unwin attended him with a kindness and self-devotion, which were requited by his lasting gratitude and affection. But nothing would avail; he remained in a state of helpless despondency for five years, all the while in utter despair of salvation; and when he began to recover, it was five years more before he regained sufficient firmness to throw off his anxiety, and return to the world again. It was at this period, that he helped forward his restoration by taking care of the tame hares which he has made so celebrated. The narrative in which he describes them was first published in the Gentleman's Magazine, and has since been found in almost every edition of his works, where it always has been, and always will be a favorite page to lovers of nature.

When he was so far restored as to be able to write, Mrs. Unwin, with a judgment which does her honor, urged him to employ his mind upon poetical subjects; and as this had always been a favorite pursuit, without his being aware of the richness and variety of his powers, he was easily induced to make the exertion. He made a beginning early in life, and one or two specimens, preserved by Hayley, show the same vigor of thought and expression, which distinguish his later writings. Table Talk was the earliest of the pieces which compose his first volume, and the rest were written at the suggestions of friends, on subjects which happened to strike his imagination. Original and powerful as these poems were, they were very slow in winning their way to the public favor; the sale was far from rapid, and the critical verdicts of literary tribunals did not tend to increase their circulation. One of the reviews declared, that they were evidently the production of a very pious gentleman, without one spark of genius. But considering all circumstances, this was not surprising; the versification of the day was such as Pope had left it, and ears accustomed to the even flow of his numbers were startled by the bolder grace of Cowper's lines; it seemed like absurd presumption, in one unknown to fame, to step so widely from the beaten path; and, as every one knows, literary independence is not easily forgiven. Then, too, the preface by Mr. Newton was of a nature to alarm light readers: it was written with more solemnity than was called for by the occasion; he does not seem to have admired the play of Cowper's humor, though it was one of his most remarkable powers; the poet studiously apologizes for it in his letters to Newton, assuring him that it was introduced in order to gain a hearing from the thoughtless, on the same principle that induces parents, in giving physic to their children, to touch the brim of the cup with honey. This language is one of those instances of bad taste, of which Cowper was not often guilty. It must be manifest to every one, that he indulged his humor simply because he could not help it. It was much more natural to him to give way to this sportive wit, than to launch anathemas at the head of Charles Wesley, for amusing himself with sacred music on Sunday evening, and was at least as likely to have a good effect upon the world. The tone of severity with which he cannonades follies and sins alike, does not seem like Cowper's choice, but has the appearance of being borrowed from some one who exerted a powerful influence over him. It is in direct opposition to sentiments which he sometimes expresses, particularly in a letter where he disapproves a certain clergyman's preaching, or rather his constant endeavor to scold men out of their sins. He says 'the heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with good manners, and scolds again. There is no grace, that the spirit of self can counterfeit more successfully than a religious zeal.' 'A man that loves me, if he sees me in an error, will pity me, and calmly endeavor to convince me of it, and persuade me to forsake it: if he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, nor in heat and discomposure of spirit.' We fear that Cowper was guilty of some violations of his own excellent rule, and he was ready afterwards to acknowledge it: when a friend applied the phrase 'multa cum bile' to the tone of those poems, he confessed that in some respects it was just. All this only serves to prove what was forcibly stated by an old English divine, that religious zeal, though a sweet Christian grace no doubt, is 'exceedingly apt to sour.'

Though the immediate success of his first volume was not great, it was sufficient to encourage one who never had a very exalted opinion of his own powers; and having at this time a new and animated companion, Lady Austen, who had much influence over him, and used it to induce him to write, he commenced a new poem, The Task, which was completed and given to the world in 1785. This work was at once successful, and placed him at the head of all the poets of the day. But all the while that he was thus fortunate in gaining reputation, he was a prey to his constitutional melancholy, believing himself unfit to engage in religious exercises, and entirely cut off from the hope of salvation. A domestic incident, too, tended to destroy the happiness which he might have received from his literary fame. He was obliged to give up the society of Lady Austen, in deference to the feelings of Mrs. Unwin, who felt herself eclipsed by this new companion. Mrs. Unwin has been generally condemned for this jealousy, as if it proceeded from a narrow mind; but there are several circumstances to be taken into view. It does not appear, that she ever complained of the ascendency of Lady Austen. Cowper perceived that she was dispirited, and for this there was sufficient reason. She felt that she was the person on whose care and kindness he had leaned for years. She had devoted her life to secure the happiness of his; and in his seasons of melancholy he had required a self-devotion to his welfare, which very few were able or willing to give. While she had done all this for him, Lady Austen had only amused him, and it was not in human nature to behold the interest, to which she was entitled by years of hardship, thus transferred to a more entertaining companion, without regret. Cowper knew that there was cause for her uneasiness, and at once made the sacrifice which he felt was her due. The loss was soon after supplied by Lady Hesketh, his cousin, said to have been a woman of fine understanding and remarkable social powers, who was often an inmate in the same household, and faithful to him till the last. Soon after his renewal of personal intercourse with her, and about a year after the separation from Lady Austen, he went to reside at Weston, at the instance of the Throckmortons, a wealthy family, who spent the summer in that village. It was time to leave Olney, if we may judge from reports circulated concerning them, which accused them of fashionable dissipation. These foolish reports reached Mr. Newton in London, and he, with a singular want of good sense, transmitted them to Cowper; and this, at the time when the poor invalid was 'miserable,' as he himself says, 'on account of God's departure from him, which he believed to be final, and was seeking his return, in the path of duty and by continual prayer.' The Throckmortons were Catholics, and his intercourse with them, which began while he was still in Olney, might have occasioned this rumor to his disadvantage. Cowper was above those miserable prejudices against other sects and sentiments, which are sometimes inculcated as a duty. Speaking of a gentleman, who had been recommended to him by one of his friends, he says, 'As to his religion, I leave it,—I am neither his bishop nor his confessor. A man of his character, and recommended by you, would be welcome here, were he a Mahometan or Gentoo.' We consider it among the best proofs of the elevation of his character, that while he never attempted to conciliate public favor by softening down his most unpopular opinions, and even considered silence as a sort of treason to the King of kings, he proved that this rigid faithfulness arose from conviction, not from passion, by allowing others to declare their sentiments as freely as he expressed his own.

His literary undertakings, thus far, had not been of a kind which exacted severe labor; they were sufficient to engage and interest, but not to tax and exhaust his mind. But when he found the benefit of being employed, he seems to have thought, that it would be well to put himself under a necessity for exertion; he therefore undertook the gigantic enterprise of translating Homer, and thus, in avoiding the danger of doing too little, ran headlong into the danger of doing too much. He thought, like the rest of the world, that Pope had not succeeded;

but he ascribed his failure to his moving in the fetters of rhyme; and it does not seem to have occurred to him, that no translation, however exact and worthy of the original, could ever equal the demands of scholars or the imaginations of the unlearned. This enterprise was not fortunate in any point of view. It rather wearied than employed him; it added nothing to his literary fame, and when it was completed it left a vacancy of mind, in which, having neither strength for labor nor power to live without it, he was open at once to the attacks of his depression. These were deferred for a time by various literary plans which he formed; but in 1794, the cloud settled upon his mind, and it remained in eclipse to the last.

The fact seems to have been, that the distinction which his genius gave him, though it was in some respects gratifying, was not favorable to the health of his mind. Though no man was less vain or assuming, he was very much annoyed by the critical remarks to which he was constantly exposed. His eminence also made him a subject of public curiosity, which, however flattering, was necessarily oppressive to his retiring disposition. The friends of his later years do not appear to have sympathized with him in his peculiar views of religion. The subject disappears from his letters, and though it never lost its hold upon his mind, still, if those about him had no feelings in common with his, he would not force it upon them, and therefore folded it up in the depths of his own heart. But since he needed free conversation with judicious friends to correct his own diseased imaginations, it is evident that the water of life itself, like the material element in a sealed fountain, might generate an atmosphere fatal to light and life. His history, throughout his life, cannot be contemplated without deep feelings of pity for his misfortunes, and admiration of his moral excellence and intellectual power. But that history is yet to be written. In all cultivated minds it still excites an unabated interest, and should it fall into the hands of one sufficiently enlarged and enlightened to do justice to it, he will find an ample reward for his labors. Mr. Taylor, as we have said, is not the man; nor is his work such as will stand in the way of a better.

As a poet, Cowper was a man of great genius, and in a day when poetry was more read than at present, enjoyed a popularity almost unexampled. The strain of his writing was familiar even to homeliness. He drew from his own resources only; throwing off all affectation and reserve, he made his reader acquainted with all his sentiments and feelings, and did not disguise his weaknesses and sorrows. There is always something attractive in this personal strain where it does not amount to egotism, and he thus gained many admirers, who never would have been interested by poetry alone. The religious character of his writings was also a recommendation to many, beside those who favored views of that subject similar to his own. There were those who felt, like Burns, that 'bating some scraps of Calvinistic divinity, the Task was a noble poem.' There was a wide sympathy, a generous regard for all the human race expressed in it, which gave his readers a respect for his heart. Then, too, his views of nature were drawn from personal observation; all his readers could remember or at any time see those which precisely resembled the subjects of his description. He associated no unusual trains of thought, no feelings of peculiar refinement, with the grand and beautiful of nature, while at the same time the strain of his sentiment was pure, manly and exalted. By addressing himself to the heart universal, and using language such as could be understood by the humble as well as the high, he influenced a wider circle than any poet who went before him; and by inspiring a feeling of intimacy, a kind of domestic confidence in his readers, he made his works 'household words,' and all who shared his feelings became interested in his fame.

We have already alluded to the success of his earlier poems, and explained the reasons, why it was so small. But his change in the style of English versification, though it seemed wild and lawless at the time, was a great improvement upon his predecessors. There was an artificial elegance in the measure of Pope, which, however pleasing to the musical ear, was a restraint upon the flow of sentiment, and sometimes wearied with its sweetness. Cowper's bold freedom, though it seemed at first like uncouth roughness, gained much in variety of expression, without losing much in point of sound. It offended, because it seemed careless, and as if he respected little the prevailing taste of his readers: but it was far from being unpolished as it seemed. He tells us, that the lines of his earlier poems were touched and retouched, with fastidious delicacy: his ear was not easily pleased; and yet, if we may judge from one or two specimens of alterations, his corrections very often injured what they were meant to repair. As to the kind of zeal, which abounded in those poems, and which, as we have said, was one obstacle to their success, it was not the earnestness which gave offence, so much as the manner in which it was displayed. And it is true, that fierce and angry sarcasm is a very injudicious way of expressing generous emotions. We see very little of it in the letters of Cowper, where he pours out his soul without reserve, and we hardly know how to account for his adopting it in those poems. But whatever his motive may have been, the public could not be persuaded that bitterness was any proof of deep conviction; or that those, who were most severe upon offences and offenders, were the most likely to attempt their reform. We occasionally witness similar displays of feeling, and it is easy to see that, while they are hailed with acclamations by all who agree in opinion with the writer, they are offensive and disgusting to those whose hearts it is most important to reach. It was truly said of these poems, in the words of the younger Pliny, translated, 'many passages are delicate, many sublime, many beautiful, many tender, many sweet, many acrimonious.' 'Yes, yes,' said Cowper, 'the latter part is very true indeed; there are many acrimonious.' The truth was probably, that, as often happens in men of retired habits, his words outran his feelings.

Those of the earlier poems which are written in this spirit, are quite inferior to the others. *Expostulation*, which treats the sins of his country in a solemn tone of remonstrance and warning, is an admirable poem; it breathes a spirit resembling that of one of the ancient prophets,—grave, dignified and stern. Its sound is that of a trumpet blown to warn the people,—a sound, which wakes no angry passion, but before which the heart stands still and listens with a shuddering chill of dread. *Conversation* is next in excellence; it is written in a fine strain of humor, not with the 'droll sobriety' of Swift, nor the grave irony of Fielding, but with a wit peculiarly his own, such as makes his letters the best English specimen of that kind of writing, and at times affords a singular contrast with his gloom. We fancy that the fate of these poems was described in a letter from Dr. Cogswell, of Hartford, in this country, who opened a correspondence with Cowper. He tells the poet that it was his pleasure, at reading the Task, which induced him to inquire for these earlier poems, and that he had read them with equal delight. Cowper expresses his satisfaction at this compliment, in a manner which showed that he himself esteemed them among the very best of his writings, but was conscious that his opinion was not that of the reading world.

The Task is a work of more pretension than his other writings, we mean in its form: for it has no singleness of subject, and is in fact a collection of poems, in each of which the topic which affords the name serves only as a text, to which the images and sentiments of the writer are attached by the most capricious and accidental associations. One advantage of this freedom is, that it affords an agreeable variety; it excludes nothing above or beneath the moon; it requires no unity of thought, or manner, and permits the poet to pass from the serious to the playful, at his pleasure, without formal apology or preparation. Cowper certainly availed himself of the privilege, and made his readers acquainted with all his feelings, circumstances, and opinions, affording a curious example of a man, reserved to excess in social life, and almost erring on the side of frankness in his writings, if we can possibly call that frankness excessive, which simply tells what all the world was burning to know. For we must consider that his previous works had made him known sufficiently to gain him the reputation of a genius, at a time when such stars were not common in the British sky. He made his first appearance, too, in the maturity of his years and powers,—no one had beheld his rising,—no one had marked him till he suddenly emerged from the cloud. There was a natural desire to know who and what he was,—and all such questions were answered in the poem, in a manner which rendered his readers familiar with his powerful mind and amiable heart. They found much to respect in the vigor of his understanding, which refused to be enslaved by inherited prejudices, and manifested every where a manly love of freedom and of truth: nor could any one help admiring his singleness of heart, and the openness with which he declared its emotions. The effect of the work was greater than can now be imagined: it conducted many to the pure fountains of happiness which are found by those who commune with nature, and many to those sources of religious peace, which keep on flowing when all earthly springs are dry. It tended to make man feel an interest in man, and opened the eyes of thousands to those traditional abuses, which are detested as soon as the attention of the world is directed full upon them: and in a literary point of view, it gladdened the hearts of all who felt an interest in English poetry, by reviving its old glories at the moment when the last beam of inspiration seemed to have faded from the sky.

Those who take their impression of Cowper's translation of Homer from tradition, may perhaps think it an entire failure. A failure the critical world has pronounced it: but it may be well to inquire, whether it would be possible to satisfy the public expectation; and whether any one could possibly have succeeded better? We think it evident that the failure arose from the nature of the undertaking: it was an attempt to convey an idea to English readers of writings which are called inimitable, and therefore untranslatable. There is something undefined and obscurely great in the idea which the world has of the Homeric inspiration; and unless the translator could give his work the same antiquity, and surround it with the same glory of classical associations, it might present a perfect image of the simple greatness of the original, without awakening any similar feeling. An English Homer,—a Homer of the eighteenth century, was condemned beforehand. Every critic could feel safe in pronouncing it wholly unworthy of the original; and the public, discouraged by their blind guides, felt no interest in proceeding to inquire whether their judgment was just. Had they expected anything like what they were likely to find; had they exacted nothing more than talent and industry were able to do,—had they, in a word, looked for a translation, instead of a new original, their reasonable expectations would have been fully answered. We recommend to our readers, who feel an interest in the reputation of Cowper, and lament his failure in this great undertaking, to consider what they may reasonably look for, and having thus given some distinctness to their views, to read the work. This will be doing justice to the translator, and, if we may trust our own experience, they will find their candor amply repaid. At the same time, we do not think Cowper's versification remarkably happy. It was wrought with infinite pains, and corrected and revised, till the music satisfied his ear: but in the Task, and in the Translation, he pleases more by expressive and eloquent language, than by any peculiar sweetness in the sound. But whatever gratification the work may afford, will be counterbalanced by the reflection, that it consumed time and labor that might have been better spent upon original writings: these would have been far less exhausting to his mind and spirits, while they brought infinitely greater returns of fame.

Many of Cowper's smaller pieces, in which he followed the suggestions of his own feelings without waiting for others to prescribe his subject, and urge him to write, are among the most beautiful exhibitions of his power. The lines addressed to Mary, his faithful and devoted friend, who made so generous a sacrifice of all other enjoyments to the single one of securing his comfort, of guarding him against the assaults of disease, and sustaining him when the blow had fallen, are one of the most affecting tributes which genius ever paid to virtue. And the lines addressed to his mother, on receiving her picture from a friend, are equally touching and sweet. Nothing could exceed the sacredness, with which every thing connected with her was treasured in the sanctuary of his soul; early as he lost her guidance, he had felt the loss in after life as the beginning of all his sorrows ; he had felt as if, had Providence spared her a little longer, she might have given a direction to his feelings, that would have saved him from some of those trials which had almost broken his heart ; she was the angel of his visions,—the bright spirit which always stood before him in his imaginations of Heaven. He remembered her as young, beautiful, and holding a relation to him which inspired the deepest reverence and affection. So firmly was her image set in his remembrance, that not a day ever passed without his thinking of her, and calling up those recollections of his childhood, connected with her, which no time could wear away ; and now, when he stands in the valley of departing years, and on looking back sees the light of the sun, which is set to him, still shining on the hills of youth, from which he came down so long ago, he writes with a sensibility and pathetic earnestness, which fills every heart with sympathy, and we had almost said, every eye with tears.

But in these days, when living poets are but little read, and the dead 'forgotten lie,' we are taking up more time than many of our readers will think necessary, in speaking of the life and genius of Cowper. But he claims our notice, as a man remarkable both for his intellectual history and power, the former being extraordinary almost without example, and the latter such as is not often exceeded. As respects an interest in poetry, also, we live in such times as usually follow a period of great intellectual excitement,—times, when the public taste grows indifferent, and gentle harps are struck altogether in vain. We want some one to come forward in the spirit and power of Cowper, who shall speak in a voice which shall compel the world to listen,—and in a voice too, which religion and virtue, as well as literary taste, can hear with applause. We are confident that such an one will appear; whatever may be said of new directions given to the mind in this self-complacent age, so long as the mind exists, it will treasure poetry as an art which does much to exalt it; there never will be a time when cultivated minds will cast this pearl away. It may be valued at some periods more than at others: it may be less regarded now, than it has been in former times; but these are only transient and passing changes; it will survive them all, and will last as long as the world endures.

Art. II.—*Decandolle's Botany.*

1. *Théorie Elémentaire de la Botanique, ou Exposition des Principes de la Classification naturelle,* &c. Par M. A. P. Decandolle. Seconde Edition, revue et augmentée. Paris. 1819.
2. *A Grammar of Botany, illustrative of artificial, as well as natural Classification, with an explanation of Jussieu's system.* By Sir James Edward Smith, H. D. President of the Linnæan Society, &c. London and New York. 1822.
3. *Introduction to the Natural System of Botany: or a systematic View of the Organization, Natural Affinities, and Geographical Distribution of the whole Vegetable Kingdom.* By John Lindley, F. R. S., L. S., G. S., Professor of Botany in the University of London, &c. First American Edition, with an Appendix. By John Torrey, M. D. New York. 1831.

The botanical student, who has rambled over mountain and marsh, with a box under his arm, and a bundle of grass or a shrub in his hands, must have been conscious how like one demented he often appeared to the unlettered rustics; and while the query, so invariably put to him, '*What is that good for?*' received no satisfactory reply, how plainly their looks, more expressive than language, told him, that he had better stop gathering good-for-nothing weeds, and take to some honest and profitable employment. This thing is too common to be wondered at, and is moreover easily enough explained on the ground of ignorance of any end or object in science, save that of the most direct practical utility. But how is it to be accounted for that men, whose education and intelligence, we should suppose, must have carried them beyond such unworthy views of the nature of science, too often entertain notions respecting botany, as confused and mean as those of the most uncultivated mind? Why is it, that they can look on the plants of the field, clothed in the rich garniture of a summer month,—in spite of the beauty that allures their gaze, and the admirable arrangement of organs, whereby the whole economy of vegetation is maintained,—without receiving any uncommon ideas of wisdom or power, and perhaps turn away from them all, as unworthy of a passing notice? Why is it that they can hear of the labors of botanists, of their travels by sea and land, amid suffering and privation, with no other effect, perhaps, than to call up more vividly to their imagination the picture of Obed Battius, or some other equally miserable caricature of enthusiastic devotion to a favorite science?

The truth, indeed, is too obvious to be questioned, that botany does not bear that character of dignity and importance in the public view, which has long since been obtained by many other of the natural sciences. This may be sufficiently explained,—at least, we know nothing else that can explain it,—by the single fact, that very little has been done by its friends towards introducing to general attention the more elevated and philosophical portions of the science,—those only that can make it respectable with thinking and well educated minds. When a person lights upon a botanical book, and finds it,—as nineteen times out of twenty he will find it,—a catalogue of hard names, followed by still harder descriptions in an unknown tongue, or it may be designed for juvenile minds, and of course presenting nothing to him very striking in point of novelty or importance, it is not to be wondered at that he should imbibe no favorable impressions concerning it. From such we might reasonably expect to hear the complaint, that botany has furnished none of the useful and astonishing results of chemistry; that it gives rise to none of those grand and overpowering conceptions, which the study of astronomy crowds upon the mind; that we find in it little of the strong dramatic interest, so powerfully awakened by the changing scenes of creation and destruction which geology displays. In short, however well calculated its study may be considered to arrest the attention and induce good habits of observation in the young, or to afford those of riper age a pleasing relaxation from other pursuits, it is too commonly regarded as destitute of those general views and profound discussions that require much thinking, or the exercise of a severe and precise logic. It may be said, and no doubt with justice, that such erroneous notions are the fault of those who entertain them, and that little knowledge of any subject can ever be expected, if a man can be turned from its pursuit at the first appearance of a technical word, or confine himself to the pages of a school-book. This may be true enough, but it is our business at present to show the cause of this prejudice, not its unreasonableness.

The books; that are put into the hands of beginners in this country, contain chiefly the merest elementary descriptions of the organs of plants, and perhaps a meagre account of their functions; being written by persons who are incapable, from their limited attainments, of conveying the slightest idea of the more elevated parts of the science. Books of a higher order, we know, have been occasionally published here; but without a single exception that we can think of at this moment, they have been the productions of authors who have not attained the highest rank in the science, nor been duly sensible of the advances made in it by others. While the works of Sir J. E. Smith have found editors and publishers with us, the masterly writings of Decandolle and Brown have been suffered to remain under the veil of a foreign or dead tongue, unheard of by the great mass of botanical students. Had half the efforts been made to present the science in a light at all worthy of its real merits, that have been used in teaching words, or disseminating loose and superficial views, its pretensions to a high character would long since have been seen and acknowledged. We should not now be obliged to say, at the risk of being suspected of exaggeration, that no science is more distinguished than botany for the enlargement and permanence of its general views, for the strictness and accuracy of its reasonings, for the sure and cautious deductions on which its great principles are established, for the demonstrations of the harmony and contrivance with which the organic world is ordered, and especially for a spirit of patient and profound philosophy, which alone can confer upon a science real dignity and value. To obtain a rank among the most distinguished botanists of the present day, demands not only long and laborious investigation, but the exercise of talents that belong to the highest order of mind; for the relations to be discovered, and the principles to be deduced, must be the result of profound and untiring reflection. The laws whereby the vegetable economy is regulated, those which govern the affinities and differences of its various members, their distribution over the surface of the earth, and their connexion with the physical agents around them, are just beginning to be discerned, and their study will long present a field of inquiry, in which the most philosophical genius may find ample scope for the exercise of its powers. The whole end of botany is not accomplished, when we have accurately described the characters of plants by which they are distinguished from one another, and given them a name and a place in the great register of nature; for we are thereby furnished with no better knowledge of the *plants themselves*, than we could obtain of the propensities and mental faculties of a runaway, from the advertisement that describes his clothes and person. Neither does the branch of physiology which teaches us the functions and general economy of plants, furnish us with that particular knowledge of *the* plant that we wish, any more than the most intimate acquaintance with metaphysics or human anatomy would enable us to pronounce at sight upon the mental or physical habits of an individual man. The noblest end of botany, now, is to ascertain the points of resemblance and difference between plants, which associate them with and remove them from one another, to trace the progress of organization through all its gradations from its lowest to its highest forms, in short, to lay open the operation of all the causes which modify the conditions of their existence. This is that *philosophy of botany*, to the advancement of which the most eminent in its pursuit are directing their utmost efforts, and some more adequate notions of which are necessary to gain for it the general respect that it really deserves.

The great, the essential preliminary towards the attainment of this end,—if indeed it may not be more properly considered as comprising the end itself,—is to improve our classifications; for these involve so many considerations,—have reference to so many points in the history of the plant,—that when it is once fixed in the place to which it most naturally belongs, we are thus made acquainted with the most valuable knowledge concerning it, always excepting its practical uses, which are determined by experiment. Had this truth been generally recognised, and made the basis of improvement in botanical science, we should now be spared the regret that we experience, while looking back on its progress, to see how much labor and zeal have been expended on points of comparatively small or secondary importance, to the neglect of those that deserved the first and closest attention. We should not have to deplore that common misapprehension of the true nature and purposes of botanical classification, which has given rise to a fatal jealousy among men zealously devoted to the cultivation of the same pursuit, and lain like a blight on the growth of this beautiful science. While the number of described plants was small, and those but imperfectly known, the only motive that led to their systematic arrangement was the greater convenience it afforded of ascertaining their names, and, in the facilities which it supplied for this object, consisted the sole merit of the arrangement. The principle thus laid down, and which was well enough in the commencement of the science, continued, however, to maintain all its force long after the accumulated results of discovery demanded more ample and accurate information, more enlarged views, and a spirit of philosophizing that should concern itself with things rather than words. And what is stranger still, after this kind of classification had been carried to its highest possible degree of perfection, and every thing been accomplished by it that could have been anticipated, it was looked upon as rendering any other on different principles and for different purposes altogether unnecessary, and all that remained for botanists was to add to the existing heap of crude and barren materials. The object indeed was an important, an indispensable one, and the mind that best accomplished it was one of no ordinary capacity, but after all, it is only a means and not an end, for which it seems to have been generally mistaken.

It is to be understood, that the difficulty under which naturalists labored for a long time, and which operated as a serious check on the progress of science, was the want of a system, whereby the contributions to the common fund of information could be easily arranged and readily referred to by others. Without this their researches were almost vain, and their results unprofitable. The same necessity still continues. Fifty thousand species of plants have now been discovered, every one of which has been examined, its characters set down, its relations unfolded, and of many, the properties and uses have been ascertained. But how is this knowledge to be referred to? With one of this immense multitude in our hands for the first time, how are we to ascertain a single fact concerning it, without previously making ourselves acquainted with its *name?* What clue is to guide us through the vast labyrinth of genera and species, and bring us at last to the very plant in question? Some system of arrangement or classification, of course, is the only thing that will remove the difficulty, and those that have been constructed in direct reference to this point, viz. for ascertaining the *names* of plants, are called *artificial* or arbitrary methods, in contradistinction to the *natural* methods founded on the relations of plants, and indicated by nature itself. Each of these methods has distinct and peculiar purposes of its own, and when these are understood and clearly kept in view, there cannot be a question with those in the least qualified to judge, that both have a utility that is indispensable to the interests of the science. Simple and intelligible as this appears, yet an unaccountable delusion seems to have prevailed, that they are not merely different from, but opposed to each other; that their ends are the same, but attained by different routes; that their merits are conflicting, and are to be weighed in the same scales together. Opposition, jealousy, and party-spirit have thus been excited, where naturally no foundation for them ever existed in difference of opinion or interest.

Bearing in mind the fact above stated, that in the artificial method the object is merely to ascertain the names of plants, we, of course, should not expect to find them arranged according to their general affinities, for a single organ may be assumed, and the differences which it presents in different species be made the basis of the classification. Thus, if we class plants according to the form, absence, presence, or some other condition of the corolla, with Tournefort, or of the stamens, with Linnæus, we shall bring species together, agreeing in respect to these organs, while in every other particular, there may be the utmost possible difference between them. Plants, between which the most obvious family likeness exists, may be torn asunder, and placed in classes far remote from one another, the object being not to ascertain relations but names. Though any part or quality of the plant may be made the basis of this method, yet its design will be best fulfilled when this basis is something inherent in the plant, easy to be observed, found in the greatest number of plants, and presenting sufficient variation in different species to make it easily and clearly expressed. The artificial methods were exceedingly defective, and about as numerous as the botanists who used them, till Linnæus, after devoting all his energies to their improvement, finally succeeded in constructing one which superseded every other, and has maintained its superiority to the present day, unrivalled and undisputed. Considering the stamens as uniting the conditions just mentioned to the greatest extent, he fixed upon these organs as the ground of his classification, and certainly no man, starting from a single idea, was ever conducted to more brilliant and durable results. His first eleven classes were founded on the number of stamens; the two next, on their insertion; the two next, on their comparative length; the five next, on their union; the three next, on their separation from the pistils; and the last, on their absence or obscurity. The remarkable facility which this method afforded for ascertaining the names of plants, and its admirable flexibility under difficulties, were so strongly contrasted with the deficiency and awkwardness of all previous contrivances, that we cannot wonder at all at the universal acclamation that greeted its announcement, or the hearty tribute of homage and thanksgiving bestowed upon its author. And still we ought not to forget the numerous other circumstances, that contributed at the time to give popularity to the new system. Within a short period of its appearance, the rapid progress of discovery had made the defects of other systems more apparent and onerous than ever; the credit of discovering the functions of the stamens had just been given to its author; science was incalculably benefited by his introduction of specific names and characteristic phrases, and in his hands botanical nomenclature was endowed with a precision and force it had never before known. Add to this, that he had rendered important services to every other branch of natural history; the whole domain of nature had been subject to his researches, and he had every where left the impressions of his comprehensive mind. We mention this, not in disparagement of the sexual system, for we have no wish to detract in the slightest degree from its merits, but in order to account for the common disposition of its followers to give to it merits that it neither does nor can possess, and pertinaciously to claim for it an end never thought of by its author himself. It is not the first time that a man, who has done one thing well, has been supposed by his over-fond friends to have accomplished every thing.

In the natural method, plants are arranged according to their natural relations; those being associated together, which most nearly resemble one another in the whole of their structure and appearance. They are expected to agree not in one particular only, but in many; all minute and trivial characters are disregarded, while the prominent and striking features, being indicative of family resemblance, and connected with the general economy of the plant, are assumed as furnishing the only ground that should determine their relations. Every plant stands by the side of those it most resembles, and if our classes and orders are not defined by well-marked limits, but gradually blend together on their outskirts, it certainly is not our fault, for we do no more than preserve those family resemblances,—in fact, copy that arrangement of the vegetable tribes, which nature itself has made. So plain and numerous are the affinities that exist between certain plants, that little botanical tact is required to discern them; they are evident at sight to the least practised observer. Every body can see this strong family likeness between the different species of the Grasses, and of the Palms, for instance, and would expect to find them, in a natural classification, arranged by the side of one another. Let us not be misunderstood; nature has instituted neither classes, orders, nor genera. She has done nothing more than to throw together the various members of the vegetable kingdom, in groups of more or less distinctness and extent. It is our business to ascertain and define the particular conditions on which their affinities depend. They must necessarily be less obvious in some cases than in others, but are not on that account the less real and strong. Inasmuch as traits of consanguinity between different men may be discerned in their moral and intellectual resemblance, when their features and complexion would never betray the fact, so to discern the affinities of plants and animals, we must often go beneath the surface, and find, in more important parts of their structure, marks of relationship of the clearest and strongest kind.

This brief exposition of the objects of the artificial and natural methods of classification, will show well enough their several uses in the study of botany, and enable our readers to see that while both are indispensable, the latter cannot be neglected, without entirely overlooking the grandest views and deepest principles that the science contains. An exclusive attachment to the artificial method accustoms the mind to partial observation and superficial views; for as the attention is directed solely to the sexual organs, and that only for the purpose of finding the name of the plant, it is perfectly obvious, that much in its history must go unknown and unstudied. The very convenience and facility which it continually affords, incline the mind more and more to look at vegetables in a single point of view, and finally to regard this single object of finding their names, as constituting the whole science of botany. Incorrect notions relative to the nature of organs, and the force of characters, are insensibly imbibed; and while exaggerated estimates are made of the importance of some of these, most unphilosophical notions are entertained of the insignificance of others. In the natural method, on the contrary, not one, but all the organs pass under review, and are submitted to close examination, before the plant can be traced to its place in the general arrangement, so that the process of finding its name acquaints one with the most valuable points in its whole history. Instead of referring directly to the specific description, after a hasty glance at the stamens and pistils, the calyx, corolla, seed-vessel, seed, and general aspect are also considered; and thereby the student becomes better acquainted not only with the plant, but with a variety of properties which it possesses in common with a great many others. The study of affinities, when applied to particular species, necessarily throws light on other species; a knowledge of one constantly illustrating and increasing that of others. On the score of convenience, too, the artificial has but little advantage over the natural method, to one who is already acquainted with a considerable number of plants. In most cases he would hardly trouble himself to count the exact number of stamens, in order to ascertain its name, for the first glance would show him its affinities with others that he has previously examined, and consequently lead him, at once, to its place in the natural system. Thus the relations that the plant possesses with other plants, and which form the most valuable part of its history, are already manifest before he has found its name; while he who neglects the study of the natural system is unable to advance a single step in the knowledge of the plant, till he is master of this fact. The decided and emphatic testimony in its favor of Linnæus himself, is a striking proof of the comprehensiveness and impartiality of his views, and is singularly contrasted with the misplaced jealousy of some of his disciples. He declares, 'that the natural method is the first and last object of botany;' 'that its fragments even should be diligently studied;' 'that none but poor botanists think it of little value;' 'that it is the highest aim of his own labors and of those of every accomplished naturalist;' 'that he had made some discoveries, and that the man who would remove his few remaining doubts, should be his *Magnus Apollo.*'

Many attempts have been made to arrange the vegetable kingdom according to a natural system of classification; but Jussieu was the first to develope its true principles and construct its foundations and frame-work, to be enlarged and completed by the labors and superior knowledge of succeeding botanists. Considering the immense researches that were required to bring the undertaking to any thing like a finished condition, and the disadvantages which naturalists of those days labored under, we have more reason to be surprised at its excellence than its imperfections, and feel constrained to look on it as one of the noblest monuments ever erected by human industry and genius in the great temple of nature. Many and important as are the changes it has suffered since its commencement, the impress of its original author is visible at every step, and time has not withered a single laurel that has been placed upon his brows. The fundamental principle of his system is, that all the organs and likewise all the points of view under which they may be considered, have not an equal degree of importance or permanence; that some control the others and necessarily determine their relations. It is this principle of the subordination of characters, first distinctly set forth by Jussieu, and now applied in the classification of every department of natural history, which drew from Cuvier the splendid and merited eulogium, 'that in the sciences of observation it created an epoch as important as the chemistry of Lavoisier in the sciences of experiment.' To the development of this great idea, the labors of botanists have been principally directed in their endeavors to bring the natural method to the highest possible degree of perfection, and though genius and devotion have been brought to the work in no stinted measure, yet to Decandolle we believe is assigned the palm of undisputed preëminence. His *Théorie Elémentaire de la Botanique,* which contains a masterly exposition of the principles of natural classification, is the noblest contribution ever made to the Philosophy of Botany, and justly entitles its author to a place among the Newtons and Galileos of science. It is the production of a mind, that could dwell with minuteness on the smallest details without narrowing its range, and raise itself to the contemplation of the newest and boldest truths, without risk of yielding to the allurements of baseless hypothesis. If we are sometimes startled at the wonderful boldness and originality of his views, we are no less surprised, as we follow him in his course, to behold the caution and security with which every step to their attainment is effected, and are obliged to acknowledge in his reasonings the power of that logic of facts, in which no flaw nor sophistry can be detected. Ever treading on the utmost verge of truth, he never oversteps its confines to lose himself in the bewildering regions of theoretical speculation. His reasonings, though eminently acute and profound, are characterized by a remarkable simplicity, and presenting a noble specimen of philosophical induction, they proclaim their author a worthy disciple of the school of Bacon. Few are the naturalists, of whatever age or experience, to whom the pages of this work will not furnish through life, inexhaustible materials for study and reflection. As it is little known, however, in this country, and as little studied, we suspect, in England, we have thought we might do an acceptable service to such of our readers as are interested in Natural History, by presenting them not exactly an abridgment of its contents, but an analysis of its general principles.

The theory of natural classification consists essentially of three parts; which treat respectively of the comparative importance of the organs of plants, of the circumstances that may deceive the observer as to their true nature, and of the importance of each point of view under which an organ may be considered.

I. *Comparison of organs.* In order to ascertain the relative importance of the organs, it is necessary to compare them in reference to their functions. We say, for instance, that the brain holds a higher rank than the nerves, and the heart than the veins, but this does not decide the relative rank of the brain and heart. Or, to adduce an illustration of a different kind, a general is higher than a captain, and a governor of a province than the mayor of a town, but the arbitrary laws of etiquette alone decide, whether the general or governor be entitled to precedence. The first general principle in the classification of organized beings is, that the importance of each organ can be calculated only when compared with those organs, which relate to the same class of functions. In the vegetable organization there are two classes of functions, one destined to the preservation of the individual, the other to that of the species. These, no doubt, are of equal importance, and always possess corresponding degrees of perfection. Hence, we deduce another general principle of classification, viz. that systems, established upon either of these two grand classes of functions, would be equally natural, provided they were constructed with the same care. The preference, indeed, has been usually given to the reproductive organs, because differences in the vegetable organization are more perceptible in them than in the nutritive organs, and more especially too, because the latter have been comparatively but little studied. Were they both equally well understood, without doubt a system founded on one, would be identical with one established on the other; for every thing leads us to believe, that any complication, or other modification in one class of functions, is attended by a similar one in the other. Cesalpinus had established certain classes upon the structure of the embryo alone, many centuries before Desfontaines was conducted to the same result by making use of the nutritive organs. Hence also we make the division of plants into Monocotyledons and Dicotyledons with so much the more confidence, because we are equally led to it, whether we assume as the basis of our reasonings, the reproductive or nutritive organs. In order to estimate the importance of each organ in a given function, we must ascertain what is essential to its performance, when reduced to its simplest conditions. Thus, the essential part of reproduction is fecundation, and the fecundating organs are consequently of higher importance than all their envelopes. At first, the sexual organs are equally indispensable, but the duty of the male parts is of short continuance, and they, together with a portion of the female parts, are destroyed after fecundation. But as the female organ, beside this short-lived part, includes another for which all the rest are constructed, its importance is obviously greater than that of the male. Again: in the part of the female organ that remains, the integuments or fruit may be separated from the seed, and exist but for it. The seed has thus a higher value than its envelopes; and continuing the same reasoning, we at last find the embryo performing the most important part in the whole function of reproduction. If, now, our conclusions be just, the organs may be arranged, in regard to their relative importance, in the following order. 1. The embryo, the great end of all the rest. 2. The sexual organs, which are only the means. 3. The envelopes of the embryo, viz. the integuments of the seed and the pericarp. 4. The envelopes of the sexual organs, viz. the corolla, calyx and involucre. 5. The nectaries and other accessory organs.

Another means of judging of the relative importance of organs, is by the degree of constancy with which they appear in the vegetable organization. Some, we know, are frequently absent, some, not so often, while others are almost always present. Hence we infer, that the stamens and pistils have a higher rank than the calyx and corolla, and these latter than the nectaries; the filaments of the stamen and pistil are thus shown to be of less consequence, than the anthers and stigmas.

A third means of judging is, to observe to what point a given organ is more or less intimately connected with the structure of certain groups, already acknowledged by naturalists. Thus, we conclude that stipules are more important than spines, because a great number of families either have or have not stipules, while there are many in which we find indifferently species with or without spines.

II. *The circumstances that may deceive the observer as to the true nature of the organs.* Before we can decide any question as to the relative importance of the organs, we need some means of distinguishing the organs themselves, and recognising their true nature, under all the modifications they are liable to experience. Looking at a single organ abstracted from the general structure, we can judge of its nature solely by its use, whatever may be its position, form, or mode of action; thus, the organ of vision is called the eye, and the part that bears the flower is called the peduncle. But when we examine beings as a whole, and judge of the nature of the organs in reference to the symmetrical plan on which they are constructed, this method will lead us into grievous errors. The tail of the kangaroo serves the animal as a leg, yet nobody denies that it is still a tail; the nose of the elephant, prolonged to a great length, performs the office of a true hand; and the teeth implanted in the incisive bone, serve a purpose entirely foreign to mastication, yet none pretend to dispute the anatomical analogy of these organs with the nose and teeth of other mammifers. So too, we see the leaves of plants sometimes prolonged and changed into tendrils for the purpose of supporting the stem, though their primitive function is to elaborate the nutritious juices. The stipules, the peduncles, and even the lobes of the corolla may be converted to the same use, and every body is familiar with the leafy appearance and structure of the branches of the Indian Fig, or Prickly Pear, (*Cactus Opuntia*). From these examples and a host more that we might mention, we deduce the general conclusion, that it frequently happens, in consequence of a given system of structure, that a certain function, not being sufficiently performed by the organ ordinarily allotted to it, is discharged wholly or in part by another. It is this system of organization, this symmetry of the organs as compared with one another, of which a knowledge is essentially necessary to a perception of the general harmony and natural classification of beings. This symmetry of parts, which should be a prominent object of the naturalist's studies, is, in one word, the result of their relative disposition; and therefore, whenever this disposition is the same, no matter how various may be the form of particular organs in other respects, the subjects present a kind of general resemblance, that strikes the least practised eye.

Among the causes of error that are liable to mislead us in ascertaining the true nature of the organs, the principal is *abortion*, more or less complete, which alters their symmetry. Every body knows, that sometimes certain parts of organized beings do not receive that increase and development for which they were evidently destined, owing either to the compression of a foreign body, or a loss of part of their nourishment. This effect may be produced by internal causes, such as *caries*, for instance, as well as external; but among those which prevent certain organs from receiving their full increase, it is possible that some may be the necessary consequences of the growth of another part, and will, of course, constantly occur in a given system of organization. We may, therefore, admit in theory the constant and predisposed abortion of certain organs, either wholly or in part. This is a startling doctrine to those yet uninitiated into a knowledge of the more hidden laws of organization, but is, nevertheless, as easy of proof as an abundance of the clearest facts can make it. Whoever will take the trouble to cut across the ovary of a horse-chestnut flower, soon after the petals have fallen, will find three cells and two seeds in each cell; but let him look a few weeks afterwards, when the fruit has attained its perfect growth, and three seeds or nuts are the most that can ever be found,—sometimes but one. But to remove all doubt as to the fact and nature of this phenomenon, we have only to cut open an ovary every day after the period of flowering, to see some of the seeds gradually increasing, while the others are observed to remain stationary, and finally to be completely choked by the development of the first. Now, when we bear in mind that this phenomenon is constant and takes place in trees perfectly sound, are we not forced to believe, that it is owing to some circumstance in the very system of the organization of this tree? In the oak, too, we have another familiar instance of a three-celled and six-seeded ovary finally resulting in one perfect seed only. The disappearance of the sexual organs is a very common occurrence, of which an example may be witnessed in the marginal florets of the snow-ball genus, and many other plants whose flowers grow together in large masses. The question then recurs, how shall we recognise the general symmetry of plants, amid the confusion produced by these partial abortions? Some light may be obtained on this point from observing appearances denominated *monstrous*,—an epithet commonly given to all such as differ from the habitual state of the organs, though many of them are returns of nature to the symmetrical order. Thus, to recur to an example already cited, if, by some accidental cause, the six little seeds of the horse-chestnut or oak should obtain their full growth, and present us with a fruit of six nuts or acorns, we should call it monstrous, while, in truth, it is the single-seeded fruit that is the real monster. The Antirrhinum or Toad-flax has a personate corolla, the lower segment of which sends out a long spur, with four stamens of unequal length, and the rudiment of a fifth. In a variety of this plant called Peloria, the flower is perfectly regular, having an equal five-lobed corolla sending out five equidistant spurs, in which are five equal stamens. Here is a most singular case of a return of nature to her favorite symmetry, and no doubt can be left as to which is the real monster. The rare example of certain compound flowers, where we see the egret become leafy and assume the appearance of a true calyx, is a strong proof of the egret's being, in fact, an abortive calyx. It is well known also, that trees which have spinous branches in a dry soil, cease to have them in a fertile one,—a sufficient proof that spines are abortive branches.

Another guide, less sure perhaps, but adapted to more general use, is analogy or induction. It is found solely in a knowledge of the respective positions of organs. In an Albuca, for instance, we find the entire structure of a liliaceous plant, excepting that it has only three stamens bearing anthers, while between them we observe three filaments placed precisely where stamens would be, and very similar to the existing stamens. Hence, we conclude that these filaments are abortive stamens. In the Ice-plant (Mesembryanthemum,) we find a great number of filaments disposed in several ranks, but all adhering by their bases, and attached to the same point of the calyx, the interior bearing fertile anthers, the middle having the anthers wholly or in part abortive, and the exterior being true petals. We conclude then, that in this genus, the petals are naturally abortive stamens, and from a crowd of similar facts we are led by a very powerful analogy to the belief, that the petals of all plants, as a general theorem, are only filaments of stamens, whose development is in the relation of cause or effect to the abortion of the anther. When too we see the calyx of a Valerian or Scabious evidently assuming the form of an egret or pappus, we are induced by analogy to extend this result to the compound flowers, and conclude that *their* pappus is only an abortive calyx. Finally, by analogy alone, we judge in a host of cases of the natural number of the parts of flowers and fruits, and are led to look carefully for those whose abortion we suspect. It is the successful use of this principle which, more than any thing else, facilitates the study of nature, while the number of its objects are daily increased by discoveries, and constitute in fact, the true genius for Natural History.

The proximate cause of abortion is principally defect or excess of nourishment, and it may be well to consider a little farther the operation of these causes; and first, the effect of abortion by defect on the organ itself. When partial, it gives rise to inequalities between organs naturally similar, and this is the principal if not the only cause of the irregularities presented in the structure of vegetables. Every thing which has any bearing on this subject, goes to establish the conclusion, that all organized beings are regular in their intimate nature, and that abortions, variously combined, produce all the irregularities that arrest our observation. In this point of view, the slightest inequalities between organs of the same name in a plant, are important, because they tell us in language plainer than words, that we may find analogous plants where this inequality is still greater, and others where these organs, thus subject to partial abortion, have entirely disappeared. It may be received as a general principle, that wherever, in any given system of organization, there is inequality between organs of the same name, this inequality may attain its maximum, viz. the annihilation of the smallest part. When the abortion of an organ has proceeded so far as to prevent it from discharging its functions, it may be enabled, by this very circumstance, to fulfil some other functions. The abortion of the extremity of the leaf in vetches renders this part capable of performing the functions of a tendril, and abortion of the flowers of the Vine turns the peduncle to a similar use. In the same way, branches are changed into spines, and serve as defences to the plant, and the calyx of compound flowers into a pappus, which is useful, not more to the protection of the sexual organs, than the dispersion of the seed. It may happen, however, that an abortive organ, having lost the power of performing its proper function, never becomes adapted to any other, and remains without any manner of utility in the plant. In a multitude of vegetables, we find abortive stamens and pistils reduced to simple filaments or stumps, and evidently useless. Petals are sometimes found so small that they can hardly be discovered, and cannot protect the sexual organs. What purpose can those florets of certain compound flowers serve, which are invariably sterile? In the animal kingdom, the nipples of males, the rudiments of clavicles in the Cats, and of digits in the Ruminants, present us instances of a similar kind. These useless parts are the result of the primitive symmetry of the organization, and so far is their existence from being an argument against the general order of nature, that it furnishes one of the most striking demonstrations in its favor.

Finally, abortion may be so complete as to leave no trace whatever of the organ. Sometimes, it may be discovered, as in the seed of the oak, in the earliest periods of its existence, and observed to be gradually diminishing, while, in other cases, the organ is never found in any stage of growth. Here abortion is determined by causes so remote, that it is completed before it could be visible to us, although it may nevertheless have once existed. To illustrate this idea, let us suppose a branch of a palm, cut open from top to bottom, and our attention directed to the bunch or cluster in the centre of the section near the top, which is destined to expand the following year, then, a little lower down to the one that is to expand the second year, below that to one of the third year, and so on till we arrive at that which will expand seven years hence. Now, in certain palms, there is an entire abortion of some parts of the flower, and though this part may never be visible when the flower is developed, yet no one can deny that it may have existed in the bunch of the proximate year, or in one of the following, and that with the aid of proper instruments we might have discovered it. These abortions, like others, may be accidental or natural: when the former, we may observe the part unaffected by abortion in other individuals of the same species; when natural, predisposed as it were by the march of vegetation, we recognise the abortion only by the analogy of neighboring species. The effects of abortion on other organs will differ according to the degree to which it is carried. If it be considerable, or if the nourishment be thrown upon organs of a more variable nature, there results, not only a change of size, but of function. In double flowers, which present a remarkable example of this kind, the abortion of the anthers permits the filaments to be developed beyond measure, and become transformed into veritable petals. All that has been said of abortions by defect is equally true of abortions by excess, but in an inverse sense; and thus, while one necessarily produces the other, and both exist together, it is impossible in most cases to determine which is the cause, and which the effect. Resuming now the immediate consequences of this theory of abortion, we see in it, first, an explanation of a multitude of anomalies in the number of the parts of plants; secondly, of many, perhaps all, the inequalities of proportion in similar parts; thirdly, of the changes of form, and consequently of use, so frequent in organization, and incomprehensible without this theory.

The next source of error to be considered, is the *adhesion* or *engrafting* of organs. Every body knows that a bud or shoot, placed upon another tree under certain conditions, is united to it in such a manner as to form a part of it and grow as if it were on its own stem. Every body knows, too, that in forests we find trees of the same or analogous species, which having been accidentally approximated, are united together so as to form but one trunk, and many have observed that certain organs of plants, that have been brought near one another, are united in a most intimate manner; that two neighboring flowers may be so united as to form but one, having a double number of parts, and that two leaves may also adhere together, so as to form but one of a singular shape. So long as these adhesions take place rarely, they are considered, and justly too, as simple accidents, and no importance is attached to them in classification. But let us suppose that two ovaries, for instance, stand very close to each other from their origin, as in the case of the Pigeon-berry, (Mitchella Repens); it is clear, that by reason of this approximation, the opportunity of coalescing is so great, that union will always take place and we shall never see them separate. Now, this adhesion is nothing more than an *accident*, but it is one which is determined by causes belonging to organization, and as constant as the organ itself, insomuch that we have what may be called a constant accident, and though these terms seem contradictory, this kind of phenomenon is still very common in nature.

Not only may similar organs be primarily disposed in such a manner as not to be able to grow without adhering together, but the same thing takes place in different organs; and it is remarkable, that while this phenomenon has been recognised under certain circumstances, it has, in analogous cases, been entirely overlooked or denied. Any organ, a calyx or corolla, for instance, may be described in two ways; either analytically, by considering it as an unique whole divided into parts more or less distinct, or synthetically, as an aggregate of parts essentially distinct, but more or less approximated or united. In the first method, we are bound to render an explanation of the causes and laws of the separation of the parts; in the second, to give a similar explanation as to their approximation or union. Both methods involve some hypothetical considerations, and yet, we must follow one or the other. If we are describing a Hollyhock, we must either regard the corolla as an unique whole, divided into several portions called petals, or the petals as distinct organs, which by their union form the corolla. Each of these modes of reasoning may possibly have some good foundation, but certainly it cannot be right to adopt one in the case of the Hollyhock, and the other, when treating of a different flower. We must be consistent, and a method being once admitted, it must be adhered to in all analogous cases. The phenomena of crystallization, to borrow an illustration from a neighboring science, were explained by Rome de l'Isle, by considering crystals as integral bodies, which, in consequence of different truncations, assume all the secondary forms. The Abbé Hauy, on the contrary, explained the same facts, by supposing primitive molecules, which, aggregating after particular laws, determine all the secondary forms. Either theory may be adopted, though the former is now abandoned; but what would be thought of a mineralogist, who should describe one crystal after Rome de l'Isle's method, and another, after Hauy's? And yet, such is the state of botany, that this is constantly done in regard to that science. It becomes, therefore, a matter of serious inquiry, which of these two methods best expresses the whole of the facts, and whether there be cases where they may be blended together. When we speak of the perfoliated leaves of the Honeysuckle, the idea meant to be conveyed is, that an unique or orbicular leaf is traversed or enfiladed by the stem that bears it, yet no one at the present day hesitates to consider this pretended perfoliated leaf as composed of two opposite leaves united at their base. In precisely similar cases we use the term *connate* leaves, which expresses nearly enough the idea of union; we follow all its degrees from the slightest to the most intimate kind, and when we perceive an interval towards the point of junction, we still consider it as two leaves imperfectly united, not as an unique leaf deeply gashed. The reason is, that at the base of the plant the two opposite leaves are separate and distinct, and that as we approach the summit, they tend more and more to be united; that we find each half of the perfoliate leaf unique in appearance, and possessing all the organization of one of the inferior leaves. Thus, though the phenomenon is constant, no one hesitates to consider it as a kind of accident, determined by the organization itself.

The law here recognised is applicable to every case of connate leaves, and we must admit the general conclusion, that as leaves may adhere together accidentally, there are cases in which this phenomenon occurs constantly, in consequence of their nature and position. All that has been said of leaves must be readily admitted of stipules, which resemble them so closely; so that when we see all the Leguminosae having a stipule on each side of the petiole, we may conceive that, if these two stipules should be so large as to touch on the side farthest from the petiole, they might be united, and consequently assume the appearance of an unique stipule opposite the leaf. The involucres, too, are subject to the same law of adhesion, as might readily be supposed from analogy, since these organs are now universally regarded as only assemblages of floral leaves. In the Umbelliferae, the involucre generally consists of a certain number of whorled and separate leaflets, but in some species of this order, there is found instead of this whorl, a leafy disk, presenting as many teeth and furrows, as there are leaflets in the neighboring species. We are therefore constrained to regard this disk as formed by the natural union, more or less complete, of many leaflets, and not as a single-leaved involucre. If then the leaves and involucres be so readily regarded as subject to this law of adhesion,—of the union of several distinct parts into one,—why should not the fact of its operation be admitted in regard to the calyx? This organ resembles the involucre in every respect; the anatomy of the sepals shows that they are entirely leafy organs; they are green and decompose carbonic acid like the leaves; they are almost always furnished with the same hairs, glands, and sacks as the true leaves, and finally, in a multitude of cases, accidental or habitual, we see them developed into true leaves. If then the calyx is of a leafy nature and so very analogous to the involucre, why describe it on a diametrically opposite plan? Why consider it as a unique organ, more or less divided, instead of saying, as in the preceding cases, that it is formed of pieces more or less united together? Besides, the latter method involves no more hypothesis than the former; since, in a very considerable number of plants, the sepals are completely distinct from one another, and even attached separately to the peduncles. It is best supported too by their anatomy, for all the nerves of the calyx are directed from the base to the summit, as in leaves, though constantly described as if they proceeded from the summit to the base, and since all modern botanists admit the union of the calyx to the ovary, it would be strangely inconsistent to imagine, that the sepals could not be united as easily to one another as to a foreign organ. Instead of saying of a calyx, that it is deeply cleft, the most proper language obviously is, that the sepals are united only at the base; instead of describing it as lobed and toothed, the sepals should be considered as united half or more of their length; instead of distinguishing calices into polysepalous and monosepalous, we are bound to use the distinctions of polysepalous, or free sepals, and gamasepalous, or sepals more or less united, and reserve the term monosepalous for the rare cases, where there really exists but one lateral sepal.

The same reasoning, the same analogies are applicable with perhaps still greater force, to the operation of the same law upon the corolla. This is not an unique whole, more or less divided, any more than the calyx, but an assemblage or whorl of petals, sometimes perfectly free and sometimes more or less united. In many cases this union is in a manner manifest to the eye, while in others, it is indicated by the disposition of the vessels; where it is not thus visible, and the tubes are continuous, it may be conjectured by analogy, and by the insensible gradations to be observed between corollas with petals entirely free, and those with petals united. The corolla of the clover is formed of but one piece, instead of four separate and distinct petals, as in all the rest of the Leguminosae; yet who, on that account, would deny its analogy to that order, and that it differs only in the natural adhesion of its petals? Adopting the ordinary way of distinguishing corollas into monopetalous and polypetalous, we must suppose an organization entirely different, for what analogy is there between a flat petal associated with several others in a whorl, each attached to a single point, and a circular tubular petal, with many points of attachment and a sinuated margin? Such a fact can be considered as hardly possible, when we recollect how many families there are, in which we see plants with monopetalous and polypetalous corollas, indiscriminately mingled together. And what are we to make of those corollas, whose pieces, as in the vine, are separate at their base, but united at the summit? This reasoning becomes still more striking, when we consider the light in which stamens have been viewed. These parts possess an extraordinary analogy to petals; their point of attachment is constantly the same; their number and position are generally symmetrical; the anatomy and physiology of the filament of the stamen is perfectly similar to that of the claws of the petals, and in some flowers, they pass into each other by such insensible gradations, that it is impossible to say where one begins and the other ends. This being the case, we ought certainly to expect that the same mode of reasoning in regard to the adhesion of one should be equally applicable to that of the other. Now, however much the stamens may be united together, they never are considered in the light of an unique organ, divided more or less deeply into several parts, but always as separate and distinct organs, united according to the law of adhesion. But is this union of the filaments any more apparent than that of the petals? Are not the two phenomena equally constant in the same species? Are any more evident traces of it left in one than in the other? These two organs are of the same nature, and we must either consider the whorl of stamens as an unique whole, deeply cleft, or the whorl of petals as formed of many pieces more or less united. What would be thought of a zoölogist, who should describe the feet of the web-footed birds as orbicular disks, divided to a greater or less extent? All naturalists regard them as distinct digits, united by a membrane, and this manner of considering organs as compound bodies, is the only one that represents the natural state of things,—the only one that admits of clear expressions and exact comparisons.

The truth of this theory becomes still more manifest, when we attend to the manner in which petals adhere at their base. In a polypetalous flower we see that generally each petal is fixed at its base by a fibre which carries its nourishment, and that if its base be very large, the rest adheres only by cellular tissue. Every family has thus a certain disposition in the vessels of the petals, and it is always the same, whether they be united or not. This analogy is equally striking, when considered in another point of view. Petals are composed generally of a claw and limb, as stamens are of filament and anther, and adhesion ordinarily takes place by beginning at the base and finishing at the upper part, so that most petals, when they unite, adhere by their claws while the limb is free. In the same manner, most adhering stamens have the filaments joined and the anthers distinct.

We come now to the pistil, or what, in this relation, is the same thing, the fruit. In the Ranunculaceae, we generally find the fruit composed of a considerable number of partial carpels, united in some species only at their base, in others half their length, in others, nearly to their summit. Hence, no conclusion can be more natural than that ovaries, apparently unique but divided internally into many cells, are in reality formed by the constant and natural adhesion of many carpels. Sometimes the partitions between the cells are formed by the reëntering valves, the carpels being plainly united by their lateral faces,—a fact which beautifully illustrates this theory. We would say more on this point, but as it would be difficult to render our language intelligible to any but practical botanists, we are reluctantly obliged to dismiss thus briefly the most interesting among all the discussions on this subject.

If the above reasoning be correct, it appears that the adhesion of different organs takes place as a necessary consequence of primitive contiguity, constituting what is called *predisposed adhesion.* It is easily conceived that it may mislead us in regard to the number, position and nature of the organs, and that it constitutes a subject of considerable importance in classification. Every case of adhesion cannot be of equal consequence, and we are therefore led to adopt the following general rules for guiding our inquiries on this point. First, the adhesion of the different organs of fructification is so much the more important, as it takes place between parts in which this operation is most difficult. Secondly, the adhesion of these organs is so much the more important, as it is necessarily connected with the greatest changes in the general symmetry. Thus the union of the petals and stamens, of the filaments and styles, of the anthers and stigmas, of the ovary and calyx, in consequence of the great anatomical similarity of these parts, are phenomena of easy and frequent occurrence, and therefore of no great importance ; while for the very opposite reason, the union of the corolla and calyx, of the stamens and calyx, of the corolla and ovary, must be regarded as instances of adhesion of the highest importance.

We are not to suppose, however, that whenever two organs adhere together, they necessarily preserve all the parts of which they were originally composed. When two labiate flowers are united, we rarely find eight stamens, but seven, six or only five, and instead of ten lobes, their corolla may present indifferently all the numbers between five and ten. In fact, the union of two regular flowers is seldom recognisable except by an augmentation of the number of their parts, some of each being lost by abortion. This theoretical consideration may be applied, in many cases, for the purpose of recognising the affinities of certain plants. The Cruciferae, for example, have naturally four petals and six stamens, which inequality in the number of parts indicating a loss of the original symmetry of the flower, we wish to determine, whether they are related to plants whose number of stamens is double that of the petals, or to those where these numbers are equal. If to the former, we must suppose them in their primitive state to have had eight stamens, two of which have aborted; if to the latter, that each flower is originally composed of four petals and four stamens, but that they grow in threes, and that there is a union of the three flowers with an abortion of the lateral ones, excepting a single stamen in each. This latter hypothesis implies a more complicated operation than the former, but still appears to approach nearer the truth, for cases have been found where the flowers possessed four petals and four stamens, and where, in place of the two lateral stamens, there was on each side a flower with the same number of parts. We are still farther confirmed in the belief that this is the primitive state of the Cruciferae, because the position of the two lateral stamens is always below that of the others, because they are very constantly wanting in many species, and because the Hypecoum, the only genus with which the Cruciferae have any marked relation, has four stamens and four petals. This single case must suffice to show the practical application of the theory of abortion and adhesion, in unravelling the natural affinities of plants.

III. Having now exposed the principal difficulties in the way of recognising the symmetry of the organs, we shall show very briefly, in what this symmetry and the comparative value of its elements consist. The most important of these elements is the existence or absence of organs, and on this point, we must beware of some powerful causes of error. Two organs really existing may be so united and assume such an appearance, that the presence of one becomes problematical. Thus, the union of the calyx and corolla has given rise to the idea that one or the other of these organs is wanting in plants, where both really exist, and the union of the pericarp and spermoderm has sometimes induced the belief, that the seeds had no proper envelope, or that the pericarp was wanting. Certain organs may fail also, in consequence of abortion; and it is only by means of an acquaintance with the general symmetry of the plant, that we can distinguish between this phenomenon and that, where the organ is naturally wanting.

After the presence or absence of organs, the next most important element of their symmetry is their absolute and relative position, for here we expect the greatest and most permanent difference. The essential position of a particular organ must be determined in relation to that which serves as its real support, that is, from which it receives its origin and nourishment, and not organs foreign to its existence. This it is frequently very difficult to recognise, but their relative position, though less important, may be oftener and more surely employed. In all vascular vegetables, which comprise all with whose symmetry we are acquainted, we remark that their organs are placed relatively to one another in a general order. In the flower, the pistil occupies the centre, and the stamens, petals and sepals, composed of a certain number of parts, are disposed around the pistil according to different symmetries. They may be placed directly before or alternate with one another; they may correspond with the parts of the pericarp, or have no relation whatever with them. These different combinations possess considerable importance in classification, provided that we avoid the two sources of error already exposed, adhesion and abortion, which, by diminishing the number of the parts, conceal their true symmetry. Thus, it belongs to the symmetry of the Leguminosae to have the petals alternate with the sepals, but if the two inferior petals be united, or if one of the petals prove abortive, the number is reduced, and the symmetry is masked to the eyes of the superficial observer.

The absolute or relative number of organs is a character, whose importance has been very differently estimated, but which, like many others, varies under different circumstances. The absolute number of organs is liable to be modified by a variety of causes, such as abortion, adhesion, &c., but where all these sources of error are avoided, we cannot deny that this character is one of considerable importance, though subject to certain conditions. We may say, first, that the absolute number of organs in every plant is generally more fixed, and consequently so much the more important, the smaller that number is; secondly, that unity never exists naturally in any of the reproductive organs, except the pistil,—whenever they are found single it is the consequence of abortion or adhesion,—and in the conservative organs, unity of the leaves exists only in the Monocotyledons; thirdly, to ascertain the true absolute number of organs in a plant, it is necessary to go back, by means of the theory of abortion and adhesion, to the number that appears to be the primitive type of the class, or to one of its multiples. The numbers 4, 5, and their multiples seem to belong to the Dicotyledons, and 3, with its multiples, to the Monocotyledons, while 2 and its multiples are very permanent among the Acotyledons. Characters drawn from the relative number of organs, that is, from a comparison of the proportional number of the parts of the different systems of a compound organ, may be relied on with considerable confidence. Thus, the absolute number of stamens in the Epilobium is 8, the relative number twice that of the petals. Under this point of view, we are obliged to distinguish between *multiple*, *determinate*, and *indeterminate* relations. An instance of the first we have in the Epilobium, where the parts of the calyx are 4, corolla 4, stamens 8, and pistil 4; of the second in the Violet, where the parts of the flower are as 5 to 3 compared to those of the pistil; of the last, in the Magnolias, where the number is not fixed in the petals, stamens, or pistils. If now abortion take place in all the four systems of a flower at once, their relative numbers may remain the same, while their absolute number will be changed; but how are we to distinguish between these two kinds of numbers? If we consider that when a single system is altered, the flower becomes necessarily irregular, and that in all cases, where every system is affected at the same time, it remains regular, we arrive at a simple and exact theorem: viz.—In all regular flowers, the relative number of the parts of each system should be the first object of our research; in all irregular flowers, we begin by ascertaining the absolute number of each system, and thence deduce their relative numbers. When one or more parts of a system are so numerous as to present many ranks, the relations of number, though still existing, are difficult to be perceived, though by care and diligence we may sometimes find them. An oriental Poppy has been observed, which had 3 sepals, 6 petals, and 564 stamens, that is, 94 ranks of 6.

The next element of symmetry to be considered, is the absolute, relative and proportional size of the parts; and here we may compare together, in regard to size, two systems, or their parts. The proportional dimensions of the parts of a system are frequently a matter of great interest, for the whole study of irregular plants, and consequently, the whole art of referring them to the regular symmetries of which they form a part, rests upon the examination of the inequality of the parts of a system. The fundamental principle of this examination appears to be, that among vascular, and perhaps among all vegetables, the parts of the same system are naturally of equal size, and become otherwise only in consequence of phenomena, more or less intimately connected with the general structure of the plant. The causes of these phenomena we are not always able to specify, but the position of the flower on the stem undoubtedly determines a great many inequalities. When solitary, erect, and terminal, it is equally nourished, and will of course be regular, insomuch that it may be considered as an unexceptionable general law, that flowers thus situated are regular, even when they belong to a family ordinarily irregular. If other flowers spring up around it, forming a head, their equilibrium is disturbed; those in the middle, being equally pressed, will become abortive or change their form, though still continuing regular; the lateral ones, being unequally pressed by their neighbors, will have a tendency to increase on their external side, where the pressure is least. All families with a peculiarly irregular flower, are never observed to have the flowers terminal, always having them axillary, or disposed in a spike or cluster. Sometimes, in the Labiatæ, we find terminal flowers, but then they are always regular. An important result of these considerations is, that since the primitive symmetry of each system may be deranged by accidental causes, it becomes necessary, before we can establish a good classification, to trace back all irregular plants to their primitive and regular types, though these types may be rarely encountered, and sometimes are even ideal. Thus the Personatae are found to be only alterations from the type of Solaneae.

We have thus exposed very briefly the principles which determine the comparative importance of organs, and the method whereby we may graduate the degree of importance, presented by the different points of view, under which each organ may be studied. It is also requisite to show how these two modes of reasoning may be combined, or in other words, how we are to arrive at a proper appreciation of characters; for a character, in fact, is one manner of considering organs generally, applied to one in particular. As a general rule, the value of characters is in a ratio composed of the importance of the organ, and of the point of view under which we may consider it; so that characters, drawn from a particular organ, will have a value proportioned to that of the modification, and when drawn from the modification, it will be proportioned to the importance of the organs. Though the organs have different degrees of relative importance, yet the value of characters drawn from them will depend on the importance of the modification, for a very trivial one in a very important organ may furnish a character of less consequence, than a greater in a far less important organ. The results of the combination of these two elements will be equal or unequal. They will be equal, first, when the same modification is common to two organs of the same physiological rank; secondly, when two modifications of the same rank exist in one or two organs of the same rank; thirdly, when the importance of the organ is counterbalanced by that of the modification. Thus, if we compare the sensible qualities of the embryo, the highest of all the organs in the scale of importance, with the existence of the nectary; or in other words, if we compare the least important modification of the most important organ with the most important point of view under which the least important organ can be considered, we shall have two analogous results, as theory and observation both testify.

Here we must close our notice of the *Théorie Elémentaire.* Though many points have been left untouched, and though we are sensible that general principles must lose much of their force and clearness when presented without the proper illustrations and discussions, yet we trust that a worthier idea of philosophical botany has been conveyed, than is generally obtained from the common books on this science. The want of a work, in which the principles of the natural system should be made accessible to the English student, and which is capable of a practical application in the examination of plants, has long been painfully felt by those, whose attainments, though limited, are still sufficient to make them aware of the deficiencies of the Linnaean school, but who have no means of becoming acquainted with more enlarged and philosophical views. All our Floras and similar works, to which the botanical student is referred for the description of plants, are arranged according to the sexual method, and not a word perhaps meets his eye concerning their natural relations. In our schools and academies, the science, we believe, is taught in a similar spirit. The organs of fructification are pointed out in such a manner that they may be recognised under the most ordinary conditions, while the structure of the seed, and its changes during growth and germination, and especially the laws of the variation of the organs, are about as little regarded as if they never existed.

An attempt was made a few years since to supply the deficiency in question, by Sir James Edward Smith, in a work whose title we have quoted at the head of this article; but which does not, in our opinion, merit the reputation it has acquired in this country and abroad.

From this, we turn with satisfaction to the 'Introduction' of Professor Lindley, which, though it may not have accomplished quite all that we could have wished, will prove an invaluable work for the young student, for which he can never feel too thankful. A vast amount of information relative to the natural orders is here brought together from a multitude of sources, systematically arranged, and agreeably disposed. 'The plan adopted,' to use the author's own words, 'is this: To every collection of orders, whether called class, division, subdivision, tribe, section, or otherwise, such remarks upon the value of the characters assigned to it are prefixed, as the personal experience of the author, or that of others, shows them to deserve. To every order the Name is given which is most generally adopted, or which appears most unexceptionable, with its Synonymes, a citation of a few authorities connected with each, and their date: so that, from these quotations, the reader will learn at what period the order was first noticed, and also in what works he is to look for further information upon it. To this succeeds the Diagnosis, which comprehends the distinctive characters of the order, reduced to their briefest form, and its most remarkable features, without reference to exceptions. The latter are adverted to in what are called Anomalies. Then follow the Essential Characters ; a brief description of the order, in all its most important particulars. This is succeeded by a paragraph styled Affinities, in which are discussed the relations which the order bears to others, and the most remarkable circumstances connected with its structure, in case it exhibits any particular instance of anomalous organization. Geography points out the distribution of the genera and species over the surface of the globe : and the head Properties comprehends all that is certainly known of the use of the species in medicine, the arts, domestic or rural economy, &c. A few genera are finally named, as Examples of each order.' We have no fault whatever to find with this *plan*, but it certainly appears to us, that the account of the Properties is disproportionately long ; especially in a work like this, to most of the readers of which it must necessarily prove the least interesting portion of the work. Medical Botany is too important a branch of knowledge, to be treated of at great length in a work which has a far different design in view. We could have wished, that much of the room occupied by this head had been given to that of Affinities ; for the valuable extracts from Decandolle, Brown, and some others, with which the latter is enriched, have made us regret that they were not even more numerous. The writings of botanists who have illustrated the affinities of plants are so scattered over periodical journals, transactions of societies, and other works, that they are almost inaccessible to the young student, particularly in this country, where these works are rarely seen.

The introduction, besides some remarks on the comparative merits of the different systems of classification, contains a short exposition of the organs of plants, as they are understood at the present day ; but as this is insufficient for the proper understanding of the work, the American editor has very judiciously prefixed an excellent treatise published by Professor Lindley not long since, entitled, *An Outline of the First Principles of Botany*. It may be considered an epitome of vegetable organography, divested of all theoretical considerations, and expressing only such views as are well established by observation. In conclusion, we cordially thank Dr. Torrey for his agency in the re-publication of this work, for we trust it will give an impulse and direction to the study of botany which it has yet to receive on this side of the Atlantic.

Art. III.—*Story's Constitutional Law.*

Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States; with a Preliminary Review of the Constitutional History of the Colonies and States, before the Adoption of the Constitution. By Joseph Story, LL. D., Dane Professor of Law in Harvard University. In three volumes. 8vo. Boston. 1833.

It would be impossible to write any thing which could properly be called a Review of this work, in much less compass than that of the work itself.—It is in fact a Review of the Constitution, preceded by a sketch of the Constitutional History of the States, before the Revolution. This introduction contains, in outline, the civil and political history of each of the American Colonies and Provinces, with indications of the peculiarities and varieties of their legislation. This is succeeded by the history of the Revolution, the formation, decline and fall of the Confederation, and the adoption, and general character of the Constitution. On this follows what properly forms the substantial portion of the work;—viz. a complete Commentary on the entire Constitution of the United States, in all its parts. It is obvious, that it embraces a vast number of separate topics; a great amount of historical facts; and a long succession of the most important discussions. The work, properly used, with a diligent and faithful resort to the authorities cited, amounts to a digested course of reading on constitutional law; and the student, well possessed of its contents, would need nothing farther in this great department, than that which the active and discriminating mind must elaborate itself, in order to make any study profitable.

It is a question that unavoidably presents itself, now we have the book, How we did without it?—It is evidently such a course on constitutional law, as is indispensable to the enlightened politician, to the accomplished lawyer, to the student of our history, and even the well informed American citizen. It would seem that no one, in either of these classes, could afford to be destitute of the information, or a stranger to the discussions, contained in this work; and yet how few of any profession possess the ability, the opportunity, and the materials for conducting their private studies to such a result, that they would find themselves the masters of the treasures contained in these volumes?—It would seem that the appearance, from time to time, of works like these is absolutely necessary, to enable the mass of men to keep along with the increasing demands of the professions. If the study of the professions were not occasionally facilitated by the preparation of a treatise like that of Blackstone, or the one before us, men would break down, under the rapidly accumulating mass of materials in all departments. It is not that the study of Blackstone can ever supersede the study of Coke; but it greatly facilitates it:—It furnishes general results, by a very compendious process, and leaves for maturer years and the urgency of specific occasions the laborious study of difficult points, in the sources. No man will be insensible to the importance of these treatises, who will consider how much form, and manner, and occasion have to do, in the imparting of knowledge. So inconsiderable a thing as the mere character, in which a book is written, is not indifferent. A person used to our common type is a little bewildered with black letter; and few individuals understand a thing in manuscript, as perfectly as in print. A child learns to speak a language correctly by the ear, long before it is capable of comprehending a rule of grammar. It is the province of a work like Mr. Justice Story's,—and by him most successfully administered,—to place the entire learning relative to the subject treated, in precisely that form which makes it most intelligible and most attractive to the student; giving him not all that the books contain, but all that the magnetism of a good mind takes up from them, as possessing the quality in request.

Such books are written from time to time; and they must be. For although when successfully executed they attain a permanent reputation and possess a permanent value, and consequently form a part of the standard literature of a profession, yet, after a time, society assumes phases so new;—and questions so unforeseen arise;—and affairs pass through revolutions so complete, although peaceful and silent;—that new elementary treatises become necessary. Constitutional law affords curious illustrations of these circumstances. It is true, there is a somewhat alarming tendency in this country, to resist the settlement of constitutional questions; to embalm doubts in everlasting preservation; to sacrifice history, practice, authority, and acquiescence, to the contested letter of the text; yet still reason and common sense will in some things have their way; and doubts and controversies will sometimes disappear with the occasions that produced them. A comparison of the Federalist with the work before us, in respect to the selection of the topics of greatest interest, will illustrate our meaning. The want of a bill of rights was one of the great objections to the Federal Constitution; and the provision, giving to Congress the powers of altering by law the regulations of the States as to the time, place, and manner of holding elections for members of Congress, '*with the exception of the places of choosing senators*,' was by no means one of the least anxiously debated clauses in that instrument. In framing the Constitution, this clause was found absolutely necessary to quiet the apprehensions of those, who feared that *places* would be appointed, by the General Government, for the choice of senators, where the electing body or bodies could not easily convene; and Mr. Nicholas tells us, in the debates of the Virginia Convention,* that the objection to the Constitution, growing out of this clause, had been echoed from one end of the country to the other. We doubt if a controversy could now be got up relative to either of these matters;—not even in Virginia, where there is such an unsated appetite for the metaphysics of the Constitution. On the other hand, the great questions which agitate the politics of the country at the present day, are scarcely glanced at in the contemporary discussions of the Constitution.

Its peculiar seasonableness at the present time gives Mr. Justice Story's work a value, which no work could have possessed under different circumstances. Constitutional law, in our day, instead of being the calm occupation of the schools, or the curious pursuit of the professional student, has become,

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* 2 Elliott's Debates, p. 38.

—as it were,—an element of real life. The Constitution has been obliged to leave its temple, and come down into the forum, and traverse the streets. Instead of the mystery of unseen powers, with which, in more auspicious times, the fundamental law of prosperous countries usually executes itself;—its functions have been fiercely questioned, and its strength put to the utmost strain. It is visionary, at periods of excitement like those we have witnessed, to expect to convince your opponent, in the argument of the specific point at issue. Temper is up, and men hate each other for their logic. But even in times like these,—in any times,—it is not easy to resist the effect of a scientific and systematic exposition of an entire framework of government, developing the harmony of all its provisions, and unfolding the purport of the letter through the unity and connexion of the spirit.

We should be glad, if we dared promise ourselves, that this work will produce all the effect which it ought, in satisfying the public mind on questions of Constitutional Law, and putting an end to the controversies, which agitate the country. We trust, indeed, that it will have a great and salutary influence, especially on the minds of that most important portion of the population,—we mean the young men,—whose minds are not yet poisoned by party. But it seems to be the unavoidable effect of a written constitutional instrument, to promote controversy. The text of the Constitution, like the text of Scripture, furnishes topics of disputation more abundant and curious, than those which arise on matters not reducible or not reduced to writing. It is partly to be ascribed to this, that questions of Constitutional Law are so much less frequent in England than in America.

What will be the ultimate operation of *written* constitutions (purely as such), is a matter of high interest, not yet sufficiently decided by experience. In the lapse of time, changes in the fundamental law of all countries have been found necessary. Many such changes have been brought about by violent means, as the result of great revolutions. Others, not less important, have quietly and unconsciously grown up in the way of legislation. It may be doubted whether written constitutions are friendly to changes of this character. Such constitutions must, of course, contain provisions for their own amendment; but it seems essential to the plan of a written constitution, that an amendment to it should not be made by a simple act of legislation. Every one knows the difficulty thrown in the way of all important amendments of the Constitution of the United States, by the complicated process required for that purpose. May it not happen that changes, required in the lapse of time, to suit the altered state of things, will be injuriously embarrassed or fatally obstructed by the process required to effect them? A great many plausible arguments could be adduced to show, that the equality of representation of great states and small in the Senate of the United States, is an anomaly in a popular government. Perhaps the strongest argument in favor of it is, that it was matter of compact at the outset; and that it will be a fatal error, to set the example of violating the original pledges of that compact. This argument, however, will daily grow weaker. It is a question in casuistry how long one generation can bind another. We remember to have heard the opinion expressed, eight years ago, by a very eminent disciple in the school of Nullification, that the People would not much longer allow Delaware and Rhode Island to have as much senatorial power, as New York and Pennsylvania. We think they will bear it a good deal longer. But the Constitution has provided that this article shall never be touched in the way of amendment, without the consent of the State which it might be proposed to deprive of its equal representation in the Senate; and what will be the practical efficacy of such a provision, is a question which we hope never to see put to the test.

The first portion of these Commentaries relates to the history of the Colonies and States, before the Constitution. The plan of the work required that this general survey should be brief and comprehensive. It presents the principal facts relative to each of the Colonies, in a series of chapters severally devoted to them. One of the most curious points in the history of this period, is the Confederation of the United New England Colonies. Judge Story has narrated its history* succinctly, but sufficiently at length, for its place in the Commentaries. We are inclined to think, that both as an historical document, and as an early effort toward the accomplishment of the destiny of the American States,—a Federal Union,—it deserves an elaborate and critical consideration. The inconvenient form and dress, in which the records of the commissioners appear in Hazard's collection,—a book itself not very frequently to be met with,—repel the general reader. We beg leave to recommend to the Committee of Publications of the Historical Society, the subject of a new edition of this valuable document, in a modernized orthography, with a convenient division into chapters, an historical introduction, illustrative notes, and an index. We cannot but admire one indication of true republicanism in the mode, in which the articles of confederation were adopted by Plymouth Colony; not by the act of the colonial government alone, as appears to have been the case in Massachusetts, New Haven and Connecticut, but by the assent of the people *in the several townships.** The formation of this Union was delayed nearly ten years, after the time when it was first proposed, by the demand of a duty to be paid for the support of a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut.†

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* Vol. I. p. 90.

Mr. Justice Story justly remarks, in the general review of the history of the Colonies, which closes the first book, that the several efforts to establish a confederation, although unsuccessful, 'prepared the minds of the colonists for the gradual reconciliation of their local interests, and for the gradual development of the principles upon which a Union ought to rest.' The study of the history of the United Colonies of New England, imperfectly as it is preserved, affords no little instruction on this head; and as we know it was referred to by the framers of the Constitution, it is entitled to be regarded as authority, in the illustration of what may properly be called *union principles.* Thus the difficulty about the fort at the mouth of the river, which delayed the formation of the confederacy ten years, and formed, while it lasted, a most unpleasant subject of controversy, points directly to the expediency and policy of that portion of the Constitution, which provides that no 'vessels bound to or from one State shall be obliged to enter, clear, *or pay duties* in another.' In like manner, the positive acts of jurisdiction exercised by the commissioners, throw light on the essential objects and character of such a confederacy. The relations of the Colonies with the foreigners,—the French and Indians,—were a prominent subject of the care of the commissioners. They declared war, and negotiated peace, both with the Indians and the French. Conventions with both are found in the records. They took measures for the promotion of learning, by encouraging contributions to the college of Cambridge, on the modest suggestion of President Dunster, that it would be expedient to invite each head of a family to pay one peck of corn, or its equivalent, annually for that object. With a view to the preservation of the neutrality of the Colonies, in their relation with the Dutch, French, Swedes, and others, on the American continent, it was on the 5th September 1644, at a meeting at Hartford, 'ordered, that no jurisdiction, within this Confederation, shall permit any voluntaries to go forth in a warlike way against any people whatsoever, without order and direction of the commissioners of the several jurisdictions.' Substantially the same provision was made, for the credit to be given in one of the United Colonies to the judicial proceedings of another, as is made in the Federal Constitution for the like object.* Internal improvement was pointed out by the early instinct of necessity, as a great natural object to a confederation of States. We read under the same date, in 1644, 'Whereas a petition was delivered to the commissioners, desiring the mending of some places in the way from the Bay to Connecticut, it was agreed that it be left to Mr. Hopkins, President, to take care for providing some man or men to find and lay out the best way to the Bay, and the charge to be borne by the whole.' These instances will show the interesting analogy, which may be traced between this primitive plan of confederation, and the great constitutional compact of the present day. It labored under the incurable defect of the Confederation of the Revolution. It was not a government. It assumed great and beneficial powers, but it had no officers of its own to execute them. A question early arose on this point. Massachusetts, (evincing on this and several other occasions, a great deal more jealousy of the other Colonies, than became her own great superiority in numbers), in 1648 propounded, through a committee of the General Court, a number of points of enquiry to the commissioners, one of which was expressed in the following terms.

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* Hazard, II. p. 7. † Id. p. 87.

'In such cases of civil nature, where the commissioners may have power to make orders,—yet not to have power to make general officers of a civil nature to execute such order, but the same to be executed by the officers of such jurisdictions as shall be concerned therein, and if such jurisdiction or Colony shall not submit, and perform, &c. after due admonition, then to be responsible to the other Colonies for breach of league and covenant, and to be declared what further power the commissioners have in such cases; or what will be fit to be done in case any Colony should change their religion professed, &c.'

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* Hazard II. p. 21.

To the limitations on their power, suggested in this article, the commissioners reply, in the following manner:

'Though the commissioners consider and order in the public concernments of the Colonies, within the compass of their trust and power contained in the articles; as in all treaties concerning peace and war, sending messengers, appointing generals, and other officers for war, when all the Colonies are interested, appointing the numbers of men, ordering provision and charges necessary for the service, giving commissions, taking accounts concerning offenders, and all things of a like nature, which are the proper concomitants or consequents of such a consideration,—yet the execution to belong to the jurisdiction wherein the commissioners sit, or where the offender is or may be found, and to the magistrates or other inferior officers; but so that if the magistrates or the officers do deny or delay execution, in any case proper to the commissioners' cognizance, and wherein the other Colonies are interested and may suffer,—such jurisdiction to be responsible for breach of covenant; but what shall be done in such case, or in case any Colony should change their religion professed, they conceive cannot be now so well resolved, as when the case in the compass and in all the circumstances shall be considered.' *

This rude and primitive project of a confederation had nearly gone to pieces, on the question of paying duties at Saybrook fort. After a severe contestation of this question, between Massachusetts and Connecticut, it was happily settled by the accidental burning of the fort; and the Confederacy was left to exert a highly beneficial influence, in defending its members against the enemies within their borders and the adjacent provinces. At length, however, under the gloomy reign of James the Second, it perished in the general wreck of the charters.

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* Hazard, II. 108,—115.

The Revolution in England formed an era in the history of the American Colonies. Their vacated charters were to be renewed, and rendered more conformable to their condition and the experience acquired under the earlier patents. Massachusetts, then the most important of the Colonies, put at rest by a liberal charter, enlarged by the accession of Plymouth and a quiet confirmation of her title to Maine, rose to new strength and consideration. New York, having effectually thrown off the Dutch yoke, received her first royal governor in 1619, and was already designated, by her position, and conveniences of internal communication, as a proper centre of military and political influence. Pennsylvania, after several unsuccessful modifications of her charter, received it in 1701, in the form in which it lasted till the Revolution. The power and influence of Massachusetts and the other New England Colonies were counterbalanced by the growth of Virginia and the other Southern Colonies; and an effectual foundation of colonial empire was evidently laid. The population of the different colonies in 1701, as computed by Dr. Humphreys, secretary of the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians, was as follows :*

Massachusetts,	70,000	New York,	30,000
Connecticut,	30,000	E. and W. Jersey,	15,000
Rhode Island,	10,000	Pennsylvania,	20,000
New Hampshire,	10,000	Maryland,	25,000
		Virginia,	40,000
New England,	120,000	N. Carolina,	5,000
		S. Carolina,	7,000
Middle and Southern Colonies,	142,000		142,000
	262,000		

It was natural, under this state of things, and in the new condition of the government of the mother country, that enlarged projects for the Colonies should suggest themselves to the minds of reflecting men, and to those intrusted with the control of affairs. Dr. Davenant, in a discourse on the plantation trade, published in 1698, has preserved the outlines of a plan of government for the British Colonies in America, which we presume to have been the first suggestion of the kind.* Whether it partook in any degree of an official character, or engaged any serious attention on the part of the ministry, does not appear from the allusion to it in Dr. Davenant's work. His own position, as Commissioner of Excise and Inspector General of exports and imports, with his popularity as a writer on politics and trade, gives considerable interest to this project and his commentary upon it. The plan contemplated a Congress of the Colonies, to be composed of two deputies from each, over which a commissioner, appointed by the Crown, was to preside. The functions of this Congress, as stated by Dr. Davenant, were to hear and adjust all matters of complaint and difference between Province and Province, as

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* Holmes's Annals, Vol. II. p. 537, where the authorities are given on which this statement is founded.

> 1. When persons quit their own Province and go to another that they may avoid their just debts, though able to pay them.
> 2. When offenders fly justice, or justice cannot well be had upon such offenders in the Provinces that entertain them.
> 3. To prevent or redress injuries in point of commerce.
> 4. To consider of ways and means to support the union and safety of the Provinces, against their common enemies, in which Congress the quotas of men and charges would be much easier allotted and proportioned, than it was possible for any establishment made in England to do; for the Provinces, knowing their own condition and one another's, could debate that matter with more freedom and satisfaction, and better adjust and balance their affairs in all respects, for their common safety.
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> In time of war, the royal commissioner was to be general or chief commander of the several quotas, upon such service against the common enemy, as should be thought advisable for the good and benefit of the whole.'

Mr. Pitkin, after citing these provisions of the plan for an American Congress, contained in the works of Dr. Davenant, justly exclaims: 'Thus early did British statesmen contemplate a constitution or confederation of the Colonies to manage their general concerns, as *best knowing their own condition and circumstances.*'†

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* Davenant's works, Vol. I. 41, 42.

† Pitkin's Political and Civil History of the United States of America, Vol. I. p. 142.

We are not aware, that any further traces of this project exist in the political annals of the Colonies.

Fifty years passed away ;—a half century of great vicissitudes at home and abroad. The Colonies had steadily increased. In the war of 1744, they had made themselves known and felt in Europe. At the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, England had nothing but Louisburg to go with into the great market of European negotiation. After a few years of restless armistice, another contest was impending. The actual possession of the region northwest of the Ohio, was to be struggled for. In 1753 the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, by order of the King, addressed a letter to the Governor of New York, requiring him to notify the Governors of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Massachusetts Bay, and New Hampshire, to attend a meeting at Albany, with a view to a negotiation with the Six Nations of Indians, whom the French were strenuously exerting themselves to gain over to their interests. In the commission of the delegates from Massachusetts it is also stated, that they were appointed for the purpose (in addition to the object already mentioned) of 'entering into articles of union and confederation with the aforesaid governments, for the general defence of his Majesty's subjects and interests in North America, as well in time of peace as of war.' The Colonies, not specially named, were also to be invited by the Governor of New York to attend the meeting. Virginia and New Jersey, though specially named in the instructions from England, did not send deputies. Connecticut and Rhode Island, on the other hand, though not expressly named, appointed deputies. Hutchinson justly observes of this assembly, 'that it was the most deserving of respect of any which had been convened in America, whether we consider the Colonies which were represented, the rank and character of the delegates, or the purposes for which it was convened.'*

The importance of this project may justify us in repeating the names of the delegates: they were as follows:

New York.—Joseph Murray, William Johnson, John Chambers, William Smith.

New Hampshire.—Theodore Atkinson, Richard Willard, Meshech Weare, Henry Sherburne.

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* Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts Bay. Vol. III. p. 20.

Massachusetts.—Samuel Welles, John Chandler, Oliver Patridge, Thomas Hutchinson, John Worthington.

Connecticut.—William Pitkin, Roger Wolcott, Elisha Williams.

Rhode Island.—Stephen Hopkins, Martin Howard.

Maryland.—Benjamin Tasker, Benjamin Barms.

Pennsylvania.—John Penn, Isaac Norris, Benjamin Franklin, Richard Peters.

Among the manuscript treasures of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is the hitherto unpublished journal of the proceedings of this Congress,* a transcript of which is before us. It contains the credentials of the commissioners of the several Provinces, and the journal of their proceedings in Convention at Albany. It is full upon the subject of the negotiation with the Six Nations, containing at length the addresses made to them, and their replies. On the subject of the plan of union, the journal contains only the names of the committee by whom it was prepared, with occasional notices of the discussion of their report. This committee was designated by the nomination of one, by the deputies from each Province, and consisted of the following members, viz.

Thomas Hutchinson of Massachusetts Bay,
Theodore Atkinson of New Hampshire,
William Pitkin of Connecticut,
Stephen Hopkins of Rhode Island,
Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania,
Benjamin Tasker of Maryland.

The plan of union, agreed to by this Convention, was drawn up by Dr. Franklin.† His works contain the plan, with the reasons separately stated for each article, and some general considerations applicable to the expediency of the whole. It may also be found in Minot's Continuation, in Trumbull's history of Connecticut (incorrectly), and in several other histories.‡

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* Probably the same which is referred to by Belknap as 'Atkinson's MS.' Belknap's New-Hampshire, Vol. 1. p. 309. Farmer's Edition.

† Franklin's Works, London Ed. III. 1.

‡ Minot's Continuation, Vol. I. p. 191. Trumbull's History of Connecticut, Vol. II. Appendix. The second article providing for a President General is here omitted. Pitkin's Political and Civil History of the United States, Vol. I. Appendix p. 429. Franklin's Works, Vol. IV. p. 5—38. Philad. Ed. 1809.

It was deemed necessary in the outset, that an act of Parliament should pass, ' by which one general government should be formed in America,' ' within and under which government each Colony may retain its present constitution, except in the particulars wherein a change should be directed by the said act.'

This new government was to be administered by a President General, to be appointed and supported by the Crown, and a grand council, to be chosen by the representatives of the people of the several Colonies, met in their respective assemblies.

The first Grand Council was to be apportioned as follows:

Massachusetts Bay,	7	New Jersey,	3
New Hampshire,	2	Pennsylvania,	6
Connecticut,	5	Maryland,	4
Rhode Island,	2	Virginia,	7
New York,	4	North Carolina	4
	—	South Carolina,	4
	20		—
			28
			20
			—
			48

The first meeting was to be convened in the city of Philadelphia.

We are tempted to quote the reasons, stated by Dr. Franklin, for fixing on Philadelphia as the place of meeting for the Grand Council.

' Philadelphia was named as being the nearer the centre of the Colonies, where the commissioners would be well and cheaply accommodated. The high roads through the whole extent are for the most part very good, in which forty or fifty miles a day may very well be, and frequently are travelled. Great part of the way may likewise be gone by water. In summer time the passages are frequently performed in a week from Charleston (S. C.) to Philadelphia and New York; and from Rhode Island to New York, through the Sound, in two or three days; and from New York to Philadelphia by water and land in two days, by stage-boats and wheel carriages, that set out every other day. The journey from Charleston to Philadelphia may likewise be facilitated by boats running up Chesapeake bay three hundred miles. But if the whole journey be performed on horseback, the most distant members (viz. the two from New Hampshire and from South Carolina), may probably render themselves at Philadelphia, in fifteen or twenty days; the majority may be there in much less time.'

The members of the Grand Council were chosen for three years. After the first choice, and when the proportion of money which each Colony was to pay to the general treasury, should be ascertained, a new apportionment was to be made of the members of the council, in the ratio of taxation; but no Province was to have more than seven members, nor less than two.

There was to be an annual meeting of the council; but extra sessions could be called by the President, with the consent of seven of the members, and timely notice to the whole.

The members of the Grand Council chose their own Speaker; and it could not be dissolved, prorogued, nor continued in session longer than six weeks, at one time, without its own consent or the special command of the Crown.

The members of the Grand Council were to be allowed ten shillings sterling *per diem* during their session, and journey to and from the place of meeting; twenty miles to be reckoned a day's journey.

All acts of the Grand Council required the signature of the President to give them validity, and he was charged with their execution.

The President General, with the advice of the Grand Council, was to hold and direct all Indian treaties, in which the general interest of the Colonies was concerned; and make peace, or declare war with the Indian nations.

The President and Council to make such laws as they judged necessary for regulating the Indian trade, to make all purchases from Indians for the Crown, of lands, not now within the bounds of particular Colonies; or that shall not be within their bounds, *when some of them are reduced to more convenient dimensions.*

They were to make new settlements, or such purchases, granting title in the King's name, reserving a quit rent to the Crown, for the use of the general treasury. They were also to make laws for the government of such settlements, till the Crown shall think fit to form them into particular governments. Hutchinson remarks on this head, that he cannot ascertain precisely what Colonies were referred to, as those which might be reduced within more convenient dimensions :—but he presumes Connecticut and Virginia to have been two of them. This no doubt was the case. The article in question throws light upon the disposition which existed to question the validity of the claim, set up by several of the Colonies to an indefinite extension westward. The blow here menaced against her western domain, supposing Connecticut to have been one of the Colonies alluded to, will perhaps aid in explaining the great anxiety of this Colony, to prevent the adoption of the plan of Union. No Colony exerted itself more strenuously to that end, than Connecticut.

In addition to the powers already enumerated, the Grand Council were to raise and pay soldiers, and build forts for the defence of any of the Colonies, equip vessels of war to guard the coasts and protect the trade upon the ocean, lakes and great rivers; *but not to impress men in any Colony without the consent of the Legislature.*

For the purposes enumerated, they had power to make laws, and lay and levy such general duties, imposts or taxes, as to them shall appear most equal and just, (considering the ability and other circumstances of the inhabitants in the several Colonies), and such as may be collected with the least inconvenience to the people; rather discouraging luxury, than loading industry with unnecessary burdens.

They were to appoint a general treasurer, and particular treasurers in each government when necessary; no money to be paid except to the joint order of the President and Council, unless when provided for by standing law to be paid to the order of the President alone.

The accounts were to be annually settled and reported to the several colonial assemblies.

A quorum of the Grand Council, competent to act with the President, was to consist of twenty-five members; among whom was to be one or more from a majority of the Colonies.

The laws passed by the Grand Council were not to be repugnant to the laws of England, but as near as possible in harmony with them, and were to be transmitted to England for the approbation of the King in council, and if not disapproved within three years after presentation, *remained* in force.

On the death of the President General, the speaker of the Grand Council succeeded to his place, till the King's pleasure was known.

All military officers, by land and sea, were to be nominated by the President General, and confirmed by the council;—all civil officers to be nominated by the council and confirmed by the President. In case of death or removal of any officer, civil or military, '*under this Constitution*,' the Governor of the Province in which the vacancy happened, was to fill it, till the pleasure of the President General and Grand Council should be known.

The particular military and civil establishments of each Colony were to remain in their former condition, notwithstanding the general Constitution;—and each Colony, on emergency, was authorized to defend itself and lay the expense before the President and council for allowance.

Such was this celebrated plan of Union. Dr. Belknap observes, that it is worthy of remark, that this plan for the Union of the Colonies was agreed to on the fourth day of July; 'exactly twenty-two years before the declaration of American Independence;' and this observation has been repeated by several other writers. We are loth to disturb the credit of an association of events so pleasing; but truth compels us to say, that it is without foundation in fact. We do not find the date of this instrument in any printed document, nor is it contained in the manuscript journal already alluded to. We find, however, in that journal, under date of the 10th of July, the following entry:—'Mr. Franklin reported in a new form the draught of a plan of a Union, agreeably to the determination of yesterday, which was read paragraph by paragraph and debated, and the further consideration of it deferred till the afternoon.' 'In the afternoon the consideration of the plan of the Union was re-assumed, which is as follows:'—It would appear certain from this record, that it had not been adopted on the 10th of July.

It is plain to see, in this plan, a near approach to an efficient remedy for some of the evils of the country. It is idle to speculate on what might have been the effect of its adoption. Not a Colony approved it at home, and in England it met with no favor from the government.

The assembly of Connecticut passed a strong resolution against it, on the grounds that the country was too large for such a government, and that a defensive war carried on by it would prove ruinously burdensome to the Colonies. They also feared that, in the course of time, it might 'be dangerous and hurtful to his Majesty's interest, and tend to subvert the liberties and privileges, and to discourage the industry of his Majesty's good subjects, inhabiting the Colonies.' The agent of this Colony in London was directed to oppose the plan with the greatest vigor, to demand a hearing against it by council before Parliament, should it there be discussed, and adopt any measures he might think necessary to prevent its receiving the royal sanction. The assembly further resolved, 'that the Governor should watch all the steps, which the other governments should take relative to the said plan; that he should prepare whatever might be necessary for its prevention; that he should urge any further reasons against it, which his own mind might suggest; that he would suggest alterations in various parts, particularly that the government should be lessened and divided into two districts;—that the proportions allotted to each Colony were unjust; and that he would show in what respects the liberties of the people would be infringed; that he would prepare the evidence of the facts and send them to the agent, with whatever else might be necessary on the subject.'* We have already suggested a consideration, which may have animated the zeal of the people of Connecticut in opposing this plan of Union. A general impression throughout the Colonies no doubt was, that an organized plan of raising a colonial revenue, to defray the expense of the wars which might be carried on, would be very apt to interfere with the claims for reimbursement, which had heretofore been presented to the British Parliament, and allowed. The consequence would be a great aggravation of the evils of their present political condition, already sufficiently disadvantageous, in being dragged into the contest, whenever the great powers of Europe found it for their interest to go to war. The flower of two generations in the Colonies had perished in the wars of France and England; and if, in addition to calamities of this character, the whole financial burden of carrying on the contest were to be thrown upon the Colonies, it was plain that effectual and not very tardy ruin would ensue.

But these and all other apprehensions, which the plan of 1754 may have inspired, passed away with the entire failure of that project to take effect. The time had not yet arrived. Union was destined to be the fruit of Independence, connected with it indissolubly and reciprocally as cause and effect. Nothing but an arduous struggle for independence, with its attendant perils and extremities, could have conquered the centrifugal tendency of thirteen Colonies, jealous of their separate rights. Nothing but Union would have sufficed as a permanent and safe basis of independence; and it is doubtful whether it is less important now, in this respect, than at the period of the Revolution.

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* Trumbull's History of Connecticut. Vol. II. p. 337.

Accordingly, with the commencement of the revolutionary war, the attention of the Federal Congress was turned to a confederation of the States. Before proceeding to the discussion of this subject, Mr. Justice Story devotes a most interesting chapter to the History of the Revolution. In this chapter (Book II. chap. I.), the interesting topic of *sovereignty* is most ably treated, and great light is thrown on some of the agitating questions of the present day. With this introduction, we are led to the history of the formation of the Confederation, the fourth of the projects or plans for a Union of the States, of the three former of which we have had something to say in this article. This is followed by an analysis of the articles of confederation themselves, and an accurate statement of the powers which it granted and withheld. The succeeding chapter, on the decline and fall of the Confederation, is full of instruction. The usual considerations under this head are arrayed in strong light, and others of a less familiar character are introduced. Let any man, who reflects upon the all-important functions to be discharged by a judiciary, capable of carrying its decrees into effect, pardon the condition of things adverted to in the following paragraph.

'A striking illustration of the weakness of the Confederacy may be found in our juridical history. The power of appeal in prize causes, as an incident to the sovereign powers of peace and war, was asserted by Congress, after the most elaborate consideration, and supported by the voice of ten States, antecedent to the ratification of the articles of confederation. The exercise of that power was, however, resisted by the State courts, notwithstanding its immense importance to the preservation of the rights of independent neutral nations. The Confederation gave, in express terms, this right of appeal. The decrees of the Court of Appeals were equally resisted; and, in fact, they remained a dead letter, till they were enforced by the Courts of the United States under the present confederation.' *

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* Story's Commentaries, Vol. I. p. 230.

The weakness of the Judiciary under the Confederation may be sufficiently judged of by the faint tradition of those, who administered that department of the government, and the meagre records of their labors. Of the military and parliamentary history of the Revolution, and the period which followed it, up to 1789, we have some documentary history ; and the names of the generals and statesmen, who stood at the head of affairs, are familiar to our ears. But who can tell us much about the Federal jurisprudence of the same period, fruitful as that period must have been in all the elements of an important admiralty and prize system ?

Although it is obviously impossible for us to go very particularly into the analysis of the contents of these chapters, we cannot forbear making a quotation of a short section of the chapter immediately before us, and which deserves to be well weighed by every citizen of the United States, who respects the authority of the great men, who framed and contemporaneously expounded the Constitution.

> ' The last defect which seems worthy of enumeration is, that the Confederation never had a ratification of the PEOPLE. Upon this objection it will be sufficient to quote a single passage from the same celebrated work, (Federalist, No. 22.) as it affords a very striking commentary upon some extraordinary doctrines recently promulgated. " Resting upon no better foundation than the consent of the State Legislatures, it has been exposed to frequent and intricate questions concerning the validity of its powers ; and has in some instances given birth to the erroneous doctrine of a right of legislative repeal. Owing its ratification to a law of a State, it has been contended that the same authority might repeal the law by which it was ratified. However gross a heresy it may be to maintain, that a party to a compact has a right to revoke that compact, the doctrine itself has had respectable advocates. The possibility of a question of this nature proves the necessity of laying the foundations of our national government deeper than the mere sanction of delegated authority. The fabric of American Empire ought to rest on the solid basis of THE CONSENT OF THE PEOPLE. The streams of national power ought to flow immediately from that pure original fountain of all legitimate authority." '

Having thus opened the way, Mr. Justice Story relates the history of the formation of the Constitution. A chapter on the objections to it follows. To this succeeds a discussion of the nature of the Constitution,—whether it be a *compact.*

This is one of the most able, luminous, and valuable chapters of the work. The whole artillery of constitutional law, on this great topic of present interest, is brought out with masterly skill and power; and the politician, who knows nothing of his calling, but how to inflame popular feeling on topics of local interest, may read this chapter and learn how mean his occupation is.

And here begins the great business of this work, not indeed, that the previous chapters are not of close connexion with its main subject, and some of them, in fact, not inferior in present interest and seasonableness. But in this discussion of the question, whether the Constitution is a compact or a government, we enter the great temple of constitutional law. A chapter on 'the Final Interpreter' follows, and this is succeeded by another on the Rules of Interpretation. Having gone through with these preliminary inquiries,—preliminary not as of less than essential importance, but as applying to the whole Constitution and all its parts,—Mr. Justice Story takes up his commentary on the instrument itself, and beginning with its Preamble, goes through with every article, section and paragraph.

We have already intimated, that a work of this kind,—itself a review of the Constitution, almost bids defiance to all attempts at a complete analytical review of itself. At all events, we feel ourselves incompetent to the undertaking, particularly in the limited space which remains to us. Suffice it to say, that it is a work whose value must be learned by the student of constitutional law, by the politician, and by the intelligent American citizen, from a careful and repeated perusal of the volumes. Had we been called upon to designate the individual, for the honorable and laborious task of preparing a Commentary on the Constitution, we should have designated Mr. Justice Story.

It is of course the first qualification for a constitutional commentator, that he should be of sound principles. We hope never to see the day, when our highest judicial functionaries shall be claimed as belonging to any of the parties, which distract our republic. Still, however, it is impossible that public men should grow up in a career of active usefulness, without having had their party associations. Mr. Justice Story was of the democratic party, and shared the general views of that party, on questions of constitutional politics; but with a mind of too *legal* a cast, to run into wild revolutionary extremes. Coming upon the bench with prepossessions of the character intimated, Mr. Justice Story rose immediately above the sphere of party; and with the ermine of office, put on the sacred robe of the Constitution and the Law. Henceforward it became his duty, his desire, his effort, neither to strain the Constitution, nor to travel round it, on the loose popular maxims which guide the partisan; but to interpret it with impartiality, and administer it with firmness. In a word, he became a constitutional lawyer of the school of Marshall; and nowhere can a more authentic, comprehensive, and instructive exposition of the principles of that school, in their entire application to the Constitution, be found, than in these volumes.

To this vital qualification for the work, Mr. Justice Story has superadded others, rarely to be found united and made available for such an undertaking. His position as a magistrate has secured a moderation of statement and a caution in laying down principles, highly desirable in a work, which is to impart to the youth of the country those impressions relative to the Constitution, which are to go with them in many cases through life. Nothing would have been more out of place, in such a work, than a controversial tone and manner; and no guarantee against even the unconscious assumption of such a tone and manner is so likely to prove effectual, as the restraint of the judicial office.

Lastly, a work like the Commentaries on the Constitution could scarcely be accomplished, in a becoming manner, except by an individual, uniting to all the other qualifications, those of an almost boundless reading, professional, historical, political and miscellaneous; and a happy talent of extracting, from a heterogeneous mass, the sequence and consent of truth. It is impossible to go through these volumes without feeling, that, from the first frail New England Confederacy of 1643 down to the ratification of the Federal Constitution in 1789, Union, Union, Union is the great destiny of our country. This is the lesson to be learned, and the truth to be evolved through a continuous investigation of the most laborious and often perplexing character:—and the true prophet of our political dispensation is he, that can most clearly discern it, when it is faintly indicated, and most powerfully support it, when it is plausibly assailed. Mr. Justice Story's Commentaries have brought to its illustration a world of well-digested learning;

and furnish the most satisfactory general refutation of the detached essays, which perverted ingenuity is ever able to dress up in defence of any paradox, however amazing. We rejoice in its appearance;—in its appearance at this crisis. Earnestly do we desire, that it may perform the salutary office of aiding to win back the judgments of our Southern brethren to the sound doctrines of 1789. It seems impossible to us to resist the conviction, that the theories, which have been recently broached, carry us back to the rude and abortive confederacies and plans of confederacies of other days. Well may that doctrine be called Nullification, in which the experience of two centuries goes for nothing, and in which the sole and express object for framing the Constitution is set at nought.

ART. IV.—*The Whale Fishery.*

1. *An Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery.* By WM. SCORESBY, Jr. F. R. S. E. In two volumes. Edinburgh. 1820.
2. *Journal of a Voyage to the Northern Whale Fishery, including Researches and Discoveries on the Eastern Coast of West Greenland, made in the Summer of* 1822. By WM. SCORESBY, Jr. F. R. S. E. Edinburgh. 1823.
3. *Discovery and Adventure in the Polar Seas and Regions, with an Account of the Whale Fishery.* Harper's Family Library, No. 14. New York. 1833.
4. *Scientific Tracts.* Nos. 18 & 24.—*Whale Fishery.* Boston. 1833.

FROM the legends and chronicles of the inhabitants of the Northern shores and islands of Europe, we learn that they have always depended upon the whale for much of their employment and subsistence. Among them all, and among the Esquimaux of North America, we discover rude implements and canoes for capturing the huge monster. Those of our readers who have read the 'Pirate,' will recollect with what a hearty zeal the Zetlanders engaged in capturing a stranded whale, and they will not be shocked when we remind them, that the old Udaller, the father of the musing Minna, and the lively Brenda, was a whaler. In those Northern regions, when the season returns, an interest is manifested in enterprises of this nature, as though existence itself depended on the issue. At this we need not wonder. The flesh of the whale, which resembles coarse beef, is a necessary article of food. It affords a thin transparent substance, which answers the purpose of window glass, and the sinews, when properly separated, are used for thread. The common bones are employed in building the hut, the whalebone in finishing canoes and rude instruments, and the remainder is no despicable material for fuel. Besides, train oil and oleaginous matter of all kinds, are more grateful to the taste of the natives of these regions, than the choicest delicacies to a refined people. The reindeer is no greater blessing to the Laplander,—nor does the palm supply to the native of the tropical clime, a greater variety for his comfort and support, than does the whale to these Northern tribes. When, after being immured in the depths of winter for nine or ten months in the year, they at length emerge from the tombs of the living, the utmost activity is often displayed in preparation for a fishing voyage; and when all is ready, mothers and children, and old men, gather on the shore at the parting. When the seamen return, after an interval of many days, laden with the fruits of their successful but desperate exertion, transport is visible in the actions and visages of all, no less heartfelt and expressive, than that which was demonstrated by the bells of Lerwick when Parry returned in safety from one of his perilous but brilliant voyages.

The Biscayans appear to have been the first Europeans, who systematically and extensively pursued the whale fishery. The Northmen, who, after a long career of ravage and plunder, at length settled along the western shores of Europe, are said to have introduced it. The same descriptions of whale gear and instruments are now used, that were employed by the Biscayans in the fifteenth century, and the same methods of capture are practised. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, they became bold and adventurous, and straying as far as the coast of Iceland, they found there a Norwegian colony, disposed to unite in their enterprises. Their fleet soon numbered fifty or sixty sail of vessels.

Before the enthusiasm first roused by the brilliant successes of Columbus had subsided, the Dutch and English made many most calamitous attempts to reach the Indies by a north-east passage. In penetrating those icy regions, they met with vast numbers of whales,—undisturbed for centuries in their peculiar and exclusive seas, tame, sluggish, and disposed to yield as ready captives to the intruder. The navigators determined to unite profit with adventure, and although they might fail in obtaining, by their imagined passage, the spices of India, to bring home at least in their vessels the products of the bear, the walrus, the seal and the whale. From being only the incidental, these soon became the principal objects of these hazardous voyages, and the high hopes of men, panting for the lofty names of discoverers, were merged in the arduous toils of catching whales for profit.

The subject does not seem to have assumed any great commercial importance, till the seventeenth century. The first voyage, made for the sole purpose of whale fishing by the English, was about the year 1610. An Amsterdam and a London company soon sent out numerous fleets to Spitzbergen. Other nations of Europe commenced also at the same time. As each nation claimed the right to the whale grounds, frequent contests for sole possession rendered the voyages profitless and disastrous. The ships* went out in small squadrons, and had all the necessary naval preparations for plunder or defence. The English especially assumed quite a piratical character, and relied more upon the plunder of the interlopers, as they called the rest, than on their own honest and watchful exertions. After many years of silly and obstinate contention, an arrangement was made, by which the most eligible seas along the coast of Spitzbergen were divided among the English, Dutch, Hamburghers, French and Spaniards.

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* In the library of the Antiquarian Society at Worcester, is a MS. narrative of one of these voyages, entitled 'A short discourse of a Voyage made in the year of our Lord 1613, to the late discovered countrye of Greenland, and a briefe description of the same countrie, and the comodities ther raised to the adventurers.' The expedition was commanded by Benjamin Joseph of London, who is dignified as 'chief captaine.' In one place the three highest in command are called 'Admirall,' 'Vice Admirall' and 'rere Admirall.' The fleet consisted of seven armed ships, provided with '24 Basks,' (Basques, Biscayans,) 'who were best experienced in that facultie of whale striking.' During the voyage, the fleet met with about twenty-five sail of vessels.

Subsequently to this division, the English Muscovy Company pursued the business successfully for a few years, but after a time their fleets gradually disappeared, and they finally deserted the northern oceans. A spell seems to have been cast upon all their operations; for while they were unfortunate year after year successively, the economical and calculating Dutch were annually rewarded with rich cargoes. They were obliged to renounce the business to these formidable rivals, who carried it forward with the same vigor and perseverance which they had displayed in all other commercial enterprises. At first, on their portion of the shores, the Dutch found the whales inert, passive and abundant. They formed a summer colony on the shore, for the purpose of extracting and preparing the oil from the blubber which the vessels brought in. Here, on the snowy waste, the little village of Smeerenberg relieved the dull monotony of death. A sight unseen before, the curling of smoke and the ringing of bells announced that man had taken possession, where nature had seemed to threaten a total extinction of animal existence. During the whole of the seventeenth century, the business gradually extended, and two hundred vessels, of various kinds and sizes, were frequently floating in the harbor of Smeerenberg. At length the whales became shy and intractable, and it was found necessary to push out into the open sea, and there engage in the fearful encounter. As they advanced into the open ocean, the scene of their toil became nearly as distant from their colony as from home, and they at length deemed it expedient to relinquish the intermediate station, and return with their cargoes directly to Holland. Not a vestige of this village is now to be seen.

It would be tedious and uninstructive, to follow in slow detail the fluctuations of this precarious business. Suffice it to say, that for more than a hundred years, the English hardly maintained a whale ship, while the Dutch and Hamburghers annual-

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The commander exacted from all strange ships heavy contributions of oil and fins. At one time, preparation was made for action with five large ships in Belsound, the largest of which was of eight hundred tons burthen, commanded by Michael de Aristiga of St. John de Luz. The MS. is beautifully written, and the natural history of the 'new countrie' is illustrated by well drawn pictures. The expedition was fitted out at the 'charge and adventure of the Right Worshipfull Sir Thomas Smyth, knight, and the rest of the companie of Merchants tradeing into Moscouia, called the merchants of Newe Trades and Discoueries.'

ly, down to 1778, were employing a fleet of more than 200 vessels. During a part of the intermediate time, they employed as many as 300 vessels, and 18,000 men. The pride of their government was at length aroused, and stimulated by high bounties and high hopes, the English again became competitors. Their attempts, under the name of the Greenland Company and the South Sea Company, had proved abortive and ruinous. Between 1732 and 1749, the bounty had risen to 40*s.* per ton, at which it remained permanent for the remainder of the century. This was a new era in British fishery. Up to 1785, the average number of British whalers frequenting Greenland and Davis's Straits was about sixty. During the four following years it received an unprecedented increase, for in 1788, two hundred and fifty-three vessels were employed. The whale fleets of Holland were swallowed in the tremendous vortex of the French Revolution, leaving England to maintain more vessels in the Greenland seas, than all the other nations of Europe besides. It should be observed, that previously to this time, nearly all the maritime States of Europe had been at different periods engaged in the business, to a greater or less extent.

The English at first prosecuted the trade from their metropolis, but, selecting more eligible ports, from time to time, we find the whale squadrons now chiefly sailing from Hull and Whitby in England, and Peterhead, Aberdeen, Dundee and Leith in Scotland. The active and eager pursuit has driven the monsters from their old haunts, across the Atlantic. Vigilantly pursued among the Greenland channels, they have taken refuge in Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay, and these are now the exclusive fields of the Greenland Fishery. In this fishery, for the eight years previous to 1818, one hundred and thirty ships were employed, but the fleet is now diminished to about ninety.

In following the history of this perilous and desperate mode of hardy industry, our attention is so enchained by dangers, storms and misery endured, as well as by the exhibition of the grandest spectacles with which nature gratifies the vision of man, that our curiosity is hardly aroused to a consideration of it as a source of national wealth. Here let us pause, to consider for a moment the perils of cold, of famine, of tempest and shipwreck, that are incident to these exhibitions. We must recollect, that the cruise is generally beyond the 70th parallel of latitude. Exposed as these hardy mariners are to cold and danger and every imaginable hardship, success seems no flattering incentive. Obliged to sail among islands and mountains of ice, it requires all their watchfulness and dexterity to elude the besetting dangers. The masts and shrouds are often glazed with ice, —their cables of hemp or iron are snapped asunder like pipe stems, and benumbed as they must continually be, they thus navigate the ocean for months. We can imagine the common dangers that beset them; but who can picture their situation, when darkness makes the storm more awful, and their emotions more intense? The ship rises upon a mountain wave, and plunges into a chasm, perhaps to strike upon a mass of ice. After a disruption of thoſe immense icy fields, which cover the arctic regions, it requires all the seamen's skill to thread the passages. Sometimes, detained late in the season, they get imbedded in the shoals of ice, and have been thus compelled to endure the long northern winter. They perhaps drift onward far towards the pole. The days gradually shorten, the sun makes a short segment above the horizon, finally a small portion of his disk appears, and the next day he is gone to leave the world 'herbless, treeless, lifeless.' Without any of those comforts, those furnaces, and preparations for mental excitement, which made the winterings of Ross and Parry more tolerable, they have patiently waited, month after month, till the breaking up of the following season. Perhaps they go out for game, and one of the crew finds himself in the embrace of a huge bear, and the mangled corpse only of a comrade is rescued after a desperate engagement, rendered more fierce, as the bear is more raging and ravenous from a month of fasting.

Sometimes, vessel after vessel has been dashed to atoms, and the few remnants of many crews that have gone down to the fathomless abysses are obliged to crowd into a single ship, already perhaps short of provisions, or into a few small boats, and push for a northern shore. And what awaits them there? If too late to reach the ship, or the settlement of more civilized man, divided among a savage tribe, they may possibly survive till spring in filthy huts, where the condensed moisture falls in flakes of snow, upon the admission of cold by an aperture. Happily they often experience a hospitality, among those rude people, which they have looked for in vain among a more cultivated race. If not so fortunate as to land where they see the vestiges of man, they must erect as competent a hovel as their slender means will admit, and make use of every expedient to sustain the vital energies. Sometimes they survive and are rescued; and the almost incredible tale is told of four Russian sailors, who were preserved through six of these dreary winters, three of whom finally returned to their homes. Some of them are taken off, but how many perish in convulsions, before the extremity of cold is set in! How many fall a prey to the famished wolf! How many suffer miseries untold, because unseen! These are not the suggestions of fancy. The Dutch endeavored, in the early days of the fishery, to establish a settlement on one of these bleak coasts, if practicable. They left several men to try the experiment of wintering. In the following summer, a boat landed on the coast, and found the hut strongly closed. They forced it open. It was a tomb. All had perished,—four men were found frozen,—and on the last page of their journal was written,—'We are all four stretched on our beds, and are still alive, and would eat willingly, if any one of us were able to rise and light a fire. We implore the Almighty, with folded hands, to deliver us from this life, which it is impossible for us to prolong without food, or any thing to warm our frozen limbs. None of us can help the other,—each must support his own misery.' We can only realize the extremity of their situation by recurring to a horrible description of the poet.

> "They lifted up their eyes and then beheld
> Each other's aspects,—saw, and shrieked and died.
> Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
> Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
> Famine had written fiend."

We have testimony enough that such calamities have befallen our fellow-creatures in these regions. Many must have suffered and perished, whose sufferings and end there were no survivors to relate. It is but just to say, however, that for the period of a century, previous to 1778, the number of ships, entirely lost, did not amount to four in a hundred. The fishing was mostly pursued in the Greenland seas; and pursued with more certainty and safety, than it has been since the whalers have ventured into the depths of Baffin's Bay. Every autumn, the English papers teem again with accounts of remarkable casualties and distresses. For the three seasons previous to 1824, one seventh of the fleet was totally lost, and in 1830, one fifth never returned.* When we look back upon the whole history of the fishery, and reflect upon the thousands that have been swallowed up once, and forever, how strictly and peculiarly applicable is the language of Irving! 'They have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest,—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion,—like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! What prayers have been offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety,—anxiety into dread,—and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento remains for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, and was never heard of more.'

The icebergs are causes of great peril to the Greenland whalemen. They are congelations of fresh water. It is supposed, that as the water pours down from the hills along the coasts, it is frozen in some hollow and the base of the iceberg first formed. Successive years raise it. The snows fall and melt and are frozen on the summit. It rises higher and higher for the greater part of a century, till it emulates in height the tops of the surrounding mountains. Its base, gradually encroaching upon the ocean, is undermined by the current and dashing of the waves. At last it falls with a stupendous plunge into the abyss, and floats triumphantly on the bosom of the Atlantic, till it melts and dissolves away in a milder latitude, after floating for months, a terror to the unhappy mariner who crosses its path. They often rise three hundred feet above the surface ; and since experiment shows that only about one seventh of these masses is out of water, some of them must penetrate two thousand feet below. Several whalers are frequently moored at once under the protection of one of these mountains : it is necessary, however, to keep at a respectful distance, for large pieces are frequently detached, and dart upwards with great force. Sometimes the lower portion is dissolved by the warmer temperature of the water, and the mammoth, as if disposed to enjoy his repose more voluptuously, turns slowly and heavily over. Floating on the ocean, no resistance, short of the adamantine shores with which they are familiar, can oppose them. Instances are not unknown of two of these mighty masses coming together with a tremendous crash, and shivering to a thousand atoms the rude bark of the mariner.

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* We have the London Morning Chronicle of Oct. 12, 1830, which recounts the 'disastrous intelligence,' from the fishery of that year, principally as detailed in a Hull paper. 'It is our painful duty this day, to record the loss of *eighteen* ships employed in this fishery, six of which belong to Hull. We do not remember having ever witnessed a more melancholy sight, than that which our streets this morning presented. Hundreds of persons, particularly females, were assembled in groups, anxiously enquiring of each other the news from the fishery, as a report was fast gaining ground, that some casualties had occurred, though no one could form a correct idea of their extent.' Ninety-one British vessels sailed in the spring, of which eighteen were totally and completely lost. The cause of these disasters was a delay of twelve weeks in Melville Bay, while the entrance was blocked with ice, and the danger necessarily encountered in obtaining a voyage after the best of the season was past. Altogether the loss was without precedent.

The more common kind of drifting field-ice is congealed from ocean water, and is rendered stronger and thicker by the addition of snows and rains. Broken to fragments by storms, the pieces are frequently driven together and piled one upon another. Strong as the most intense cold can rivet and connect it, the iceberg rolls along with apparently no resistance ; and dismal is the fate of that crew whose vessel, as if bound by iron in the ice, perceives one of these bearing down and threatening certain destruction.

The fogs and dense atmosphere in these regions make the refracting power so great, that the sun always appears above the horizon long before his due time of return. The moisture, frozen in little *spiculae* as it falls, reflects a thousand ever-varying tints, and exhibits a brilliancy unknown to those who live in a milder zone. Here also is seen the unaccustomed optical illusion, *the mirage*,—a vessel often appearing with the masts downward, and her hull upturned and high raised in air. The *aurora borealis* is seen also with a splendor, which the richest fancy can hardly depict. It flashes over the expanse, till the whole heavens are resplendent with a blaze of light. The bright clouds, wafted hither and thither by every change of the fitful breeze, are said to resemble the evolutions of contending armies, and are looked upon by the rude natives with an awe, that could only arise from their belief that these are ‘the spirits of his fathers roaming through the land of souls.’ To make up the dazzling brilliancy of the scene, parrhelia, or mock suns, appear in numbers at a time in different parts of the heavens.

Where is the adequate inducement to incur the certain and inevitable hardships of a Greenland voyage? There have been single voyages perhaps, fraught with as much danger; but never has any great branch of commercial business been pursued so long with such resolute and unabated vigor. We know not where to look for the motive, unless it is found in the same disposition that leads men to engage in games of hazard and lotteries. The pursuit is a lottery. It is a lottery to the seamen as well as to the owners, for they are paid a certain portion of the profits of the voyage, instead of monthly wages. One voyage in a thousand exceeds the most sanguine calculations,—many are moderately successful,—but how many are the *blanks*, has been told in a thousand sad catastrophes. The elder Captain Scoresby, a veteran whaler, went through twenty-eight of these inclement voyages successfully,—he killed 498 whales, yielding 4246 tuns of oil, valued with the whalebone at £150,000. On the other hand, a large portion of the squadron, year after year successively, have met with shipwreck or some cruel disaster. As we have before stated, in 1830, hardly a ship escaped without disheartening losses, and the following year, we believe, brought us accounts that tempestuous weather visited them again with similar calamities. Here we have cause to wonder more at the madness and foolhardiness, than at the undaunted energy of man. It is well, under these circumstances, that in depression the business has always received the sympathy, and in prosperity has never aroused the jealousy of the British government.

Following the history of the Greenland fishery for the last fifty years, it will be perceived that the English fleet has rapidly decreased from about 250 to 90. The ships have not entirely deserted the whale fishery, but have been diverted into other oceans in pursuit of other kinds of whales. They have prosecuted the sperm whale fishery in the Pacific and other oceans; and annually, a fleet, about as numerous as the Greenland fleet, is sent from England into the southern seas. The business is carried on successfully from New Holland and from the British possessions in North America. Altogether the number of British whale ships cannot fall much short of 250 sail. As a history of one part of the sperm and right whale fisheries in the southern seas is a history of the whole, and the same considerations apply to all, we shall only give a detailed account of *our own* fisheries in those parts of the globe.

To the natural historian, the whale must be a subject of curious and interesting inquiry. Our purpose is to consider him rather as an object of commercial, than scientific speculation; but a proper understanding of the subject in this view, obliges us to give some account of the whale, and the different products for which he is pursued. Scientifically speaking, the whale is not a fish, but is included by naturalists under the class *mammalia.* He is not covered with scales. He is not cold and white blooded like fish, but has an organization of the heart like bipeds and quadrupeds. Like them also he has lungs, and breathes like them the open air. The female nourishes the young from her own milk. Under the *cetaceous* order, are ranked the narwal, the porpoise, the grampus, the dolphin, and various others, which, if not whales, are 'very like a whale.' The walrus, the seal, and sea elephant, seem to hold an intermediate rank between the cetacea and quadrupeds, and are all objects of commercial pursuit. The walrus has a small round head, often bearing a striking resemblance to the human, and hence it has been suggested that in ancient times he has given rise to the fanciful reports of tritons and syrens, and in modern times to the frightful legends of mermen and mermaids. To what order the sea serpent belongs, remains to be proved by a more intimate knowledge of that mysterious inhabitant of the deep. Though we have little doubt of his existence, yet we are disposed to include him in a very extensive order, called *mendacea.* The head of the whale is about one third of the animal, and the open mouth displays a fearful chasm. The tail is not vertical like that of fish, but flat and horizontal. It is broad and muscular, and with it he swims, with it casually or designedly he dashes the boats of the whalemen and disables or kills them. 'But the most unique feature of the whale, is the blow holes or nostrils, which appear like natural *jets d'eau.*' They emit a warm vapor, and where the breathing is vehement a little beneath the surface, water is thrown to the height of twenty or thirty feet in the air, which is crimsoned with blood when the victim is mortally wounded. The sight of this spout, or the loud noise caused by its emission, is the first sign to the whaler of his approach. Under the outer hide, to the depth of a foot, extends a fat oleaginous matter, which appears to be a wrapper, designed by nature for protection against intensity of cold. This is cut and torn off by knives and hooks, and furnishes a quantity of oil equal to three quarters of its own bulk. The whale shows the greatest affection for her young. These delicate nurslings, only fourteen or fifteen feet in length, and weighing merely a ton, are often killed for the sole purpose of provoking an encounter with the parent, and then the contest is deadly and desperate. This inoffensive and lethargic creature sometimes displays vivacity and playfulness. Putting himself in a vertical position, the head downwards, with a rapid motion of the tail he leaves the sea in foam and froth. At other times, with a most ludicrous agility, he darts wholly from his element, and the mass, weighing perhaps seventy tons, is seen suspended in the air. If, as a certain philosopher would make us believe, this earth is only a thin uppercrust, it is happy that he alights on so flexible and elastic a medium as water, for such ungainly pranks on land might fracture the surface, and give us, however unwillingly, an inspection of the far famed 'Symmes's hole.' It is perhaps fortunate that mammoths and behemoths are extinct. Such veritable historians as the Gullivers and Munchausens, have gravely asserted that whales have been mistaken for islands, and that cellars have been dug and trees planted upon their backs; but that after some years they have disappeared, giving rise to those otherwise incredible stories of islands swallowed in the deep. If we relied on all their statements, they would fain make us believe that whole families of Nova Zemblans have resided during their long winter in the interior of a whale. Though most marvellous accounts have been always given, the average length of a whale, taking into consideration the various species, does not exceed fifty feet. A species of whale, however, called by the Greenlanders the razorback, has been known to measure one hundred and five feet in length. This is the largest of the whale tribe. It yields but little oil, and is more violent, restive and muscular than the other species. It is seldom seen, and more rarely attacked.

The common, or right whale, *(balaena mysticetus)* is the exclusive object of the Greenland fishery. The various species of this whale are found in every part of the ocean, but most abundantly in the Greenland seas, and on the Banks of Brazil. The valuable products of this animal are common, or right whale oil, and whalebone. Of 322 individuals of this species, Captain Scoresby says, the longest he ever measured was 58 feet in length. The largest quantity of oil, ever obtained from the right whale, is about 200 barrels.* Before the Revolutionary war, a sloop from New Bedford, commanded by Captain John Howland, captured one in the Straits of Belleisle which yielded 212 barrels of oil. Two fish loaded the sloop with 400 barrels of oil, and 400 pounds of bone. These however were of extraordinary size. When taken in the northern seas, the skin of this whale is clean and smooth, but when taken in southern latitudes, he is shaggy and covered with barnacles and small shell fish. The food of this kind of whales is composed chiefly of small shrimps and animalculae. We should hardly expect, in regions so desolate and scathed as those beyond the Arctic circle, subsistence for the animal creation, or an organization capable of sustaining the vital energies. But instead of ceasing, life seems here to spring forth in more boundless profusion ; and the arctic zone, in the immensity and variety of animal life, rivals the production of the tropical suns. The whole northern ocean teems with minute and almost invisible particles of life. Where discernible by the microscope, they prove to be of the class vermes, of the genus *medusa.* They are of a soft, elastic substance, and are supposed to be the cause of an olive green color, which extends frequently over an hundred miles of ocean. The number outruns the expression of language ; and, if we may rely on the estimate of Scoresby, 80,000 men, employed in counting from the creation, could only number two square miles of these animalculae. These are food for the next higher order, and each degree becomes food for that next elevated in the scale. Among these great shoals, the right whale is generally found, feeding only upon the smaller degrees. The upper part of his mouth is composed of compact slabs of whalebone, which terminate in a kind of fibre or fringe. He swims when feeding, with his mouth wide open, occasionally shutting over the lower lip to squeeze out the water. The small fish remain entangled in the network, and are devoured.

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* Douglas, in his history of America, says that the whalers of Davis's Straits kill whales yielding 500 or 600 barrels of oil, and bone of 18 feet in length ; but this is an error. The largest whales yield but about 200 barrels of oil and 14 feet bone.

The sperm whale, (blunt headed *cachalot*) is of a different genus from the right whale. He is principally distinguished by a broad blunt head, by a heavy bunch beyond the middle of his back, and by his single blow-hole on the very extremity of the head, while the right whale has two blow-holes, which are placed five or six feet from the nose. The under jaw of this genus is supplied with teeth, while the upper is destitute. His food also is of a different nature, for he feeds upon a gelatinous kind of animated substance, belonging to the class *Mollusca.* This is called the squid or cuttle fish. It sometimes is seen of an immense magnitude, and is provided with long arms, on the extremities of which is a kind of suckers. It is to the fact that the whale feeds on this animal and fish-spawn, that Byron alludes in his apostrophe to the Ocean,

'Even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made.'

The spermaceti whales are found in the greatest numbers near the Western Islands, (the Azores,) on the coast of Africa, and in various parts of the Pacific Ocean. While the sperm whale yields far less oil in quantity, it is about three times as valuable as common oil. The spermaceti, called in its crude state head-matter, is taken from a cavity in the head of the whale, where it is found almost entirely by itself. That rich perfumery, called ambergris, is taken from the intestines of this whale, and is said to be found only in subjects of disease. The rarest of this genus yields about one hundred and fifteen barrels. While the right whale roams alone, the sperm whale is gregarious. We cannot forbear to relate a very unusual and grand appearance of a herd of these whales, as described by an eye-witness.

'A ship was becalmed in the Pacific. The man at the mast head announced, "there she blows!" The boats were lowered, and manned as usual. But the whales, instead of rolling heavily along, seemed to approach with great rapidity. They appeared to be in an agitation, that could be caused only by agony of fright. They would dart rapidly. Again they would cut in spiral paths or leap abruptly from their element. Some dashed over the surface, and many of the dark masses, moving like shadows of black clouds, exhibited the same agitation below. All this time, every spiracle gave violent and repeated explosions. We need not say, that the sailors looked on with the silence of death. The herd soon passed beyond the reach of sight, leaving the most experienced to wonder for the unseen and unknown cause of the consternation.'

The ships, employed in the whale fishery, are generally from three hundred to three hundred and fifty tons burthen. Some are employed from this country, of a much larger size. The Greenland ships are built with all the strength and durability with which wood and iron can be combined, to enable them to withstand the rude concussions of the ice. The ships, according to the necessities of their particular voyage, are manned with from twenty to thirty or forty men. The boats are long and narrow, and sharp at each extremity, and are built of the lightest materials for buoyancy and speed. They float upon the surface with the grace of the sea-bird upon its peculiar element, and are changed and turned by the steersman and five strong rowers, with amazing dexterity. When cruising, the Greenlanders have the captain or other officer stationed in a little box, called the crow's nest, on the main top. Protected, as far as he can be protected, when the thermometer indicates a temperature ranging from 10° to 30° below zero, with his telescope he descries the whale, and guides the ship through the perilous icy channels.

The method of taking the whale, as practised by all nations and for every species, is nearly as follows. The whale is compelled to come frequently to the surface, for the purpose of breathing. The nearest boat approaches from behind, from which the harpoon is launched into the huge carcass. This it is almost impossible to disengage, it being provided with two strong barbs. If not instantly killed, the whale sinks, and sinks often to a great depth. Exhausted by the immense superincumbent pressure of the water, he sometimes comes up dead. Frequently he sinks only a short distance; but as soon as he rises, the whalemen endeavor to plunge into him the lance, an instrument of the finest steel, sharpened with the keenness of the surgeon's lancet. Attached to the harpoon is a line, which, as the animal is disposed to sink or dash through the waves, is suffered to run loose around a small post in the stern of the boat, and it often flies with such rapidity that the harpooner is enveloped in smoke, and it becomes necessary to pour on water, to prevent the friction from generating flame. They often bind line after line together. If the line become entangled while the whale is sinking, the boat sometimes rears one end aloft, and makes a majestic dive into the deep. In the contest the boat is sometimes dashed to shivers, and the men experience no pleasant immersion, if they are fortunate enough to escape without broken limbs. The whale, stung with the fatal wound, sometimes dashes along the surface, with a death-like energy, and the little boat, almost under water, flies with the velocity of the wind. If he escape, he escapes with a prize on which he has no cause of congratulation, for he carries deeply buried in his body one or more of the sharp instruments, and drags off several hundred fathoms of rope. Our whalemen have found irons in the carcass of a whale, known to have been planted there several years before on another ocean. As the warp flies, it sometimes throws its coils around the body of a man, and dragging him over in a moment, it carries him into the ocean depths, from which he never more emerges. Sometimes it only dislocates or breaks the legs and arms of the unfortunate men, who become entangled in the folds. A captain of a New London ship, was caught by two coils of the warp, one around his body, and another around his leg. He had the presence of mind immediately to seize his knife, and after a while succeeded in cutting himself loose. He was carried however to a great depth, and when he returned to the surface, was almost exhausted. The whale, when roused to desperation, makes an onset with his mouth only. Then he crushes a boat to atoms, and the men escape by jumping into the sea. A sperm whale destroyed two boats of a Nantucket ship, and then attacked the ship, but being obliged to turn over nearly on his back to use the under jaw, with which he does execution, he made little impression upon the vessel.

We have thus far followed the Europeans in the northern fishery. It remains to follow our own people to other and broader seas, in the safer, more extensive, and more lucrative prosecution of the business. Second only in maritime importance among nations, our country has already outstripped all others in the whale fishery. Our efforts first commenced in open boats on the shores of Cape Cod and Nantucket, at an early period of our history. As soon as a whale appeared to the keen eyes of our fishermen, a boat was pushed off in pursuit. This precarious business is not even now forgotten, and the huge carcass of the leviathan is not an unfrequent reward of the watchful inhabitants of the Cape Cod towns. The boat was soon enlarged to the sloop, whose cruise stretched gradually as far as the straits of Belleisle and Labrador, and along our southern coasts to the West India Seas. In time, the sloop was metamorphosed into a brig or a ship, and the shores of Africa were next frequented. The adventurers crossed the equator to attack the monster on the rugged coasts of Brazil and Patagonia. Soon, the arduous doubling of Cape Horn opened to our researches the vast expanse of the Pacific. Our ships may now be seen lingering for supplies in all the western ports of South America, and one hundred of them annually recruit at the Sandwich Islands. They have scoured every part of the Pacific; and the coasts of Japan are now the scene of their most successful labors. Thence they often return home, around the Cape of Good Hope, thus circumnavigating the globe in a three years' voyage.

It appears from the early history of the Colonies, that our bays were once plenteously stocked with whales. A poem, published in England, as early as 1623, by one William Morrell, among other fish, flesh, and creeping things, thus mentions the whale,

> 'The mighty whale doth in these harbours lye,
> Whose oyle the careful merchant deare will buy.'

For near a century, the business was carried on from the Cape Cod towns, particularly Provincetown, Truro, and Wellfleet, in open boats. They subsequently pursued the business in larger craft, and in some instances their vessels were despatched to Labrador, for the double purpose of cod and whale fishing. Nantucket was settled in 1759. The inhabitants were instructed in the whale fishery by the Cape Cod people. The whales were brought in by boats, and the oil was extracted on the shore. In 1730, they employed as many as twenty-five sloops, and about this period they began to erect works on deck, and put up the oil on shipboard. The fleet constantly increased. In 1756, eighty sloops sailed from the Island, and on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, one hundred and forty sloops, schooners, and brigs, were engaged upon the coasts of Guinea, Brazil, and the West Indies, annually. Thirty thousand barrels of oil were the rich result of their vigorous exertions. About the year 1765, the inhabitants of Dartmouth, now New Bedford, began the business on the shore of Acushnet river, gradually launched their vessels in the pursuit, and at the commencement of the war employed forty or fifty sail. From this place was fitted out the first whaling expedition to the Falkland Islands in 1774, consisting of two vessels. Thus the New England whale fishery, previously to the Revolution, already employed nearly two hundred vessels. The extent of this business, and the indefatigable manner of its prosecution, is best illustrated by the felicitous language of Burke.

> 'Look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the Whale Fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Islands, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know, that while some of them draw the line, and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people,—a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.'

After the war, the rotten and decayed hulks were repaired, and new ships built and launched from both the ports of Nantucket and New Bedford. While the former place again pursued almost exclusively her old employment, the vessels from the latter were some of them allured from it by better prospects. The first American vessel that delighted the eyes of 'his Majesty's loving subjects,' in a British port, and there exultingly unfurled the fresh and broad folds of the star-spangled banner, sailed from Nantucket.* It might be mentioned, as a singular coincidence, that one of the ships, from which the tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor, before the Revolution, was owned at the same port. While our commerce was freighting for those nations, who were embroiled in the contests growing out of the French Revolution, the extension of the business was by no means rapid. It met with the severest reverses it had ever experienced, during the late war. Most of our whale ships in the Pacific were captured. Recaptured by Porter and Downes, many of them returned, but the greater part were burned, sunk, or turned into transports for the British navy. The island of Nantucket alone lost *twenty-seven* ships.

Since the termination of that war, the business has advanced with unprecedented rapidity. Port after port has launched her ships into the Pacific ; and we learn from the newspapers, that whaling companies have been formed at Wiscasset in Maine, and at Wilmington in Delaware. The following estimate of the number of ships employed from the several whaling ports of the United States, is derived from authentic sources.

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* The first vessel that displayed the American flag in a British port, was the brig Bedford of Nantucket, then commanded by Captain William Moers. During the Revolutionary war, the inhabitants of Nantucket maintained a neutral position, and a specified number of their whalers were authorized by the British Government to continue their expeditions. Mr. Rotch of Nantucket afterwards obtained permission of Admiral Digby, then commander on the New York station, to transport his oil to England. The Bedford, which was one of his vessels, sailed under this permission, and arrived in the Downs soon after the conclusion of the preliminary articles of peace. She immediately hoisted the American flag, and carried it displayed, as she proceeded up the Thames. This new spectacle excited a great sensation, and the brig was visited by crowds of persons, among whom was a sister of the celebrated John Wilkes.

The honor of first displaying the star-spangled banner, in a British port, has been sometimes erroneously attributed to another ship, called the Maria, also from Nantucket, and belonging to the same Mr. Rotch. The mistake probably arose from her having been subsequently commanded by the same Captain Moers, who commanded the Bedford on the voyage in question. The Maria was a little ship of 200 tons, built at Scituate, for a privateer. After undergoing repeated repairs, she is still, we understand, in very good condition, makes unusually successful voyages, and, though more than half a century old, bids fair to outlast another generation.

From New Bedford,*	184
Nantucket,	73
Edgartown, Falmouth, and Fall River,	12
New London,†	37
Sag Harbor,	24
Bristol, Warren and Newport, (R. I.),	31
New York, Hudson, Poughkeepsie and Newburgh,	21
Ports north of Cape Cod, viz. Plymouth, Salem, Newburyport, and Portsmouth,	10
	392

Several ships are building, designed for the employment. It appears, therefore, that an aggregate of *four hundred ships*, (including a few barques and brigs under that name) will be engaged during the present year in the whaling business from this country. To show how actively and continuously the pursuit is kept up, we may mention that, of the one hundred and eighty-four vessels belonging to the district of New Bedford, one hundred and seventy-one, navigated by 4242 men, were actually at sea on the 30th September last, and about the same proportion from other ports.

The business naturally divides itself into the sperm and common whale fisheries. In the former, are employed about two hundred and fifty ships, whose average voyages are thirty months in length. Each of these ships may be valued, with the outfits, at $35,000. In the right whale business are employed one hundred and fifty ships. Each of those ships, with the outfits, costs $18,000, and the average length of the voyage is ten months. The cost is estimated low; for though some of the ships or brigs cost but little more than half of the sums at which we have valued them, many of them far exceed and almost double the estimated value. Thus is employed a capital of nearly $12,000,000. The imports of the year 1831 were about 110,000 barrels of sperm oil, 118,000 barrels of whale oil, and 1,000,000 pounds of whalebone. The imports of the year 1832 were about 80,000 barrels of sperm oil, 175,000 barrels of whale oil, and 1,350,000 pounds of bone. From the data within our reach, we estimate the annual income of the fishery for the last three years at four and a half millions of dollars. If the voyages prove as successful, and *if prices remain as high*, the annual income for the four coming years, including the present, will be more than six millions of dollars.

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* In the district of New Bedford, are included Fairhaven and several small ports in the vicinity. About thirty of these ships belong to those places, principally to Fairhaven.

† Stonington is included in the New London district.

The sperm whalers generally load on the coast of Japan, though great quantities of sperm oil are taken in other parts of the Pacific, on the coasts of Africa and near the Azores. The chief and almost exclusive field of the right whale fishery is on the coasts of Brazil and Patagonia. The Greenland fishermen are obliged to bring home the blubber from which the oil is extracted, while our whalemen have small works for extracting it, erected on deck. The scraps and pieces of carcass are used for fuel. The oil, when first extracted, is neither nauseous nor rancid, and as a proof of its sweetness, the cakes fried in the boilers are considered a great delicacy by the sailors.

The products of the sperm fishery are the sperm or lamp oil, and spermaceti candles. The products of the right whale fishery are common whale oil and whalebone. The sperm oil is almost entirely consumed in our own country in the lamp and the factory. After the head-matter of this oil is compressed, the residuum is purified and refined, and afterwards manufactured into those candles, which contribute so much to the brilliancy of our halls and parlors. By a chemical process they can be tinged with every color, and wax colored candles from Nantucket are often sold for unadulterated wax. There are between fifty and sixty candle manufactories, and the quantity annually made is about 3,000,000 pounds. The common whale oil is mostly exported to the north of Europe. The whalebone also is mostly exported to Europe. Some of it, however, we see devoted to a thousand little purposes at home. We hold it over our heads in the umbrella,—we feel it about our necks in the rigid stock, and the fairer portion of our race can give an account of the consumption of vast quantities more. The 'stiff stays and expanded hoops' of our great grandmothers once rendered this article far more valuable than it is at present, and should our whalers be threatened with ruin, we would implore our fair countrywomen to emulate their ancestral dames, and thus give an encouragement more grateful and effectual, than any that government can afford.

The average tonnage of our 400 whale ships, is 330 tons, and each employs about twenty-five men, making an aggregate of 132,000 tons of shipping, and 10,000 men. These are employed *directly* and exclusively in the pursuit. A vast amount of capital is indirectly dependent on it. On the books of the custom-house at New Bedford, on the 30th September last, were recorded 199 ships, 82 brigs, 50 schooners, 103 sloops and 1 steamboat,—in all, 385 vessels, whose aggregate tonnage was 76,828 tons, giving employment to 5,500 seamen. At the same time were recorded on the custom-house books at Nantucket 73 ships, 21 schooners, 46 sloops, and one steamboat, —in all 141 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 29,400 tons, giving employment to more than 2000 seamen. Of those vessels not engaged in whaling, the larger ones are principally employed in transporting oil to Europe, and return with cargoes of hemp, duck, iron, &c. The others are employed in the coasting trade. These two districts carry on but five-eighths of the whaling business. Calculating on the same ratio, we should find that 840 vessels of various descriptions, measuring 170,000 tons, and navigated by 12,000 seamen, were dependent on the business; or about *one tenth* of the whole navigation of our country. Following the trade backward, we see the great numbers of ship-builders, traders and mechanics, who have been employed,—pursuing it forward, we see an equal number of laborers, manufacturers, coasters and factors, deriving from it their subsistence. About thirty-one per cent. of the whole income of the business is distributed among the crews on their arrival. At Mattapoisett, (Rochester,) near New Bedford, 120 vessels, of various kinds, have been built since the conclusion of the late war, and most of these have found their way into the trade. Taking into consideration the manufactories, wharves, stores, &c. and other incidental investments, we shall find that $70,000,000 of property are involved in it, and that more than 70,000 people derive from it their chief subsistence. Our fields contribute to its supplies. Our pigs and cattle, and ship-timber from our forests, find a ready market in the whaling ports:— 45,000 barrels of flour from Southern mills,—36,000 barrels of beef and pork,—900,000 lbs. of copper and copper nails,— 1,500,000 staves,—2,500 tons of iron hoops, large quantities of duck, cordage, ship stores, and whale craft, are the necessary annual outfits of the whale fleet.

It would seem impossible to stretch the business to any greater extent from this country. In 1824, too great a supply of sperm oil produced a ruinous depression of prices, but the demand was still thought to warrant a steady and gradual increase of the sperm whale fishery. The calculation is now, however, considered by the shrewdest merchants to have been too sanguine, and they already begin to anticipate a reverse. The markets for common whale oil are now precarious. They fluctuate with the fortunes of the Greenland fishery, and prices are more or less dependent on the crops and manufacture of vegetable oils in Europe. While the increase or decrease, therefore, of the sperm whale fishery ought to depend on somewhat certain calculations, the right whale fishery must fluctuate with circumstances.

It is curious, to follow the operations of the tariff on this important business. Let the Europeans cease giving bounties,* and our economy and skill would drive their whalers from the ocean. At the same time, take off the duty on olive oil, and the French will glut our markets with that article. But while the greater demand, consequent upon the decrease of whale ships, would raise the price of this article, were the duties on hemp, duck, iron, and other articles that enter into the expense of ship-building, taken off, our ships would sail cheaper, and we could again enter into competition. Give us universal, free trade, and they will float buoyantly, as they also do now that the protecting system is universal. If any pursuit demand the favor of government, it is this. Fitted out with the products of our fields, or their immediate earnings, the fleet goes forth, and draws its wealth from the bosom of the ocean. It does not exchange, but creates value, and contributes nothing to pamper the pride, or fill the coffers of a rival people. Without this business, the larger part of the southern shores of Massachusetts would exhibit a sad sterility. New Bedford is built literally upon the rocks, and the people of Nantucket have founded their house upon the sand; but though peculiarly exposed to the rains and the flood, and the beating and blowing of the winds, it yet stands strong. Here, without a bounty, with only a single incidental protection (more than balanced by counteracting duties) the whole population have devoted themselves to the business, and against all European competition, propped and sustained as it is, they now supply half the markets of northern Europe, and our own continent besides ; a confirmation strong, that men, sinews and muscle are the secrets of commercial success ; that they are the secrets of comfort and opulence. Indeed, it may be doubted, whether any branch of commercial business, in any country, was ever prosecuted more honorably, more successfully, and more ardently, than the whale fishery from New England for the last fifteen years.

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* The British government gave a bounty of 20*s*. per. tun of oil in 1733, of 40*s*. in 1740, and of 50*s*. in 1749. They have continued to give bounties, diminished, however, after about the year 1797, almost to the present moment. The kings of Denmark, Prussia, and France, have at various times given bounties and privileges to whalers. The Dutch have endeavored to revive the fishery, by remunerating their ships that make unfortunate voyages, with bounties proportionate to their losses. The French bounty at this time is about 40 francs per ton on the tonnage of the vessel.

Let us look at it as a nursery of seamen. Chiefly with an eye to this object, the English government encouraged this fishery. It was necessary for each ship to carry a certain number of 'green men and apprentices,' before it could be entitled to the bounty. They encouraged it for the sake of promoting a love of adventure, to inure their seamen to toil and peril, to compel them to become skilful, watchful, and hardy. Accordingly we find, that many of those heroes, who have carried the British trident triumphantly over the globe, and eclipsed the naval glories of Carthage, Venice and Holland, were conversant with similar scenes and toils. The veteran who, with one arm and one eye, carried consternation into the combined fleets of Europe at Trafalgar, first signalized his decision and prowess under the same arctic sky to which the British whaler was exposed. If the longest voyages, that are made over the ocean,—if the navigation of every sea on the globe, serene or boisterous,—if the strictest discipline and subordination of large crews, constitute a nursery for seamen,—we have one which it should be our pride and duty to protect.

We hope we shall be pardoned for going into these lengthened details. The purpose of this article was to give a statistical account of the business. It is a subject, with which most of the community are entirely unacquainted. The newspapers give most accurate descriptions of every little watering place, which counts a dozen visiters for the season ; and every wart on the little finger of Paganini the fidler, is minutely described, while a trade that employs one tenth of the navigation of the Union, and has thus become an important part of the national industry, is the subject only of partial and erroneous statements. We have no American book or pamphlet on the subject, unless the little tracts, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, may be called so. In these tracts, the whole subject of the American whale fishery is this summarily despatched.

‘The whale fishery is a very important branch of the business of this country. The chief towns from which it is carried on are Nantucket and New Bedford. There are in the former, fifty (?) manufactories of oil and candles. There are now sixty-two ships belonging to the port, and six ships are building for the whaling business. The value of this fleet, as fitted for sea, amounts to about 2,000,000 dollars.’

If we understand the meaning of the word, any book that pretends to the title of Scientific Tract, should contain full, true and accurate information. The compiler should have known, though his selections from Captain Scoresby are judicious, that the American whale fishery is of immeasurably more importance to us than any other; and as such, demanded his notice.

With the name of fishermen, we are apt to associate ideas of rudeness and ignorance: but a large portion of the crew of a whaleman are the hardy, intelligent sons of our soil. It requires some nerve and some stirrings of enterprise to leave a home and friends for a three years' voyage. Being paid by a certain proportion of the cargo, they habitually become alert and vigilant in the prosecution of the voyage. Prompted by the common craving for wealth, and the hope of promotion, they are orderly and ambitious. Some of them improve the leisure of a long voyage by reading. Many of the officers are scientific navigators. That they are men of responsibility and character, is proved by the fact, that a trust of $100,000, in instances of remarkable success, may be subject to their discretion. The original stock from which the seamen were selected, has of late furnished but part of the crew. The rest are a motley collection. There are often found on the same deck the lingering remnants of the aborigines of this State, in specimens of the Gay-head and Marshpee tribes,—the runaway slave,—a renegade tar from the British navy,—the Irish,—the Dutch,—the mongrel Portuguese from the Azores, and the natives of the Sandwich Islands, from which the captains make up the complements of crews diminished by accident or disease, or scanty by design. There too may be seen a race of men, of which ‘long Tom Coffin’ is no mean representative; and sometimes deeply ensconced in the loose garb of a sailor, the effeminate face of some precocious youth, who, in a college or a compting room, has worn out all forbearance of friends and tutors; lastly, the shrewd native of the nutmeg State, who has so far mistaken his peculiar bent of mind, that he now ploughs the broad ocean, instead of vending his clocks and clothes-pins from Dan to Beersheba on shore. There in short may be seen the natives of four continents, cheek by jowl, at the same mess, mingling in the same merry jests, and laughing reciprocally at each others' blunders.

The subordination of these crews is evinced by the fact, that although composed of such various materials, and absent on long cruises, broils and mutinies rarely occur. When they have occurred, they have generally resulted in no evil. To one mutiny, however, we can hardly find a parallel in the annals of piracy and murder. It took place on board the ship Globe of Nantucket, in 1823. A reckless cold-blooded villain, of the name of Comstock, planned it,—murdered with his own hand, with the most brutal atrocity, all the officers,—took command of the ship, and sailed for the Mulgrave Islands. While the mutineers were on shore, a counterplot was devised, and Comstock himself paid the penalty due to his malignity, in being shot by his confederates. Several of the crew escaped with the ship and arrived safely at Valparaiso, where she was delivered to the American consul. Of those remaining on the island, all were murdered by the natives, except two, William Lay, and Cyrus M. Hussey, who were subsequently taken off by the United States' schooner Dolphin, and restored to their homes. When they arrived in this country, they published a narrative of the mutiny, and of their captivity among the islanders.

As the whale ship escapes with perhaps fewer disasters, so the men are generally more healthy than in any other seafaring employments. They experience nothing so fearful, as many merchant ships do, from the direful diseases of the tropical regions. Those ships, however, which frequent stormy seas, and remain long abroad without fresh provisions, often find the scurvy making its fearful ravages. It is also true, that the unfortunate man, who is not active enough to elude the line, is sometimes carried down by it. Sometimes bones are broken, and lives lost, in the rough contests with the inhabitants of the deep. Sometimes a boat's crew is separated and never heard of, though they generally reach the land, or are rescued by some other vessel. Notwithstanding these causes of disaster, ship after ship returns without losing a man by death.

Among the accidents that have occurred in the prosecution of this business, the loss of the ship Essex, Captain George Pollard, Jr. of Nantucket, is one of the most remarkable. It was thus described in an authentic narrative of the event, published by the mate of the ship, Mr. Owen Chase.

'I observed a very large spermaceti whale, as well as I could judge about eighty-five (?) feet in length. He broke water about twenty rods off our weather bow, and was lying quietly with his head in a direction for the ship. He spouted two or three times, and then disappeared. In less than three seconds he came up again, about the length of the ship off, and made directly for us, at the rate of about three knots. The ship was then going with about the same velocity. His appearance and attitude gave us at first no alarm, but while I stood watching his movements and observing him, but a ship's length off, coming down for us with great celerity, I involuntarily ordered the boy at the helm to put it hard up, intending to sheer off and avoid him. The words were scarcely out of my mouth before he came down upon us at full speed, and struck the ship with his head just forward of the fore chains. He gave us such an appalling and tremendous jar as nearly threw us all on our faces. The ship brought up as suddenly and violently as if she had struck a rock, and trembled for a few moments like a leaf. We looked at each other in perfect amazement, deprived almost of the power of speech. Many minutes elapsed before we were able to realize the dreadful accident, during which time he passed under the ship, grazing her keel as he went along, came up alongside her to leeward, and lay on the top of the water, apparently stunned with the violence of the blow, for the space of a minute. He then suddenly started off in a direction to leeward. After a few moments' reflection, and recovering in some measure from the sudden consternation that had seized us, I, of course, concluded that he had stove a hole in the ship, and that it would be necessary to set the pumps going. Accordingly they were rigged, but had not been in operation more than one minute, before I perceived the head of the ship to be gradually settling down in the water. I then ordered the signal to be set for the other boats, (at that time in pursuit of whales,) which I had scarcely despatched, before I again discovered the whale apparently in convulsions on the top of the water about one hundred rods to leeward. He was enveloped in the foam, that his continual and violent threshing about in the water had created around him, and I could distinctly see him smite his jaws together as if distracted with rage and fury. He remained a short time in this situation, and then started off with great velocity across the bows of the ship to windward. By this time the ship had settled down a considerable distance in the water, and I gave her up as lost. I however, ordered the pumps to be kept constantly going, and endeavored to collect my thoughts for the occasion. I turned to the boats, two of which we then had with the ship, with an intention of clearing them away and getting all things ready to embark in them, if there should be no other resource left. While my attention was thus engaged for a moment, I was roused by the cry of the man at the hatchway, " here he is,—he is making for us again." I turned around, and saw him about one hundred rods directly ahead of us, coming down with apparently twice his ordinary speed, and to me it appeared with tenfold fury and vengeance in his aspect. The surf flew in all directions, and his course towards us was marked by a white foam of a rod in width, which he made with a continual violent threshing of his tail. His head was about half out of water, and in that way he came upon, and again struck the ship. I was in hopes when I descried him making for us, that by putting the ship away immediately, I should be able to cross the line of his approach, before he could get up to us, and thus avoid, what I knew, if he should strike us again, would be our inevitable destruction. I called out to the helmsman " hard up," but she had not fallen off more than a point before we took the second shock. I should judge the speed of the ship at this time, to have been about three knots, and that of the whale about six. He struck her to windward, directly under the cathead, and completely stove in her bows. He passed under the ship again, went off to leeward, and we saw no more of him.'

This disastrous encounter occurred near the equator, at one thousand miles' distance from land. Provisioned and equipped with whatever they could save from the wreck, twenty men embarked in three slender whale boats, one of which was already crazy and leaky. One boat was never heard of afterwards. The crews of the others suffered every misery that can be conceived, from famine and exposure. In the captain's boat, they drew lots for the privilege of being shot to satisfy the rabid hunger of the rest. After nearly three months, the captain's boat, with two survivors, and the mate's boat with three, were taken up at sea, two thousand miles from the scene of the disaster, by different ships.

There have been other instances of shipwreck, caused by the shock of these leviathans. In 1807, the ship Union of Nantucket, Captain Gardner, was totally lost between Nantucket and the Azores, by a similar concussion. But no other instance is known, in which the mischief is supposed to have been malignantly designed by the assailant, and the most experienced whalers believe that even in this case the attack was not intentional. Mr. Chase, however, could not be persuaded to think so. He says that all he saw 'produced on his mind the impression of decided and calculating mischief' on the part of this maddened leviathan.

The whaler sometimes roams for months, without finding his prey; but he is buoyed up by the expectation of finally reaping the profits of a great voyage. To some minds, the pursuit of such gigantic game has a tinge of the romantic. There must be a thrilling excitement in the adventurous chase. 'The blood more stirs to rouse a lion, than to start a hare.' Many become passionately attached to the business, notwithstanding all its privations, and reluctantly leave it at last. They have moments of most pleasing anxiety, and meet with some incidents of the most enlivening cast. On the south-east coast of Africa is Delego Bay, a calm smooth place, frequented by vessels from various parts of the world. In this bay, a few years since, a whale was observed about equally distant from an American and an English ship. From both, the boats were lowered, manned and pushed off in an instant. They sped with the velocity of the wind. The scene reminds one of the competitors for the prize in Æneas's boat-race on the shores of Sicily.

> 'Olli certamine summo
> Procumbunt: vastis tremit ictibus aenea puppis,
> Subtrahiturque solum.'
>
> 'Now, one and all they tug amain: They row
> At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow,—
> The sea beneath them sinks.'

The English, at first ahead, perceiving their rivals gaining upon them, bore wide off to keep them out of reach of the whale. When the two boats were nearly abreast, one of the American sailors leaped from his seat, and with extraordinary agility hurled the ponderous harpoon over the English boat,—it struck the monster in the vital part,—the English boat shrunk back under the warp,—the waves were crimsoned with blood,—and the American took possession, while the whole bay echoed and reëchoed with repeated shouts of applause.

Our whalemen have brought nautical science to great perfection. The voyage round the southern extremity of Cape Horn has always been represented as a most boisterous one. It was once thought so hazardous, that some national vessels have preferred to be buffeted about in the straits of Magellan, to attempting it. But the great whale fleets are never intimidated, and rarely does an accident occur to damp their ardor. A boat or a spar are the most serious losses they suffer, and their unfailing success, in effecting a passage, has been a subject of wonder to the naval officers of Britain. In the south seas, they have brought to light islands before unknown, and found men who had never before seen a ship, or civilized man,—men who exhibited the same savage ferocity, to which so many navigators have fallen victims in the Pacific. On the latest maps and charts we find more than thirty of these islands, and reefs bearing the names of Nantucket captains and merchants. To one is applied the harmonious title of New Nantucket.

Our sealers have been equally adventurous in their explorations. A few years since, two Russian discovery ships came in sight of a group of cold inhospitable islands in the Antarctic ocean. The commander imagined himself a discoverer, and doubtless was prepared, with drawn sword, and with the flag of his sovereign flying over his head, to take possession in the name of the Czar. At this time he was becalmed in a dense fog. Judge of his surprise, when the fog cleared away, to see a little sealing sloop from Connecticut, as quietly riding between his ships, as if lying in the waters of Long Island sound. He learned from the captain, that the islands were already well known, and that he had just returned from exploring the shores of a new land at the south; upon which the Russian gave vent to an expression too harsh to be repeated, but sufficiently significant of his opinion of American enterprise. After the captain of the sloop, he named the discovery 'Palmer's land,' in which the Americans acquiesced, and by this name it appears to be designated on all the recently published Russian and English charts.

A singular fact, connected with the whale and seal fisheries, illustrates the truth that accident, or private and individual enterprise, can often effect more than the most costly expeditions. Many are the voyages that have been undertaken for the purpose of reaching the poles of the earth. It is known, that after the disruptions in summer, the vast masses of ice generally drift away from the polar regions. Attempts have been made to thread a passage through the drift ice, and thus reach the pole; and again the visionary scheme has been devised, of dashing over it with a sledge and reindeer, and thus taking the poles, as it were, by storm. They have all failed; but the English whalers at the north and our sealers at the south, have several times found themselves beyond the ice, where the vast and smooth expanse opened to them, inviting them to explore those unknown and 'awful mysteries, about which the imaginations of men have for ages been busied.' Captain Scoresby tells us what were his emotions when within 470 miles of the pole. He felt that it was in his power to penetrate those dreary solitudes, unexplored by man, since the fiat of the Almighty brought the universe into existence. He was restrained from the attempt, by the reflection, that his voyage was private, for private ends. That this region is frequently open, is confirmed by the fact, that large numbers of whales come over that part of the globe. Roused to enthusiasm by such reports, a gentleman by the name of Reynolds promised 'to place his little vessel where she should turn round on the very axis of the earth every twenty-four hours.' For this purpose he thought he had obtained an appropriation from the last administration, but it was *vetoed* by the present. A private company fitted out the brigs Seraph and Annawan, to aid him in his researches, but the attempt proved as futile as all similar ones. The vessels returned with great loss, and were sold, we believe, under the hammer of the auctioneer.

We have not mentioned one important branch of the whale fishery,—the more important, as it threatens to divert the British southern fishery to another part of the earth. The settlers at New South Wales have carried it on for several years with great spirit and success. At the port of Sydney alone, in 1830, sixteen vessels were actually employed, and nine new ones were building. Their proximity to the most eligible fishing stations enables them to perform three voyages, while the English and Americans perform two. While they reach the grounds in fifty days, the latter are frequently seven months in performing the passage. The freight of the oil from New Holland to England is estimated at only a tenth of the amount they can realize by being employed in the fishery during the time they would consume in going to and returning from England themselves. The New Hollanders anticipate a monopoly of the trade, and already British ships have gone to engage with them in the fishery, instructed to act upon the principle of shipping their oil homeward and refitting from the colony.

In 1784, the King of France endeavored to give an impulse to the whaling business in his dominions, by fitting out six ships at his own expense. Allured by peculiar immunities, several families from Nantucket settled at Dunkirk. The business increased so rapidly, that forty ships were employed in 1793. With every thing else, this business was suspended and overwhelmed by the Revolution. Most of the Americans returned, and one of the gentlemen settled in New Bedford, where he became opulent by the prosecution of the business from his own country. Under similar inducements, an American gentleman is now deeply engaged in the French whale fishery. The French whale fleet at the present moment may be estimated at forty sail, three fourths of which sail from the port of Havre.

Taking into consideration the ships that sail from the German ports, with the English, French, and American fleets, we shall find that more than 700 ships are engaged in pursuing these mighty inhabitants of the deep. In one part of the world, they have been driven to the deepest recesses of Baffin's Bay, and in another to the very confines of the Pacific. Whether their mammoth bones shall indicate to the untaught natives of the shores they frequent, in some distant century, that such an animal *was*, or whether, lurking in the inaccessible and undisturbed waters north of Asia and America, the race shall be preserved, is almost a problem. Certain it is that subsistence can never fail, teeming as all waters do, with such profusion of life. That a squadron of 700 vessels scour every sea and bay, in the eager and unremitted pursuit, without exterminating or apparently diminishing the species, leaves us to wonder at the exhaustless resources of nature.

Art. V.—*Last Moments of Eminent Men.*

De Euthanasia Medica. Prolusio Academica. Auctore
C. F. H. Marx. 4to. Gottingae. 1826.

'Life,' says Sir William Temple, 'is like wine; he, who would drink it pure, must not drain it to the dregs.' Lord Byron often talked of death; and never with dread. 'I do not wish,' he would say, 'to live to become old.' The sentiment of the ancient poet, 'that to die young is a boon of heaven to its favorites,' was repeatedly quoted by him, with approbation. The certainty of death he would call the only relief against the burdens of life, which could not be borne, were they not of very limited duration.

But the general sentiment of mankind declares old age to be honored and happy. After an active and successful career, the repose of declining life is serene and cheerful. All men by common consent revere the aged; grey hairs are a crown of glory; the object of respect, but not of envy. The hour of evening is not necessarily overcast; and the aged man, exchanging the pursuits of ambition for the quiet of observation, the strife of public discussion for the diffuse but instructive language of experience, passes to the grave, amidst grateful recollections, and the tranquil enjoyment of satisfied desires.

The happy, it is agreed by all, are afraid to contemplate death; the unhappy, it is often said, look forward to it as a release from suffering. 'I think of death often,' said a distinguished but dissatisfied man; 'and I view it as a refuge. There is something calm and soothing to me in the thought of death; and the only time that I feel repugnance to it, is on a fine day, in solitude, in a beautiful country, when all nature seems rejoicing in light and life.'

This is the language of affectation. Man never despises death. Numerous as may be the causes for disgust with life, its end is never contemplated with indifference. Religion may elevate the soul to a sublime reliance on the benefits of a future existence; nothing else can do it. The love of honor may brave danger; the passion of melancholy may indulge in an aversion to continued being; philosophy may resign itself to death with composure; the sense of shame may conduct to fortitude; yet they, who would disregard death, must turn their thoughts from the consideration of its terrors. It is an instinct of nature to strive to preserve our being; and the instinct cannot be eradicated. The mind may turn away from the contemplation of horrors; it may fortify itself by refusing to observe the extent of impending evil; the instinct of life is still opposed to death; and he, who looks directly at it and professes indifference, is a hypocrite, or is self-deceived. He, that calls boldly upon death, is dismayed on finding him near. The child looks to its parent, as if to discern a glimpse of hope; the oldest are never so old, but they desire life for one day longer; even the infant, as it exhales its breath, springs from its pillow to meet its mother, as if there were help where there is love.

There is a story told of one of the favorite marshals of Napoleon, who, in a battle in the south of Germany, was struck by a cannon ball, and so severely wounded, that there was no hope of a respite. Summoning the surgeon he ordered his wounds to be dressed; and, when help was declared to be unavailing, the dying officer, pushed into a frenzy by the passion for life, burned with vindictive anger against the medical attendant, threatening the heaviest penalties, if his art should bring no relief. The dying man clamorously demanded that Napoleon should be sent for, as one who had power to save; whose words could stop the effusion of blood from his wounds, and awe nature itself into submission. Life expired amidst maledictions heaped upon the innocent surgeon, whose skill was unavailing. This account would have seemed incredible, if we had not had occasion to know a similar case, though in humbler life; a sick man, vowing that he would not die, cursing his physician, who announced the near termination of his life, and insisting that he would live, as if in derision of the laws of nature. To some minds this foolish frenzy appeared like blasphemy; it was but the uncontrolled display of a passion for life; the instinct of self-preservation, exerted in a rough and undisciplined mind.

Even in men of strong religious convictions, the end of life is not always met with serenity; and the moralist and philosopher sometimes express an apprehension, which cannot be pacified. Dr. Johnson was the instructer of his age; his works are full of the effusions of piety, the austere lessons of reflecting wisdom. It might have been supposed, that religion would have reconciled him to the decree of Providence; that philosophy would have taught him to acquiesce in a necessary issue; that science would have inspired him with confidence in the skill of his medical attendants. And yet it was not so. A sullen gloom overclouded his mind; he could not summon resolution to tranquillize his emotions; and, in the impotence of despair, taking advantage of the absence of his attendants, he gashed himself with ghastly and debilitating wounds, as if the blind lacerations of his weak arm could prolong the moments of an existence, which the skill of the best physicians of London declared to be numbered. So earnest was the passion for a continuance of life, that he, who had, during his whole career, been a monitor of moderation, who had acquired fame by enforcing the duties of morality, was now betrayed by a lingering desire of life into acts of imbecile and useless cowardice.

'Is there any thing on earth, I can do for you?' said Taylor to Dr. Wolcott, as he lay on his death bed. The passion for life dictated the answer. 'Give me back my youth.' They were the last words of the satirical buffoon.

If Johnson could hope for relief from self-inflicted wounds; if the poet could prefer to his friend the useless prayer for a restoration of his youth, we may readily believe what historians relate to us of the end of Louis XI. of France; a monarch, who was not destitute of eminent qualities as well as disgusting vices; possessing courage, a knowledge of men and of business, a powerful will, a disposition favorable to the administration of justice among his subjects; viewing impunity in injustice, as a royal prerogative. Remorse, fear, a consciousness of being detected, disgust with life and horror of death, these were the sentiments, which troubled the death-bed of the powerful king. The ignorance of physicians in those days was in part betrayed by the belief, that the blood of children could correct the defects of age and the weakness of decrepitude. The monarch, the first who bore the epithet of 'the most Christian,' was so abandoned to egotism, that he allowed the veins of children to be opened, and greedily drank their blood. He believed that it would renovate his youth, or at least check the decay of nature. The cruelty was useless. At last, feeling the approach of death to be certain, he sent for an anchorite from Calabria, since revered as St. Francis de Paule;

and when the hermit arrived, the monarch of France begged him to spare his life. He threw himself at the feet of the man, who was believed to be so powerful from the sanctity of his character ; he begged the intercession of his prayers ; he wept ; he supplicated ; he hoped that the voice of a Calabrian monk would reverse the order of nature ; and that the virtues of his intercessor could procure him a respite from death.

We find the love of life still more strongly acknowledged by an English poet ; who, after declaring life to be the dream of a shadow, ‘ a weak built isthmus between two eternities, so frail, that it can sustain neither wind nor wave,’ yet avows his preference of a few days’, nay, of a few hours’ longer residence upon earth, to all the fame which poetry can bestow.

> Fain would I see that prodigal,
> Who his to-morrow would bestow,
> For all old Homer’s life, e’er since he died, till now !

We do not believe the poet sincere ; for one passion may prevail over another, and in many a man’s breast the love of fame is at times, if not always, stronger than the love of being. But if those, who pass their lives in a struggle for glory, may desire the attainment of their object at any price, the competitors for political power are apt to be doubly enamored of being. Lord Castlereagh could indeed commit suicide ; but it was not from disgust of life ; his mind dwelt on the precarious condition of his own elevation, on the unsuccessful policy in which he had involved his country. He did not love death ; he did not contemplate it with indifference ; he failed to observe its terrors, because his attention was absorbed by objects which pressed themselves upon his mind with unrelenting force.

The ship of the Marquis of Badajoz, viceroy of Peru, was set on fire by Captain Stayner. The marchioness, and her daughter, who was betrothed to the Duke of Medina-Celi, swooned in the flames, and could not be rescued. The marquis resigned himself also to die, rather than survive with the memory of such horrors. It was not, that he was indifferent to life ; his mind dwelt upon intolerable griefs ; he preferred death, because death was out of sight ; because his whole thoughts were absorbed by sorrows that left no room for reflection upon the nature of the event, which alone seemed to promise him a remedy. The natural feelings remained ;

the love of grandeur; the pride of opulence and power; but their action was for a time impeded.

Madame de Sevigné in her charming letters, gives the true sensations of the ambitious man, when suddenly called to leave the scenes of his efforts and his triumphs. Rumor, with its wonted credulity, had ascribed to Louvois, the powerful minister of Louis XIV. the crime of suicide. His death was sudden, but not by his own arm; he fell a victim, if not to disease, to the revenge of a woman. In a night, the most powerful man in Europe, one who was passionately fond of place, was summoned from the splendors of his active career. The man, whose power extended to every cabinet, whose views embraced the policy of continents, was called away. How much business was arrested in progress!—how many projects defeated! how many secrets buried in the silence of the grave! Who should disentangle the interests, which his policy had rendered complicate? Who should terminate the wars which he had begun? Who should follow up the blows, which he had aimed? Well might he have exclaimed to the angel of death, 'Ah, give me but a little time; a short reprieve; spare me, till I can give a check to the Duke of Savoy; a check-mate to the Prince of Orange!'—'No! No! You shall not have a single, single minute.'—Death is as inexorable to the prayer of ambition, as to the entreaty of despair. The ruins of the Palatinate; the wrongs of the Huguenots were to be avenged; and Louvois, like Louis XI. and like the rest of mankind, was to learn, that the passion for life, whether expressed in the language of superstition, of abject despondency, or of the desire of continued power, could not prolong existence for a moment.

But though the love of life may be declared a universal instinct, though the contempt of death is hypocrisy, it does not follow that death is usually met with abjectness. It belongs to virtue and to manliness to meet the inevitable decree with firmness. It is often met voluntarily; but even then the natural passion is declared. A sense of shame, a desire of plunder, a hope of emolument,—these, not less than a sense of duty, are motives sufficient to influence men to meet danger and defy death. Yet the love of life appears in the midst of hardihood. The common hireling soldier bargains to expose himself to the deadly fire of an hostile army, whenever his employers may command it; he does it, in a controversy of which he knows not the merits, for a party to which he is essentially indifferent, for purposes which, perhaps, if his mind were enlightened, he would labor to counteract. The life of the soldier is a life of contrast ; of labor and idleness ; it is a life of routine, easy to be endured, and leading only at intervals to danger. The love of ease, the certainty of obtaining the means of existence, the remoteness of peril, conspire to tempt a crowd of adventurers, and thus the armies of Europe have never suffered from any other limit, than the wants of the treasury. But the same soldier would fly precipitately from any danger, which he had not bargained to encounter. The merchant will visit the deadliest climates in pursuit of gain ; he will pass over regions, where the air is known to be corrupt, and disease to have anchored itself in the hot, heavy atmosphere. And this he will attempt repeatedly, and with firmness, in defiance of the crowds of corpses, which he may see carried by wagon loads to the grave-yards. But the same merchant would fly with precipitate panic from his own residence in a more favored clime, should it be invaded by epidemic disease. The same merchant, who would fearlessly meet the worst forms of a storm at sea, and coolly take his chance of escaping the fever as he passed through New Orleans, would shun New York in the season of the cholera, and shrink from any danger which was novel and unexpected, differing from the perils which he had prepared himself to disregard. The widows of India ascend the funeral pile with a fortitude which man could never display ; and readily, it is said cheerfully and emulously, yield up their lives to a barbarous usage, which, if men were called upon to endure, would never have been perpetuated through successive generations. Yet is it to be supposed, that these unhappy victims are indifferent to the charms of existence, or blind to the terrors of death ? Calmly as they may lay themselves upon the pyre, they would beg for mercy, were their execution to be demanded in any other way ; they would confess their fear of death, were it not that love and honor and custom pronounce their doom.

No class of men in the regular discharge of duty incur danger more frequently than the honest physician. Never recreant to his trust, there is no form of malignant disease, with which he fails to become acquainted ; no hospital so crowded with contagious death, that he dares not walk freely through its wards. His vocation is among the sick and the dying ; he is the familiar friend of those who are suffering under infectious disease; and he never shrinks from the horror of observing it under all its aspects. He must do so with calmness; he may not suffer his equanimity to be disturbed; as he inhales the poisoned atmosphere, he must coolly reflect on the medicines, which may mitigate the sufferings, that he cannot remedy. Nay; after death has ensued, he must search with the dissecting knife for the hidden cause and the phenomena of disease, if so by multiplying his own perils he may discover some alleviation for the afflictions of humanity. And why is this? Because the physician is indifferent to death? Because he is steeled and hardened against the fear of it? Because he despises or pretends to despise it? By no means. As a class of men, it is the especial business of physicians to value life; to combat death; to cherish the least spark of animated existence. And the habit of caring for the lives of others, is far from leading them to an habitual indifference to their own. The instinct of life displays itself in the physician as in other men; he shuns every danger, but such as the glory of his profession commands him to defy.

Thus we are led to an explanation of the anomaly of suicide, to reconcile the apparent contradiction of a fear of death, which is voluntarily encountered. It may seem a paradox; yet the fear of dying has sometimes prompted suicide, and the man, who seeks to destroy himself, at the very moment of perpetrating his crime, fears death and feels the passion for life. Do you ask for evidence? Menace him with death under a different form from that which he has chosen; and he will fly from it like other men. He will defend himself against the hand of the assassin, though he might be ready to cut his own throat; he will, if at sea, and the ship were sinking in a storm, labor with the best to save it from going down, even if he had formed the design to leap into the ocean in the first moment of a calm. Place him in the van of an army; it is by no means certain that he will not prove a coward; tell him the cholera is about to rage, and he will deluge himself with preventive remedies; send him to a house attacked with yellow fever, and he will steep himself in vinegar and carry with him an atmosphere of camphor. It is only under the one aspect, which the mind in some insane excitement has chosen, that the terrors of death do not overpower the sentiment of disgust and disappointment, which may induce him to desire to die, because he has failed of obtaining all the happiness, for which he had hoped.

It will not be difficult, then, to set a right value on the declaration of those, who affect for death not indifference merely, but contempt. It is pure affectation, or the indulgence of a Mephistopheles levity ; and must excite either compassion or disgust, according as the affectation is marked by the spirit of fiendish scoffing or of human vanity and self-deception. A French moralist tells us of a valet, who danced merrily on the scaffold, where he was to be broken on the wheel. We have known an instance of a woman, who was hanged for aiding her paramour to kill her husband. She was a complete sensualist, one to whom life was every thing, and the loss of it the total shipwreck of every thing, a wreck the more absolute, since not even reputation, which woman always values, could be saved. Now this woman on her way to the gallows, was accompanied by a clergyman of no very great ability ; and all along the road, with her death in plain sight, she amused herself in teasing the good man, whose wits were no match for her raillery. He had been buying a new chaise, quite an event in the life of a humble countryman, and when he spoke of the next world, she would amuse herself in praising his purchase. If he deplored her fate and her prospects, she would grieve at his exposure to the inclement weather; and laughed and chatted, as if she had been driving to a wedding, and not to her own funeral. And why was this? Because death was not feared? No; but because death *was* feared, and feared intensely. They say, that in India the women, who are burned to death on the piles of their deceased husbands, often utter shrieks that would pierce the hearers to the soul; and to prevent the diffusion of a compassion which, if it were to become active, would endanger the reign of superstition, the priests with the clangor of drums and cymbals, drown the terrific cries of their victims. So it is with those, who go to death with merriment. They dread death; and they seek to drown the noise of his approaching footsteps, by the sound of their own ribaldry. If the scaffold often rings with a jest, it is because the mind shrinks from the solemnity of death.

Perhaps the most common device for averting the mind from death itself, is in directing all the thoughts to the manner of dying. *Vanitas vanitatum!* Vanity does not give up its hold; but displays itself even in the last hour. Men desire to pass from life with distinction, to be buried in state; and the last thoughts are employed on the decorum of the moment, or in the anticipation of funereal splendors. It was no uncommon thing among the Romans for a rich man to appoint an heir, on condition that his obsequies should be celebrated with costly pomp. 'When I am dead,' said an Indian chief, who died at Washington, 'When I am dead, let the big guns be fired over me.' The words were thought worthy of being engraved on his tomb-stone, but are in no wise remarkable; they are but a plain expression of a very common vanity; the same, which leads the humblest to desire that at least a rough stone may be placed at the head of his grave, and demands the erection of the splendid mausoleums and costly tombs for the mistaken men,

> Who by the proofs of death pretend to live.

Among the ancients, it was not uncommon for an opulent man, while yet in health, to order his own sarcophagus; and now-a-days, men sometimes build their own tombs, for the sake of securing a satisfactory monument. We knew a vain man, who had done this at a great expense; and the motive was so apparent, that men laughed with the sexton of the parish, who wished that the builder might not be kept long out of the interest of his money.

But it is not merely in the decorations of the grave, that this vanity is displayed. Saladin, in his last illness, instead of his usual standard, ordered his shroud to be uplifted in front of his tent; and the herald, who displayed this winding sheet as a flag, was commanded to exclaim aloud: 'Behold! this is all which Saladin, the vanquisher of the East, carries away of all his conquests.' He was wrong there. He came naked into the world, and he left it naked. Grave-clothes were a superfluous luxury, and to the person receiving them, as barren of comfort as his sceptre or his scymitar. Saladin was vain. He sought in dying to contrast the power he had enjoyed with the feebleness of his condition; to pass from the world in a striking antithesis; to make his death scene an epigram. All was vanity.

A century ago it was the fashion for culprits to appear on the scaffold in the dress of dandies. Vanity made it the mode to be hanged in the attire of fops. Some centuries before, it was the privilege of noblemen, if they were worth hanging, to escape the gallows, and perish on the block. The Syrian priests had foretold to the emperor Heliogabalus, that he would be reduced to the necessity of committing suicide; believing them true prophets, he kept in readiness silken cords and a sword of gold.

Admirable privilege of the nobility, to be beheaded instead of hanged! Enviable prerogative of imperial dignity, to be strangled with a knot of silk, or to be assassinated with a golden sword!

> Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,
> (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.)
> No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
> Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
> One would not sure be frightful, when one's dead,
> And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.

The thoughts of vanity, in the example chosen by the poet, extended to appearances after death; vanity is not inactive in the dying hour. But here we should look for proof to the precincts of courts, to the scene where folly used to reign by prescriptive right; where the ample means of gratification permitted no obstacles to indulgence. The foibles of the poor are bounded by their poverty; the vices of humble life are concealed in the obscurity of neglect and oblivion. To trace the display of vanity, triumphant in the hour of mortality, observe the voluptuaries, whom the pride of opulence has rendered indifferent to decorum. Enter the palaces, where caprice gives law and pleasures consume life. The idle fool has leisure for folly; and the fit lasts to the latest moment. Go there, and observe the harlot's euthanasia. The French court was at Choisy, when Madame de Pompadour felt the pangs of a mortal malady. It had been the established etiquette, that none but princes and persons of royal blood, should breathe their last in Versailles. Proclaim to the gay circles of Paris, that a thing, new and unheard of, is to be permitted! Announce to the world, that the rules of palace propriety and Bourbon decorum are to be broken! Open, ye palace doors, for the king's favorite mistress! Ye chambers, where vice has fearlessly lived and laughed, but not been permitted to expire, be ye now the witnesses of the novel scene!

The marchioness questioned the physicians firmly; she perceived their hesitation; she felt the hand of death; and she determined, says the historian, to depart in the state of a queen. Louis XV., himself not capable of a strong emotion, was yet eager to concede to his dying friend the consolation which she coveted, the opportunity to reign till her last gasp. The courtiers thronged round the death-bed of a woman, who distributed favors with the last exhalations of her breath; and the king hurried to name to public offices the persons whom she recommended with the faltering accents of departing life. The sick chamber was a scene of state; the princes and grandees still entered to pay their homage to the woman, whose power did not yield to mortal disease, and were surprised to find her richly attired. The traces of death in her countenance were concealed by rouge. She reclined on a splendid couch; questions of public policy were discussed by ministers in her presence; she gloried in holding to the last the reins of the kingdom in her hands. Even a sycophant clergy showed respect to the expiring favorite; and felt no shame at sanctioning with their frequent visits the vices of a woman, who had entered the palace only as an adulteress. Having complied with the rites of the Roman church, she next sought the approbation of the philosophers. She lisped no word of penitence; she shed no tears of regret. The curate left her as she was in the agony: ‘Wait a moment,’ said she, ‘we will leave the house together.’

The dying mistress, still able to distribute favors, may ensure obedience; the dead are disregarded by the selfish. Hardly had she expired, but the scene changed. Two domestics carried out her body on a hand-barrow from the palace to her private home. The king stood at the window, as her remains were carried by. ‘The Marchioness will have bad weather on her journey.’

It is a common remark that the ruling passion displays itself in the last hour. The flickering lamp blazes with unusual brightness, just as it expires. ‘The fit gives vigor, as it destroys.’ He, who has but a moment remaining, is released from the common motives for dissimulation; and time, that lays his hand on every thing else, destroying beauty, undermining health, and wasting the powers of life, spares the ruling passion, which is connected with the soul itself. That passion

——— sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest nature ends as she begins.

Napoleon expired during the raging of a whirlwind, and his last words showed that his thoughts were in the battle-field. The meritorious author of the Memoir of Cabot, a work which in accuracy and in extensive research is very far superior to most of the late treatises on maritime discovery, tells us, that the discoverer of our continent, in a hallucination before his death, believed himself again on the ocean, and once more steering in quest of adventure over the waves, which knew him as the steed knows its rider. How many a gentle eye has been dimmed with tears, as it read the fabled fate of Fergus MacIvor! Not inferior to the admirable hero of the romance, was the Marquis of Montrose. He had fought for the Stuarts, and he fell into the hands of the Presbyterians. He was condemned to die; his head and his limbs were ordered to be severed from his body, and to be hanged on the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, and in other public towns of the kingdom. He listened to the sentence with the pride of loyalty and the fierce anger of a generous defiance. 'I wish,' he exclaimed, 'I had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony to the cause for which I suffer.'

But let us take an example of sublimer virtue. Let us look for a man, who lived without a stain from youth to age, and displayed an unwavering consistency to the last; a man who was in some degree our own. The age of unlimited monarchy has passed; and the period of popular sovereignty has begun to dawn. It is one of the worst features of the tory party, which was so long in the ascendant, that self-defence required it to pursue, with relentless censure, the men who fell as victims to its licentious ambition. Wat Tyler struck down an officer, who attempted an insult on the chastity of his daughter. There is not a father in New England, who would not have applauded the blow. And when he was invited to a peaceful conference with the king, he was basely assassinated in the royal presence. Yet an English poet was obliged to retract the defence of the reputation of Wat Tyler. A very similar incident in Swiss history has been embalmed in the verse of one of the finest poets, who have ever awakened a nation's sympathies by the power of genius. It becomes America to rescue from undeserved censure the names and the memory of the men, who have fallen victims to their unconquerable love of republican liberty.

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
  Than whom a better senator ne'er held
  The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
The fierce Epirot, and the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
  The drift of hollow states, hard to be spelled,
  Then to advise, how war may, best upheld,
Move by her two great nerves, iron and gold,
  In all her equipage: *besides to know*
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou 'st learned, which few have done.
  The bounds of either sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

He, that would discern the difference between a powerful mind and a shallow wit, may compare this splendid eulogy of Milton with the superficial levity in the commentary of Warton. It is a sort of fashion to call Sir Henry Vane a fanatic. And what is fanaticism? True, he was a rigid Calvinist. True, he has written an obscure book on the mystery of godliness, of which all that we understand is excellent, and we may, therefore, infer that the vein of the rest is good. But does this prove him a fanatic? If to be the uncompromising defender of civil and religious liberty be fanatacism; if to forgive injuries be fanaticism; if to believe that the mercy of God extends to all his creatures, and may reach even the angels of darkness, be fanaticism; if to have earnestly supported in the Long Parliament the freedom of conscience,—if to have repeatedly, boldly and zealously interposed to check the persecution of Roman Catholics,—if to have labored that the sect which he least approved, should enjoy their property in security, and be safe from all penal enactments for non-conformity,—if in his public life to have pursued a career of firm, conscientious, disinterested consistency, like La Fayette, never wavering, never trimming, never changing,—if all this be fanaticism, then was Sir Harry Vane a fanatic. Not otherwise. The people of Massachusetts declined to continue him in office; and when his power in England was great, he requited the Colony with the benefits of his favoring influence. He opposed the tyranny of Charles I., without becoming one of his judges. He opposed the tyranny of Cromwell. When that extraordinary man entered the House of Commons to break up the Parliament, which was about to pass laws, that would have endangered his supremacy, Vane rebuked him for his treason. When the musketeers entered the hall of parliament, if others were silent, Vane exclaimed to the most powerful man in Europe, 'This is not honest. It is against morality and common honesty.' Well might Cromwell, since his designs were criminal, reply, 'Sir Henry Vane! Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane.'

Though Vane suffered from the usurpation of Cromwell, he lived to see the Restoration. He was then, in the ascendency of the Stuarts, like La Fayette among the Bourbons, equally the stanch enemy of tyranny. The austere man, whom Cromwell had feared, now struck terror into the hearts of a corrupt and licentious court. It was resolved to destroy him. In a different age or country the poisoned cup, or the knife of the assassin might have been used; in that age of corrupt faction, a judicial murder was resolved upon. His death was a deliberate crime, contrary to the royal promise, contrary to the express vote of 'the healing parliament;' contrary to law, to equity, to the evidence. But it suited the designs of a monarch, who feared to be questioned by a statesman of incorruptible elevation of character. And now it is, that we behold Sir Henry Vane in the season of death. The night before his execution, he enjoyed the society of his family; time passed, as if he had been reposing in his own mansion. The next morning he was beheaded. The least concession would have saved him. Would he have denied the supremacy of parliament, would he have betrayed the constitution of England, the king would have restrained the malignity of his hatred. 'Ten thousand deaths for me,' exclaimed Vane, 'ere I will stain the purity of my conscience.' Historians describe him as fond of life; he submitted to his end with the firmness of a patriot, the serenity of a Christian.

'I give and I devise, (Old Euclio said,
And sighed,) my lands and tenements to Ned.'
Your money, sir?—'My money, sir! what all?
Why,—if I must,—(then wept,) I give it Paul.'
The manor, sir?—'The manor! hold,' he cried,
'Not that,—I cannot part with that,'—and died.

Lorenzo de' Medici, upon his death bed, sent for Savonarola to receive his confession and grant him absolution. The severe anchorite questioned the dying sinner with unsparing rigor. ‘Do you believe entirely in the mercy of God?’—Yes, I feel it in my heart. ‘Are you truly ready to restore all the possessions and estates, which you have unjustly acquired?’—The dying Duke hesitated; he counted up in his mind the sums which he had hoarded; delusion whispered that nearly all were the acquisition of honest inventions; self-love suggested that the sternest censor would take but little from his opulence. The pains of hell were threatened if he denied; and he gathered courage to reply, that he was ready to make restitution. Once more the unyielding priest resumed his inquisition. ‘Will you resign the sovereignty of Florence, and restore the democracy of the republic?’ Lorenzo, like Macbeth, had acquired a crown; but, unlike Macbeth, he saw sons of his own, about to become his successors. He gloried in the hope of being the father of princes, the founder of a line of hereditary sovereigns. Should he resign this brilliant hope? Should he be dismayed by the wild words of a visionary? Should he tremble at the threats of a confessor? Should he stoop to die as a merchant, when he had reigned as a monarch? No! though hell itself were opening beneath his bed. ‘Not that! I cannot part with that.’ Savonarola left his bedside with indignation, and Lorenzo died without shrift.

And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death,
Such in those moments as in all the past,—
‘Oh! save my country, Heaven!’ shall be your last.

Such was the exclamation of the worthy Quincy, whose virtues have been fitly commemorated by the pious reverence of his son. The celebrated Admiral Blake breathed his last, as he came in sight of England, happy in at least descrying the land, of which he had advanced the glory by his brilliant victories. Quincy died, as he came in sight of Massachusetts. He loved his family; but his last words were for his country. ‘Oh that I might live,’—it was his dying wish,—‘to render to my country one last service.’

The coward dies panic-stricken; the superstitious man dies with visions of terror floating before his fancy. We knew an instance of a man, who was so terrified by the apprehension of eternal wo, that he hurried as if to meet it, and in his despair, cut his throat. The phenomenon was strange; but the fact is unquestionable. The giddy, that are near a precipice, totter towards the brink, which they would shun. Every body remembers the atheism and bald sensuality of the septuagenarian Alexander VI. History hides her face, as she relates his detestable and scandalous vices; she hides her face that her blushes for humanity may not be visible. And the name of his natural son, Cesar Borgia, is a proverb ; a synonym for the most vicious incarnation of unqualified selfishness. Now learn from one story the infinite baseness of a cowardly nature. Borgia had, by the most solemn oaths, induced the Duke of Gravina, Oliverotto, Vitellozzo Vitelli, and another, to meet him in Senigaglia, for the purpose of forming a treaty. The truth of the tale is attested by Macchiavelli. Treachery was prepared, the order was issued for the massacre of Oliverotto and Vitelli. Will it be believed ? Vitelli, as he expired, begged of the infamous Borgia, his assassin, to obtain of Alexander a dispensation for his omissions ; a release from purgatory. Can there be greater human weakness?

Yet the death-bed of Cromwell himself was not free from superstition. He asked, when near his end, if the elect could never fall. 'Never,' replied Godwin the preacher. 'Then am I safe,' said the man, whose last years had been stained by cruelty and tyranny; 'then am I safe, for I am sure I was once in a state of grace.'

Ximenes, to the last, languished from disappointment at the loss of power and the want of royal favor. A smile from Louis would have cheered the death-bed of Racine. They were the victims of a weak passion, which was not gratified, and which they could not subdue.

In a brave mind the love of honor endures to the last. 'Don't give up the ship,' cried Lawrence, as his life blood was flowing in torrents. Abimelech groaned that he fell ignobly by the hand of a woman. We knew a man, who expressed in his last moments more apprehension, lest his fortune should not be enough to pay his debts, than sympathy for the approaching poverty of his family. The sense of honor was piqued; he feared his good name would suffer among those, whose confidence in him had exceeded his ability of requital. We have ever admired the gallant death of Sir Richard Grenville, who, in a single ship, encountered a numerous fleet; and when mortally wounded, husbanded his strength, till he could summon his victors to bear testimony to his courage and his patriotism. ‘Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyous and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion and honor.’

The public of Boston and its vicinity have been recently instructed in the details of the treason of Benedict Arnold, by an inquirer, who has compassed earth and sea in search of historic truth, and has merited the applause of his country, not less for candor and judgment, than for diligence and ability. The victim of the treason was André. He protested against the manner of his death; and not against dying. He dreaded the gallows,—not the loss of life. The sentiment in his breast was one of honest pride. His mind repelled the service of treachery; and holding a stain upon his honor to be worse than a sentence of death, his feelings were those of poignant bitterness, in the fear lest the manner of his execution should be taken as evidence, that the hangman closed for him a career of ignominy. He felt the sense of honor, the rising emotions of pride, the same sentiment which filled the breast of Lawrence, of Nelson, and of Wolfe; a keen sense, which to the latter rendered death easy and triumphant, because it was attended by victory; but, in the case of André, added new bitterness to the cup of affliction, by menacing opprobrium as a necessary consequence of a disgraceful execution.

Finally: a well balanced mind meets death with calmness, resignation and hope. Saint Louis died among the ruins of Carthage; a Christian king, laboring in vain to expel the religion of Mahomet from the spot, where Dido had planted the gods of Syria. ‘My friends,’ said he, ‘I have finished my course. Do not mourn for me. It is natural, that I, as your chief and leader, should go before you. You must follow me. Keep yourselves in readiness for the journey.’ Then giving his son his blessing, and the kindest and best advice, he received the sacrament, closed his eyes, and died, as he repeated from the Psalms, ‘I will come into thy house; I will worship in thy holy temple.’

The curate of St. Sulpice asked the confessor, who had shrived Montesquieu on his death bed, if the penitent had given satisfaction. ‘Yes,’ replied father Roust, ‘like a man of genius.’ The curate was dissatisfied; he was unwilling to leave to the dying man a moment of tranquillity; and he addressed him, ‘Sir, are you truly conscious of the greatness of God?’ ‘Yes,’ said the departing philosopher, ‘and of the littleness of man.’

How calm were the last moments of Cuvier! What benevolence of feeling and self-possession diffused serenity round his departure! Confident that the hand of death was upon him, he submitted to the application of remedies, that he might gratify his friends, who still hoped to preserve his life. They had recourse to leeches; and with delightful simplicity the great naturalist observed, *that it was he who had discovered that leeches possess red blood.* The discovery was one, which he had made in his youth, and which was communicated to the public in one of the early memoirs that first made him known. The thoughts of the dying naturalist recurred to the scenes of his early life, to the coast of Normandy, where, in the solitude of conscious genius, he had roamed by the side of the ocean, and had won his way to fame by observing the wonders of animal life, which are nourished in its depths. He remembered his youth of poverty, the sullen rejection which his first claims for advancement had received; and all the vicissitudes of action and of suffering, through which he had been led to the highest distinctions in science. The son of the Wirtemberg soldier, too weak in bodily health to embrace the profession of his father, had found his way into the secrets of nature, and revealed to an admiring world the novelties, which his sagacity and power of comparison had discovered. The man, who in his own country had been refused the means of becoming the village pastor of an ignorant peasantry, had charmed the most polished circles of Paris by the clearness of his descriptions, as he had commanded the attention of the Deputies of France by the grace and fluency of his elocution. And now he was calmly predicting his departure. His respiration became rapid. Raising his head, he suffered it to fall, as if in meditation. His soul had passed to its Creator without a struggle. 'Those, who entered afterwards, would have thought that the noble old man, seated in his arm chair by the fire-place, was asleep; and would have walked softly across the room for fear of disturbing him.' Heaven had but 'recalled his own.'

The death of Haller, the great predecessor of Cuvier, was not more tranquil. His declining years were spent among the mountains of his own favorite Switzerland; and when the hour of death approached, he watched like a philosopher the ebbing of life, and observed the beating of his pulse till the power of sensation was gone.

A tranquil death is alone suited to the man of science,—to the scholar. He should cultivate letters to the last moment of his life; he should resign public honors, as calmly as one would take off a domino on returning from a mask. He should listen to the signal for his departure, not with exultation, and not with indifference. He should respect the dread solemnity of the change, and repose in hope on the bosom of death. He should pass, without boldness and without fear, from the struggles of inquiry to the certainty of knowledge; from a world of doubt to a world of truth.

ART. VI.—*Hutchinson's Third Volume.*

The History of Massachusetts Bay, from 1749 *to* 1774*; comprising a detailed Narrative of the Origin and Early Stages of the American Revolution.* By THOMAS HUTCHINSON, Esq. L.L. D., formerly Governor of the Province. Edited from the Author's MS., by his Grandson, the Rev. John Hutchinson, M. A. London. 1828.

THIS book was thought important enough to justify a formal vote of the Massachusetts Historical Society, requesting its publication, and a subsequent subscription for five hundred copies in this quarter, without which the editor hesitated to proceed. It seems, however, to have attracted but little attention, except from the few, who are curious in antiquities, while book-making speculations from superficial observers of our manners and public institutions are sought for with a kind of passion. To complain of this, or to inquire for its causes, is not our present purpose. In literary, as in political affairs, there is no appeal from the decision of the public. But we may be allowed, at least, to recommend a different taste, by introducing to notice from time to time such British works, as, with apparently greater value, have from some cause failed of proportionate success.

The title page, as given above, is not the one which is found in the copies transmitted to subscribers in this country. The dedication to Lord Lyndhurst, and a Preface of ten or more pages are also wanting. The editor probably thought that something might be necessary to recommend the work to notice at home, which would appear altogether superfluous here. The omission is not material: yet we regret it, because the preface contains the evidence of the liberality that gave the impulse to the publication, and still more, because it gives a few hints respecting the author; the more valuable, as the promise of a separate biographical work contained in it, has not been and from the lapse of time seems not likely to be fulfilled.

The story of Thomas Hutchinson's life carries its moral with it,—apart from being another memorable example of the folly of the best grounded human expectations. Sprung from a respected family in the Province, and passing creditably through his youth, he issued from Harvard University at the early age of sixteen, to enter at once into the active pursuits of life. His first object seems to have been wealth, for which he became a merchant; but his success not answering expectation, he turned his attention to other pursuits. He became a politician, and a student of colonial records. The confidence of his fellow citizens was earned by the excellence of his private character, and by the sober manner in which he conducted himself in all his social relations. In the year 1737,* at twenty-six years of age, he was chosen a representative from Boston in the General Court. Shortly afterwards he was made a selectman of the town, and entrusted with important business in Great Britain, which he executed to the public satisfaction. He distinguished himself in opposition to the scheme of the land bank, which arose about that time and for many years affected the prosperity of the Colony. And it was only after the lapse of ten years, when he had become Speaker of the House of Representatives, that mainly by his exertions a proper remedy was adopted. He became successively member of the Council, Judge of Probate, Lieutenant-Governor, and Chief-Justice,—all which stations he held for some time together; and at least in the Judicial ones, he acquitted himself very much to the satisfaction of his fellow citizens.

From the time of Sir Francis Bernard's departure, he was in fact, and in 1771 became in name Governor of the Province. The crowning object of his ambition proved the ruin of his fortunes. His political opinions had already shaken him among his countrymen, not to mention the grasping disposition manifested in a union of so many responsible and lucrative offices. The difficult circumstances attending his assumption of the government completed his overthrow. He was compelled to choose between his offices on the one side, and his hardly-earned popularity on the other. He did not choose with the boldness required by the crisis,—but like all timid politicians, endeavored to temporize by sacrificing principle at the shrine of expediency. The struggle lasted five years, until an act, in itself of perhaps ambiguous morality, exposed to the American public certain confidential letters to persons in England, recommending measures very little short of the horrors of a military despotism. The result was decisive. The last cords which had bound his countrymen in affection to him, were then snapped, and he found himself compelled to remove from the scenes of early promise and brilliant later success, to become an unpitied though a pensioned exile at the Court of Great Britain. Private miseries followed hard upon public disappointment. A beloved daughter was taken from him by death, in the autumn of 1777, and a son in 1780. He outlived the latter but a little while, regretting to his latest breath, his separation from his native land; and ever casting a longing, lingering look towards his favorite and beautiful spot upon Milton Hill.

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* It may not be unsuitable here to remark upon the incorrectness in dates of the notice of Governor Hutchinson in Dr. Eliot's biographical work. The lapse of time, as well as the deficiencies of the book, renders another on a larger scale much to be desired at the present moment.

Such was the termination of a career, which, at its outset, promised very different results. Nor is it possible, in seeking for the causes of the change, to trace them all to the man himself. He had done more than most persons to secure success, and it was only one of those extraordinary events which occur to baffle the penetration of the best human sagacity, that turned his efforts to his own destruction. Without pretension to the higher qualities of mind, he possessed such as fitted him better to influence the circle immediately around him. Our countrymen admire genius, but they follow reason. His capacity exerted itself well in the ordinary paths of human action, and the mild gravity of his external manners promoted the effect it was likely to produce. Nor would the worldly disposition which often attends this union of qualities, have been in him an obstacle to fortune, had he not fallen upon a moment when the standard of human conduct soared far above the level of its ordinary elevation. He was tried by that standard, and he failed. We pity, while we pronounce the decree. Mr. Austin's Life of Gerry contains three intercepted letters from leading refugees. That of Hutchinson strikingly contrasts with the others by its humility and evidence of a broken spirit.—After reading it, the tone of the volume before us ceased to excite any feeling, but one of compassion for the author.

Governor Hutchinson has other and better claims upon our gratitude. He labored hard in the field of our colonial antiquities, producing for a result two volumes of early history, which will ever be considered a mine of wealth by all future historians and antiquaries ; though their minuteness of detail and fidelity of research will not compensate with most general readers for their length and moderate literary execution. Our annals, to be interesting, should be thrown into general masses, and treated with brevity,—thus only will the valuable philosophy to be deduced from them ever be made practically and extensively beneficial. The course of events would aid such a scheme. One portion, forexample, might furnish the instructive lesson of the settlement and prosperity of Massachusetts under the first charter. Another might date from the accession of William, or the reception of the second charter, and extend to the general peace of 1763,—while a third could comprehend the shorter but more eventful period of the Revolution. Yet whoever should think proper to attempt a plan like this, would very soon discover, that without the aid of Hutchinson's work, his toil must have proved the labor of a life.

The volume before us begins with the year 1749, resuming where the author had before left off, and extends to the time of his own departure from Massachusetts in 1774. Though we cannot bestow upon it the sort of commendation merited by its predecessors, yet what is lost in impartiality is in a degree made up by the greater animation of the style. A prominent actor in political affairs will rarely become a very disinterested historian of the events in which he was concerned, but he will be far more agreeable to read, as the elation of victory or the bitterness of defeat will impart to his narrative all the hues of the passions, which have been nursed in the progress of the struggle.

Yet the first part of this volume is cold, and does not, as it appears to us, devote sufficient attention to the influence of the wars during the administrations of Shirley and Pownall, upon subsequent events. We have not elsewhere seen this very fully developed. The French power, while it lasted, kept the colonists in a state of perpetual alarm. It impelled them to make exertions, the amount of which has seldom been exceeded by nations, even when contending for existence. If it be for a moment considered, that at some periods one third of the whole effective force was in military service of one kind or another, that nearly all of it was called out in the course of these wars, and that the burden of taxes of the capital (Boston) was equal to two thirds of the income of the real estate, surely the spirit obtained in such a school of discipline, both active and passive, cannot and ought not to be overlooked.

The peace of 1783 came to put a new face upon affairs. A victorious war terminated in the acquisition by Great Britain of all the French possessions in North America,—and released the inhabitants of Massachusetts from all further anxiety respecting a neighboring enemy. Their exertions had not been without effect in procuring this triumphant result, and the sense of them had raised the people in the estimation of the mother country, as well as in their own. But the feelings it gave rise to were somewhat different on the two sides of the Atlantic. The rulers in Great Britain were evidently fixing more closely their attention on the Colonies, *as a resource:* while in America, a spirit was rising, only to be controlled by the exercise of the utmost discretion and delicacy of management. This spirit was perceived by our author, and is described in the following manner.

'Men whose minds were turned to calculations, found that the Colonies increased so rapidly as to double the number of inhabitants in a much shorter space of time than had been imagined.

'From the number of inhabitants then in the several Colonies, and a supposition that, for the time to come, they might increase in the same proportion as in the time past, the Colonies would soon exceed the parent state.

'These considerations did not of themselves immediately occasion any plan or even a desire of independency. *They produced a higher sense of the grandeur and importance of the Colonies.*

'Advantages in any respect, enjoyed by the subject in England, which were not enjoyed by the subjects in the Colonies, began to be considered in an invidious light; and men were led to inquire with greater attention than formerly into the relation in which the Colonies stood to the State from which they sprung.

'Every argument which would give color for the removal of this distinction was favorably received; and from various events, men were prepared to think more favorably of independency, before any measures were taken with a professed design of attaining to it.'

In these remarks the case is, however, but partly stated. The considerations mentioned were forcibly operating, though in different ways, on *both* sides of the Atlantic at the same time,—and on both sides were rapidly conducing to the same grand result. The British ministers, in seeking out for means to sustain the burdens imposed upon their country by the war, were pleased with the idea of relieving themselves by imposing a considerable share upon such thriving and prosperous colonists. These, on their side, freed from the fears which had kept them dependent, though they did not, as our author states, begin, yet certainly did pursue a more rigid scrutiny of their rights as English citizens. A collision was hastened by the careless ignorance of one party, and by the increasing intelligence of the other. The Ministers did not possess the penetrating eye of Mr. Burke, nor had they given themselves the pains to inquire what effect their measures might have on the people they were to bear upon. They had not traced the rise and progress of the colonial government; but with an indifference for which much of the English legislation of the last century is remarkable, holding colonists all the world over to be little else than slaves, they thought it beneath them to consider further than what they should command. The people of America were not disposed to be put down by an off-hand speech in a Parliament thousands of miles distant, and in which they had no voice. They were less convinced by the nearer and rougher argument of brute force,—and as this was all the reasoning which British superciliousness condescended at that time to bring forward, it is not to be wondered at that the dogged obstinacy of our countrymen resorted in self-defence to arms.

That the Ministry did not know what they were undertaking, seems manifest from the whole tenor of their conduct. They had done nothing to prepare the minds of the people in advance for so important a change in their relations with the mother country; nor had they paid attention to securing in the Colonies the support of any considerable portion of the more wealthy and intelligent class, whose tendencies in all States are in favor of established government. Their selection of an executive agent in Massachusetts was in the same spirit of rashness that inspired the whole scheme. Sir Francis Bernard was an English adventurer, seeking the office of Governor for the sake of the emolument, without a particle of claim upon the affections, or even the sympathy of the colonists. In one of his letters, he recommends himself to his employers 'because he came free from all bias in favor of this (the provincial) form of government, and able as well as willing to examine its defects.' However much this might have operated at home in his favor, it was not likely to make him more happy, or the people more satisfied in Massachusetts. The bare suspicion would at all times have been enough to set them in opposition to any Governor, the best founded in their affections, much more against a total stranger. Nor was Bernard better calculated to influence them by his personal character. He was blunt and irritable, little able to hold any check upon his feelings, and entirely without that nice tact, so necessary in difficult positions in government, which readily foresees the operation of words as well as actions upon others. In capacity, though respectable, he was not equal to those he was destined to oppose, and he had no soothing ways to undo the effect his adversaries could produce. On the contrary, even with the best intentions, he was perpetually committing blunders that involved him with them deeper and deeper, until they finally laid him completely at their mercy.

We are aware that our author assigns a different origin for all Bernard's difficulties. He traces them to the disappointment of a single family, in not obtaining for one of themselves the place of Chief Justice, and their anger that he (the author) should have gained it. To enable our readers to judge more clearly as to the reasonableness of this, we extract the passage.

'Governor Bernard had been but a few weeks in the Province, when he found himself under the necessity either of making a particular family and its connexions extremely inimical to him, or of doing what would not have been approved of by the greater part of the Province.

'Upon the death of the Chief Justice (Sewall) the first surviving judge and two other judges, together with several of the principal gentlemen of the bar, signified their desire to the Governor, that he would appoint the Lieutenant Governor (*i. e.* the author) to be the successor. When Mr. Shirley was in administration, he had encouraged, if not promised a gentleman at the bar (James Otis, Esq. of Barnstable) that upon a vacancy in the Superior Court, he should have a seat there. A vacancy happened, and Mr. Shirley, from a prior engagement, or for some other reason, disappointed him. He was at this time Speaker of the House of Representatives, and he made application to Governor Bernard that the first surviving judge might be appointed Chief Justice, and that he might take the place of a Judge. His son also, with great warmth, engaged in behalf of his father, and not meeting with that encouragement which he expected, vowed revenge, if he should finally fail of success.

'Several weeks elapsed, before any nomination was made, or any thing had passed between the Governor and Lieutenant Governor upon the subject. At length it was intimated to the Lieutenant Governor, that the Governor, when he had been applied to by many persons in his behalf, was at a loss to account for his silence. This caused a conversation, in which the Lieutenant Governor signified that he had desired no persons to apply in his behalf, and had avoided applying himself, that the Governor might the more freely use his own judgment, in appointing such person as should appear to him most fit. And soon after, upon the Lieutenant Governor's being informed of the Governor's intention to nominate him to the place, he gave his opinion, that a refusal to comply with the solicitations which had been made to the Governor by the other person, would cause a strong opposition to his administration, and at the same time, assured the Governor, that he would not take amiss the compliance, but would support his administration with the same zeal as if he had been appointed himself.

'The Governor declared that if the Lieutenant Governor should finally refuse the place, the other person would not be nominated. Thereupon, the Lieutenant Governor was appointed. The expected opposition ensued. The resentment in the disappointed persons was also as strong against the Lieutenant Governor for accepting the place, as if he had sought it, and had opposed their solicitations. Both the gentlemen had been friends to government. From this time they were at the head of every measure in opposition, not merely in those points which concerned the Governor in his administration, but in such as concerned the authority of Parliament, the opposition to which first began in this Colony, and was moved and conducted by one of them, both in the assembly and the town of Boston. From so small a spark, a great fire seems to have been kindled.'

This explanation appears to us to recommend itself, neither by its principles nor by the conclusion to which it is made to lead. Our author admits recommending (though it must be confessed, rather feebly as against himself,) a compliance which his whole statement makes out to be improper, and not likely to be approved by the greater part of the Province. And the defeat of a generally unpopular appointment is made the spark, which kindled all the fire that raged so long in the Province. At the same time, it ought to be kept in mind that the receiver of this unsolicited appointment was already Counsellor, Judge of Probate, and Lieutenant Governor. But we will not enlarge upon this topic. There is no mistaking the object of such observations, and similar ones may be found thoughout the volume. Its principal defect grows very naturally out of the circumstances under which it was written,—circumstances which created in the author a necessity either of condemning himself, or of ascribing to single individuals a very undue proportion of power over the events of the Revolution. It is most unquestionably true, that the vigorous mind of James Otis materially hastened the course of affairs. It is not impossible, though we admit no such thing, that private griefs may have sharpened the edge of his patriotism,—but in all this, though we may find a spark, yet there is no evidence of any material inflammable enough to catch from it. The tinder was furnished in plenty by the British Government. This and this only, is responsible for the consequent combustion. Had James Otis been ten times more powerful than he was, had he actually taken the place occupied by Hutchinson himself, he must have failed exactly as Hutchinson did. The only result would have been that his arm would have become nerveless against the force of the very same spirit and arguments he did in fact use, coming from other members of the community. Mr. Otis, like every other public man of that day, drew all his strength from the soundness of the principles entertained by him in common with the great body of citizens for whom he acted. This is a point essential to the formation of a correct opinion of the times. To be sure, they have the merit, and no small one it is, of setting forth those principles in the most effective manner, and of guiding the public mind to adopt the most practicable mode to maintain them, but they have no more. The substance was there as fixed as the rock of ages, and not all their united efforts would have made it a whit less immovable.

The real cause of the difficulty may be found in the disposition of the rulers in Great Britain, to alter the relation between her and her Colonies without the consent of the latter. This was first manifested in 1763, immediately after the victorious war with France, by an order to the Governor of Massachusetts to procure a more exact account of the population of the Province,—then more decisively in the sugar act, and finally by the direct measure of the stamp act. There was no hesitation manifested by the colonists in resisting these measures. The struggle of the Revolution began at once. It was a struggle carried on by the *whole people,* and took its shape where it should have done, in *their* Representatives' hall, under the guidance of James Otis, and Oxenbridge Thatcher. The influence of Hutchinson, which had before that time been great, vanished almost immediately. The principal memorial of it may be found in the Address of the Legislature, upon the Stamp Act. His power over the minds of his colleagues in the council counteracted, in this case, the efforts of the Patriots in the other House. The result was a paper not expressive of the principles prevailing in the Province,—and bearing the stamp of expediency in almost every line. It is a little curious and very illustrative of the character of Hutchinson, that in another part of this volume he congratulates himself upon the effect this address was supposed to have had in producing the repeal of the obnoxious law,—and complains that he got no merit with the opposing party, because he begged for it as matter of favor, and did not claim it as a right. The power of nice discrimination between the moral influence of different lines of conduct does not appear to have been his brightest point.

The Patriots luckily considered the subject somewhat differently. The attempt to divert the current then running, feeble as it was, drew their attention to its author, and the means of preventing any thing of the kind through his agency for the future. The presence of Hutchinson in the Council, with several others holding official situations, was an embarrassment they naturally sought to get rid of. At the election of councillors, in 1766 they were all left out. The blow was as effective as it was mortifying. Governor Bernard felt it sensibly, and most indiscreetly allowed his feelings to escape in complaints in his public papers. This producing no effect farther than increased confidence in the propriety of the measure, the Governor and his Lieutenant resorted to a contrivance which is too curious not to be given in our author's words.

'Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson had been every year, until the present, elected for the council. The first session of the Assembly this year, he attended frequently, but did not vote, nor take any share in the debates. The Governor desired that he would accompany him in his coach, the first day of the next session, and after the Governor had delivered his speech, they left the council together. In the speech, the Governor had recommended "the support of the authority of government and the maintenance of the honor of the Province." The House in their answer to the speech take notice of the Lieutenant Governor's appearing in council, and remarked that, "if the honorable gentleman was introduced by your excellency, we apprehend that the happiest means of supporting the authority of the government, or maintaining the honor of the Province was not consulted therein. But, if he came in and took a seat of his own motion, we are constrained to say that it affords a new and additional instance of ambition and a lust of power to what we have before observed."

'This was illiberal treatment of the Lieutenant Governor, and brought into the speech by Mr. Hawley, a lawyer of distinguished character in the county of Hampshire, but of very strong resentments. He thought he had not been properly treated by the Lieutenant Governor as Chief Justice in the Court of Common Law, and to revenge himself, brought this public abuse against him in the Assembly.

'The Governor directed the Secretary to search the books for precedents, and caused his report to be laid before the House, accompanied with a message. The House thereupon came to a resolve that by charter, the Lieutenant Governor has no right to sit in council when he is not elected. As it was not advisable to lay claim to a right of voting in council after it had been so long dormant, it was a dispute *de lana caprina* but had a tendency, notwithstanding, to alienate the other branches from the Governor, at a time when union and harmony were more than ever to be desired. The Lieutenant Governor therefore signified, by a letter to the Governor, his determination to absent himself from the council-chamber, that he might not be the occasion of any controversy between the Governor and the House of Representatives, presuming that this act could not be any prejudice to the future claim of a Lieutenant Governor or to the right of the Governor and Council to admit the Lieutenant Governor, when they thought proper. This letter the Governor thought fit to lay before the House, and to desire that the dispute might subside without prejudice to the right in question. This did not satisfy the House. The Governor had repeatedly recommended to the Council to take the matter under their consideration, but a majority wished to avoid any share in the controversy. Upon a message from the House, they so far concerned themselves, as to resolve unanimously that "the Lieutenant Governor, by charter, has not any constitutional right to a seat at the board, either with or without a voice,—but so far as precedents, and one contemporaneous with the charter, can justify, he is excusable in taking his seat at the time referred to." Still this did not satisfy, and the House, in a further message to the Council, insisted, that as they had denied the constitutional right of the Lieutenant Governor to a seat in council, they must mean that his conduct could not be excused.'

Which was the most illiberal, the words by Mr. Hawley, or the commentary upon them, we shall not now stop to inquire. A few remarks upon that subject in general, may find their place presently. That a serious object was proposed in the extraordinary measure resorted to, can hardly admit of a reasonable doubt. The House understood it perfectly, and took, perhaps rather unexpectedly to the managers, the most decisive course to defeat it. *After* that event, it occurred to the Lieutenant Governor that the subject was *de lana caprina*, or matter of moonshine. But surely it was somewhat late to think of this, for the serious injury, in 'alienating the other branches from the Governor at a time when union and harmony were more than ever to be desired,' was already done. And it would be rather difficult to believe that these persons had not foreseen this, yet thought the object more than a compensation, if we did not know that there is an atmosphere in politics, which renders things the most strikingly placed but confusedly perceptible. The clearest comment upon the whole proceeding is to be found in the disapprobation of it substantially expressed by Lord Shelburne, then in office. Its operation was decisive. The opportunity for a recurrence of good feeling, presented by the repeal of the stamp act, was entirely thrown away. The party remained drawn up exactly as before.

Sir Francis Bernard was by no means a bad man,—and in ordinary times might have made a tolerable Governor. But he was not equal to the management of such delicate and critical points. He had taken no trouble to inform himself of the character of the people, and he disliked their form of government. The consequence was a perpetual variation, on his side, of the line between the executive and legislative branches. His messages do little else than coax, scold or bully; —sometimes he undertakes to dictate and sometimes to bargain. Almost always he puts himself somewhere in the wrong. Such a character was most of all unfit to deal with men whose modes of thinking were peculiarly stiff, whose habits were not a little formal, and who joined to all this a penetration and shrewdness of intellect, which knew how to take advantage of the least error. Between such parties, the result of a contest could not be doubtful. A series of little disputes terminated in an open breach. The British Ministry, too late aware of their mistake, recalled Bernard, not however before an address had passed the Legislature, requesting his removal.

Our author was selected to succeed him,—a choice which, had it been made in the first place, might have effected something;—but his agency in the scenes of the last five years of Bernard's administration had been too well understood, to afford any probability of an improvement by his means. Nevertheless, he did carry with him even at that late period many persons, his friends from long habit, and had in his favor the associations which birth, long residence and good private character rarely fail to produce. A cool judgment and the knowledge of his countrymen, procured from seeing them extensively in his official duties, rendered him far more a match than his predecessor for their antagonists. He only failed because he had no foundation to build upon. The finest capacity could have succeeded little better than his. The series of controversial papers emanating from his pen is highly respectable, as well for tact in avoiding difficulties, as for skill in urging positions,—and though not equal to that coming from the opposite side, the failure is more in the substance than the management.

We shall not pretend to follow the course of the disputes. Those who have any curiosity in regard to them, will find a rich resource in the volume of State Papers published in Boston some years ago, which supplies many important ones not to be found in the appendix to the work now under consideration. We cannot pass over in silence those involving the main question of the Revolution. Our author describes himself as alarmed at the progress, which the idea of Independence was making through the influence of town meetings in Boston, and corresponding committees in the country,—and tempted to make another and a final effort at resistance, by laying before the Legislature a labored argument in favor of the authority of Parliament over the Colonies. This was done by the Message of January 6th, 1773. The answers by the two Houses contain an equally labored reply. The contest has furnished few more valuable historical memorials, than these papers.

The argument of Governor Hutchinson rests entirely upon one principle in the English Law, and is built up by perpetual appeals to human authority. The single principle appears to us to be a narrow as well as entirely unsound one, and not to be fortified by the approbation of a hundred centuries. The assertion that a supreme, unlimited, uncontrollable authority must rest somewhere in a State, and that in Great Britain it rests in Parliament, is made by Judge Blackstone, hitherto the clearest expounder of the English Law. But he does not satisfactorily answer the objection he himself quotes from Locke, nor could he have found an answer to stand a moment before the following words from the reply to Hutchinson by his Council, 'Supreme or unlimited authority can with fitness belong only to the Sovereign of the Universe; and that fitness is derived from the perception of his nature. To such authority, directed by infinite wisdom and infinite goodness, is due both active and passive obedience; which, as it constitutes the happiness of rational creatures, should with cheerfulness and from choice be unlimitedly paid by them. But this can be said with truth of no other authority whatever.' Indeed, the very idea seems to us to be no less than a libel upon the Creator, and to change the constitution of England into an oligarchical despotism, not justified by any theory of government, nor by any historical experience. A single tyrant rules his subjects, by acting upon their fears. Nero himself could do no more than force society from its natural and proper basis, —the idea of any body in a state, which can do the same and be justified in so doing, is as extraordinary as it appears to us false,—especially, as in the case of England, it deprives her people of that essential original power to correct, which, after all that has been said of Parliament, we believe to constitute the very breath of its nostrils.

Believing, therefore, this idea of despotic sovereignty necessary somewhere, to be necessary no where in government, we consider the whole edifice raised upon it by the author as falling to the ground. For admitting that all the precedents possible could be summoned in its support, they never can in themselves go quite so far as to make a principle. A regard for the lessons which all human experience has taught to man, is one of the useful modes which the divine Providence has devised to secure some degree of permanency to the higher enjoyments of life,—but if, from a regard, it becomes implicit obedience, the very object of *improvement*, by avoiding evil and preserving good, is at once defeated. Most especially, in government, the sort of common law which habit has formed, though it should never be needlessly invaded, should not be allowed to invade in its turn. In considering such interests as those of mankind, we surely want some guides from higher sources. We must look to nature, the purposes of creation, to that philosophy which makes man a thinking being, and responsible for his actions to a God. *Here* is the point upon which our author's bark found its destruction. His mind had not expanded itself to the extent which the necessity demanded, it was locked up in the small compass of a precedent. All beyond was waste.

But in point of fact, the footing of Hutchinson upon precedent was as feeble as it had been upon principle. He was so unfortunate as to quote the exceptions to prove the rule. All history should be trusted more as a warning than a guide,—there is none in which the alternations of human passion will not furnish authorities for almost any side of a dispute. Is it not so in the constitutional questions of our own day? Is it not strikingly so in the case under consideration? In the early days of the Colony, the Puritans, moved by the ascendency of their brethren in Parliament, recognised its authority. In 1757, the hopes and fears of the colonists, as to the reimbursement of their expenses in the French war, were so operated upon (and that by this very man too,) as to produce from the General Court an explicit admission of the power of Parliament to legislate for them. The victory of the evil political maxim of temporary expediency, which ever has had and ever will have great influence in communities, produced in both these cases precedents, which, however time might have sanctioned them, must ever have been utterly unsafe and improper to rest upon. The only true foundation, intrinsic justice, is not to be found.

But we must consider on the other hand, the general spirit of the colonial history,—the origin of the settlement, and the mode in which it was conducted. Its founders did not rush to these shores, impelled by the blind instinct of self-preservation, and without a thought upon their ultimate fate. They acted understandingly from the beginning, first by purchasing a right to the territory they were to occupy, and next by securing a recognition of their social system by the sovereign who claimed them as subjects of Great Britain. That recognition was in the shape of a charter, granted by Charles the First, in which the nature of their situation was as well defined as the circumstances of the time would admit. Their rights to life, liberty and property were clearly reserved,—not a line admits the authority of Parliament to legislate unlimitedly for them, not a word can be found surrendering a single privilege which, as Englishmen and as men, properly belonged to them. The general tendency of all the subsequent history is to prove not only the existence, but the perfect understanding of this principle by the colonists. If examples were necessary, they may be found in the answer of the House of Representatives to the Governor, upon the occasion we are now considering. The exceptions, which form all the substance of his argument, are manifestly occasioned by temporary circumstances, acting against the usual disposition of the people. Their sense of weakness caused a constant anxiety during the period of the first Charter, which nothing but the long series of troubles in England prevented from being justified. Peace brought with it an attack upon this Charter ; and the heats that followed that event are well known from the deposition of Sir Edmund Andros, from the natural consequence of which the leaders were only saved by the revolution that took place contemporaneously in the mother country. Another Charter was obtained from William the Third, varying a little, and but little, the terms of the compact,—the same so far as the rights of Parliament were involved ;—and yet the spirit in which this new instrument was received manifests distinctly enough the feeling of the people. Then followed the Indian and French Wars, in which the dread of the nearest danger undoubtedly led to a neglect of that which was more remote. It led to a disposition to lean for support upon the power of Great Britain, and to avoid as much as possible causes of irritation. But the spirit, though working in another direction, was in substance the same. It is to be seen in the enthusiasm with which the project of the reduction of Canada was undertaken, and when that project succeeded, in the decided manner in which it resumed its old and well-accustomed channel. The cession of the French territories removed one great cause of dependence,—the Colony had acquired confidence in its own strength, and this was the moment, when the favorite doctrine of the people burst forth, in all its genuine vigor, and produced fruit early enough to show the depth to which its root had struck.

At the hazard of being tedious, we have sketched the outline of the whole colonial history, for the purpose of shewing how totally our author mistook its general character. The subject is worthy of more consideration than is usually given to it. Many people imagine that the Declaration of Independence forms the date of our liberty. In our opinion, that Declaration was only the falling of the fruit when it had become (perhaps a little prematurely) ripe. No new light burst upon the people upon the occasion. The separation from Great Britain involved no change in the political theories they had entertained. It was placed upon clear and definite grounds. The general and vague idea of liberty, that dazzling image with the face of a goddess and the heart of a prostitute, entered not into the question. The colonists had enjoyed the substance from the day they put their feet upon American ground. And it was not the desire to change, but the desire to keep and secure, which produced their Independence. They made little or no change in their domestic affairs, after that object was gained. One of the States at least retains the same form of government, which she had when she was a Province. To talk of the influence of the ambition of a few leaders, seems absurd, when they could do nothing the moment they ceased to appeal to principles, the soundness of which the community acknowledged. The people, that is the great mass of responsible members of the State had inherited, they did not acquire, the extraordinary jealousy of their rights, which is apparent through the century and a half of their preceding history; and when they complained, they could put their finger on the spot that was hurt. They asked a remedy. It was refused. They adopted the only alternative which was left, but they set nothing unnecessarily afloat. The practical good they aimed to arrive at was, not to put at hazard, through their own act, the good they had enjoyed.

And this is the only rational sort of revolution. Contrast this course with that of the inhabitants of France. Mr. Dumont of Geneva tells us, incidentally, that he happened to pass through a town in that country at the time fixed for the election of members to the States General. The people knew not how to proceed with an election; they had never even heard of such things as a President, Secretary, or voting ticket, and he says that he devoted half an hour of leisure time to drawing up a few rules for their direction in the dilemma. Here indeed was room for the ambition of a few. Here was a very small stock of knowledge and experience, upon which to set up the business of self-government. Can it be wondered at that the experiment failed? Even in England the conduct of John Hampden was heroic, because he devoted himself by it to the *instruction* of his countrymen in their rights. The country could not produce many Hampdens to guide them,—and it did produce enough then to confuse them. It is not saying too much, to assert that the intelligence of America rendered unnecessary that sort of superior guidance, and this was one of the causes, which contributed most powerfully to our success.

To return to Governor Hutchinson, from whom we have digressed perhaps too far. He felt the difficulty presented to him in the point of taxation without representation, and was driven to a position which ought at once to have inspired in him some doubt of his foundation. This position was, that the right of a colonist to be represented, must be held to lie dormant when he leaves the mother country, and to revive again upon his return,—that to him, while absent, it was unavoidably lost, and that compensation must be looked for in the advantages he derives in his new condition from the protection of her power. The reply of the House of Representatives is here conclusive,—that a right positively secured to the colonists by charter will be singularly valuable to them, if they must cease to be Colonists in order to enjoy it. It does appear somewhat absurd to suppose that the original settlers, coming with intentions and objects like theirs, should stickle so much to retain a privilege, the enjoyment of which by them or their posterity must pre-suppose the frustration of all those intentions. If they really proposed to remain here, of what value could such a privilege possibly be? Indeed, the whole argument, resting upon the necessity of the case, and making representation impracticable in Parliament, seems naturally to have a tendency directly the reverse of that supposed by our author. It forms the basis of Independence. If the circumstances of the case are such, that men, understanding their own interests, and capable of exercising the rights which belong to them, are yet by position debarred from consulting those interests and using those rights, it follows that that position is unnatural, and ought if practicable to be changed. The plain question may be stated in the following manner. Were the Americans entitled to exercise rights established by the laws of society, confirmed to them by the common law of England, and expressly stipulated for in a charter from the King? Did they stand in a position enabling them fairly to claim the exercise of such rights? Did they in truth make the claim? The affirmative establishes the justice of resistance against the aggressions of the British Ministry in Parliament, and the pertinacity of these in maintaining the negative fixes the basis of Independence.

That our author gained no laurels from this contest, is very certain. He admits that in England, and by the Ministry, his attempt was regarded as injudicious,—and endeavors to console himself with the approbation of Lord Thurlow; a compliment from whom is inserted in a note, composed with evident marks of satisfaction with and reliance upon it. The fact shows, what we have already remarked as characteristic of the man, a disposition to rely upon authority rather than intrinsic weight of reasoning. That Lord Thurlow, with the whole body of his party in England, should condemn the patriotic side of this question, is merely in character, and proves nothing beyond their consistency in politics. The Americans too could call up, in their turn, names like those of Chatham and of Burke, names of far higher power over the feelings of posterity. But the question is not settled by so doing. Great men are after all but men,—and as such, liable in the formation of opinion to the influence of a thousand considerations collateral to the point in dispute, and perhaps growing out of the immediate circumstances by which it is brought forward. The profound Bacon long since observed, that the human understanding is like an unequal mirror to the rays of light, which, mixing its own nature with the nature of things, distorts and perverts them. While this is true, and true it must be while man remains what he is, the judgment of posterity upon controversies important to it, can never be properly drawn but from the genuine strength of the arguments presented. As Lord Thurlow condescended to sanction those of the author, without adding any new ones of his own, we must be permitted to pass him by, and think exactly as we did before. The Americans engaged in the controversy were not his inferiors in ability, and they had motives of action seldom even dreamed of by that nobleman. Lord Thurlow raised himself to the exalted position he occupied in life, mainly by his own exertions, and we are not disposed to qualify the praise such energy deserves; but he never placed himself in any position, where the support of a few principles of public justice at once put to hazard his life, his liberty, and every thing commonly deemed valuable in the world.

This naturally leads us to the opinions expressed by our author of his leading antagonists,—Otis, Thacher, the Adamses, Hawley, Bowdoin and Hancock. He has drawn characters of several, which the editor tells us were left with the option to insert or omit them. At this day, we can neither regret nor feel indignant at them. The car of victory, which rolled over the body of the author, has borne up those men in triumph. They have received from their country and posterity a reward of which no effort by their ancient enemy can deprive them. The instance may, nevertheless, be used as no unprofitable example of the vanity of all similar attacks. According to Hutchinson, every one of the above personages had a private motive for his conduct,—so small that, when assigned, its inadequacy to the effect produced is not the least curious portion of the attack.

In all political matters, the motives of the principal actors will form a great subject of inquiry. Human nature is so constituted, that the distinctions between right and wrong, virtue and vice, are differently viewed by different individuals, and, according to the irregular movements of the passions, at different times by the same individuals. As a consequence, mixed motives may in the best of men impel particular courses of conduct, and the same motives will not at all times operate equally. Perfect consistency is so little in keeping with man's natural disposition, that the attributing to any individual the same motives for all his conduct, argues inaccuracy of judgment in the person pronouncing, or a narrow and artificial character in the person pronounced upon. On the other hand, there is a general uniformity in the character of the greater number, which renders the supposition of certain leading motives of action, probable, and of others improbable. Yet in every single case there is room to reason and to doubt. The general result is, that in the excited world of controversial politics, an immense field is opened for the construction of motives, and that the imputation of infamous ones becomes the commonest and most paltry expedient of party malignity. If we for a moment recollect, that from George Washington downward, scarcely a single great man of the Revolution escaped charges of every sort of dishonesty, the *prima facie* weight to be attached to them may readily be estimated. That each or any of those men were absolutely free from human imperfection, will not be asserted by any reasonable being; but that their general character protects them completely from such accusations as were made, can as little be denied. When we call to mind what sacrifices they made in fortune or in the field, and more than all, what legacies they left as evidences of purity of purpose,—great, flourishing public Institutions claimed at the risk of existence, fought for at the cost of oceans of blood, and secured at last by the yet most difficult task of compromise and mutual concession, it is the absurdest of ideas to suppose, that we shall sit down and listen without contempt to the tale, that this man loved popular applause, that made patriotism compensate for pecuniary defalcation, a third took offence in a court of law, and a fourth because he was not made justice of the peace.

Governor Hutchinson ought not to have indulged himself in such charges, because he had most felt their injustice in his own case;—perhaps had not been altogether discreet in avoiding to give occasion for them. We believe his asseveration, 'that he never, in his public character, took any one step, in which he did not mean to serve the true interest of his countrymen, and to preserve to them every liberty consistent with it, or with their connexion with the kingdom.' His ambition, whatever it may have been, injured himself more than the community, to which in many respects it proved useful. His errors flowed from the nature of his character, combined with the circumstances in which he was placed. His mental vision could penetrate no farther, than to see Massachusetts forever dependent on Great Britain. He considered it better to temporize, and even sacrifice some rights, than risk all in maintaining them. Such are ever the doctrines of timid politicians. We will not condemn him too harshly for opinions often held very successfully in more peaceful times, but we can award him no praise. His was a case, in which discretion was not the better part of valor. The punishment appears to have been quite adequate to the offence. We will not strive to add to it, by retorting upon him what he attempted to do to others.

A single point must be made an exception to this rule, principally because of the effect it produced upon events. He allowed himself to make suggestions in private letters to England, calculated to draw upon him an awful responsibility. We cannot admire the judgment nor the moral sense, which could *secretly* dictate advice likely to bring upon his countrymen all the rigor of military despotism. The letters transmitted to this country, through Dr. Franklin, contain the following passage.

'I never think of the measures necessary for the peace and good order of the Colonies without pain; there must be an abridgment of what are called English liberties. I relieve myself by considering, that in a remove from the state of nature to the most perfect state of government, there must be a great restraint of natural liberty. I doubt, whether it is possible to project a system of government, in which a colony three thousand miles distant shall enjoy all the liberty of the parent state. I am certain I have never yet seen the projection.'

We have little disposition to justify the mode of obtaining, or the uses made of these letters. Much of the author's complaint upon this subject appears to us to be well founded. Neither generosity nor justice are obligations commonly attended to in political warfare. Yet after admitting every thing that may be said, the letter itself with its significant paragraph remains, in its naked deformity. Its secresy is not its worst feature. The tremendous responsibility incurred by him, then in office, from the recommendation, could only be justified by the perfect soundness of the reasoning upon which it was based. Does the paragraph quoted contain such reasoning? Or is the startling conclusion jumped at, over all the obstacles of natural right and common social justice? Would the most unrelenting military tyrant reason otherwise? Did the members of the Holy Alliance, or Nicholas in crushing his Polish subjects, reason otherwise? *They* always profess to 'be pained at the measures necessary for the peace and good order of their subjects;' *they* 'content themselves by considering, that in a remove from the state of nature to the most perfect (*i. e.* to their) state of government, there must be a great restraint of natural liberty.' The great point, the use of force against all the principles of right, being thus justified, it surely must remain indifferent to the People, what name is given to their government. It is in fact a despotism. Surely the author knew enough of the character of his countrymen, to be aware that an abridgment of what are called English Liberties was not to be effected, without much blood. If he did not, he was not fit to govern them. If he did, we can form no exalted opinion of his sensibility. Possibly he may have regarded the probable consequences as a parent does the punishment of a child. But wretched is that parent, who punishes his child for a reasonable request,—still more wretched is he, if his only excuse rest upon an abridgment of privileges, which nature and the voice of society have admitted to be just.

We have touched little upon the want of candor as well as of prudence, which the whole proceeding on the part of Governor Hutchinson evinced, because these form the lightest part of the censure he deserved. He might have foreseen the chances that would lead to his detection, and the personal consequences to ensue upon it. His influence vanished. The Legislature voted to request his removal; and he was shortly after glad to obtain a leave of absence. Events were rapidly tending to a rupture. The tea ships came only to prove to the Governor how totally his authority was at an end. The Chief Justice was impeached, the law ceased to be administered, the courts were shut up. At this moment, Hutchinson left the Province, and his history stops:—a moment of immense importance to America, as from it the first Congress of the States takes its date. The interest however becomes transferred to another scene, and the particular history of Massachusetts merges in that of the Union. Hutchinson was no longer in a condition to pursue his favorite occupations. The offer of a baronetcy and a pension was poor pay for the loss of old friends, and all the motives of action which made life valuable. He lingered a few years among a people, who did not feel as he felt, and whose general contempt for poor colonists was too great, to be lost in sympathy for the self-sacrifice of some single persons. He died not long after closing these pages,—saved the mortification of seeing his predictions of misfortune, that was to attend the Independence of the Colony, falsified. There is reason to believe that, had he lived, he would have returned to live as a private citizen among us, but the decree of Providence cut short his intentions.

The general conclusion which we draw from reading this work is, that as a partisan history it is valuable. The facts appear to be stated with the same accuracy that distinguished the author's preceding volumes, but the gloss put upon them must deprive it of the same sort of authority which those deserved. The history itself, in these later times, assumed a character calling for a different description of mind. It remains even now to be written, and must remain so until an intellect of great natural strength, combined with freedom from the prejudices of the times, and a habit of rigid analysis, shall evolve from the mass of our materials, the most instructive lesson of the world. 'Mark well!' says that 'old man eloquent' of Greece, 'for though the season of events be gone, that of instruction from them remains forever to the wise.' His words will apply now as forcibly, as when he was recalling to the memory of his countrymen the times of their energy and glory. If there be a portion of history susceptible of being constantly used to advantage, it is the period of the American Revolution. The spirit that animated the men of that time was, it is true, above the level of ordinary life, but it diffused itself in channels of practical experiment, the benefit of which we feel every day. It is for us to *preserve*, and not to create. Yet there is danger of our falling fast asleep in the lap of prosperity. There is greater danger, that the place of the true spirit may be assumed by another and a different one, which, impelling ambitious men to be doing, may under the most specious phrases substitute only a restless appetite for change in the room of a rational desire for good government. The prospect before us has some dark shades. Sectional jealousies have grown luxuriantly under the forcing process of hot-house patriotism,—and political quacks have not been without success in disseminating their poisons in the community.

Salvation is only to be found in holding on to the good we have gained,—and this effect must be aided by a clear knowledge of the ways by which it was gained. Our ancient patriots promised little, and performed much. They knew that to be agitated was not to be happy, and always felt sure of the value of their object, before they encountered evil to attain it. While our institutions are safe, we have little to do but to follow the path before us, but the occasion is fitting to prepare ourselves for the time when they may be in danger. The spirit may remain quiet, but it should not be lost. Let it be cherished in secret, by a thorough study of the principles of our fathers, and still more of the modes in which these were carried into such successful operation.

ART. VII.—*Early Literature of Modern Europe.*

1. *Tableau Historique de la Littérature Française.* Par M. J. DE CHENIER. Paris. 1821.
2. *Historia de la Literatura Española escrita en aleman* por F. BOUTERWEK, *traducida al castellano y adicionada.* Par D. JOSE GOMEZ DE LA CORTINA Y D. NICOLAS HUGALDE Y MOLLENIDO. Madrid. tom. 1. 1829.

LITERATURE has been declared by a celebrated female writer to be an expression of the state of society : by which is meant, that its various forms are determined, in a great measure, by the political and social condition of the nations, in which they are exhibited. This remark is confirmed in most respects by the literary history of modern Europe, and is particularly verified by the fact of the subdivision of European literature into several distinct branches, corresponding with the political sections into which the common continent was cut up after the fall of the Roman Empire. As the continent of Europe, politically viewed, presents the appearance of a number of nations of kindred origin, and of manners substantially similar, but nevertheless marked by formal differences of considerable importance,—nominally independent, but really, though loosely combined together by their constant intercourse and the various moral ties and relations, that necessarily result from it, —so the literature of this part of the world, while it all springs from the common root of classical learning, has shot forth in the course of its development and progress several distinct and independent branches, whose forms are now so various, that each requires a separate course of study. The immediate cause of this division was the variety of languages, which naturally grew up in different parts of Europe, in consequence of their political separation, their little intercourse with each other, and the general rudeness of the period, during which these languages were formed. Other causes, of a less direct and powerful character, also operated in a greater or less degree in producing this effect; such as the difference that existed among these nations in regard to geographical situation,—political institutions,—economical pursuits,—and, ultimately, religious forms and principles. All these circumstances operate, to a certain extent, though indirectly, in encouraging or depressing the growth of learning, and in modifying the form which it assumes; while learning, in turn, exercises a strong reaction on the state of society.

The principles that regulate this connexion between the condition of literature and that of government, are among the most interesting subjects of general inquiry, and have not yet been settled in a satisfactory way. The question has been considered, but not exhausted by Madame de Stäel, in her work on the Influence of Literature. In fact, the highest and most general problem connected with it, viz: whether learning and the arts flourish better under liberal or despotic governments, does not seem to be viewed by the best judges as entirely free from doubt. While the splendid example of Greek refinement favors the opinion, that liberty is the proper nurse of genius and taste, as well as happiness and virtue, some other brilliant periods in the history of wit and learning coincide with the existence of absolute, and even military monarchies. It is not, however, our present object, to enter at large into this inquiry, nor to examine particularly the causes which have created this variation between the several branches of the modern literature of Europe. Each of these topics would furnish the matter of a separate and extensive treatise. It is our purpose, at present, to state very briefly the manner and succession in which these branches respectively shot from the parent stock.

I. From the period of the invasion of the Roman Empire by the barbarians up to about the time of the first crusade, there was no such thing, in any part of Europe, as a modern literature. The learning of the period, such as it was, was wholly in the hands of the monks and clergy, and was recorded and communicated exclusively in Latin. Greek was unknown; the vernacular languages were despised as barbarous by the clergy, and, in fact, can hardly be said to have then existed. These were gradually forming out of a slow and forced amalgamation between the original Celtic of the west of Europe,—the Latin of the Roman conquerors,—and the various Teutonic tongues of the last invaders; all dialects of kindred origin, and fitted of course to coälesce in the end,—as they have done,—into compact, and tolerably homogeneous tongues; but at that time wholly distinct, and mutually unintelligible. They were not then used for the ordinary despatch of important business. The laws were published, and the religious ceremonies conducted in Latin. The very few attempts at literary composition, made at this time, were mostly in the same language, which also continued for several centuries to be the most usual instrument of communication, verbal and written, among the learned. Hence arose very naturally, and even necessarily, the practice of making this language the basis of literary and professional education; which has been kept up by habit, like many other practices, long after the state of things that rendered it necessary ceased, and is often defended on account of some fantastic and imaginary advantages, which are supposed to result from it, but which had no connexion with its first introduction.

The earliest appearance of any thing like a regular modern language and literature, was exhibited in the south of France, and the neighboring parts of Spain and Italy, about the time of the crusades. The Provençal dialect promised at one time to obtain the ascendency through the whole south of Europe. It was cultivated with enthusiasm for two or three centuries, and produced many poets of high reputation in their day, and probably not inferior in genius to their modern successors. During the flourishing period of this school, polite literature was, in fact, a sort of passion among the higher orders of society, and was more in honor with them than it has perhaps ever been under any other circumstances. Noblemen, ladies of the first rank, kings and sovereign princes made it a matter of pride to profess and practise what they called the *gay science;* and carrying into their amusements the forms and terms to which they were accustomed in their more serious occupations, they instituted their courts of love,—enacted their codes of laws for the better regulation of courtship and matrimony,—and conducted the trials of the heart, like those of the person and property, by judicial process, before a jury impannelled and sworn in proper form. The lion-hearted Richard, King of England, was distinguished in his day as a minstrel. René, titular King of Jerusalem, and father of Margaret of Anjou, the celebrated wife of Henry the Sixth, was illustrious for his patronage of poetry, and for the care with which he superintended the proceedings of these tribunals of the tender passion. He appears to have been the Justinian of this strange code. The Floral games, which were instituted about this time at Toulouse, by Clemence d'Isaure, and have been held there ever since, formed a regular annual festival, somewhat analogous to the periodical religious celebrations of ancient Greece. A similar institution existed at Tolosa in Spain. Catalonia produced, even as lately as the thirteenth century, many Provençal bards of high celebrity, and this school of language and literature had even sent off colonies into the south of the Peninsula. There was therefore at that time reason to expect, that it would continue to be cultivated, until its productions should assume a finished and classical form.

This result, however, did not happen, although it is now somewhat difficult to assign the precise reason which prevented it. It is true, that the singular fooleries, to which we have alluded, and which form so prominent a feature in the literary pursuits of that day, argue but slightly in favor of the general intelligence of the period. The understanding of Europe seems to have been, as it were, in a childish state. But as all the great and wealthy encouraged literature with extraordinary zeal, it might naturally have been anticipated, that it would in time have ripened into something truly rich and valuable. Political circumstances probably turned the scale against the masters of the joyous knowledge. The northern provinces of Gaul gradually acquired the ascendency over those of the south, or *Langue d'oc*, and brought in with them their own *Langue d'oui*, which was afterwards matured into the modern French language.* Castile and Leon absorbed the kingdom of Aragon, and established their own magnificent dialect on the ruins of the Catalonian, while the more rapid progress of civilization in Italy led to the formation and early cultivation of a purer tongue, which prevented the Troubadours from pushing their conquests in that direction. Thus their territory was gradually encroached upon in one way or another, on all sides, until it was finally reduced to nothing. The Provençal dialect went out of use before it had attained a pure and settled shape, and before it had served as a vehicle of thought and passion to any one of those leading minds, which stamp durability upon the language they employ. The light-hearted race of Troubadours became extinct, without producing a single powerful writer, and of all the *lays* that once resounded so merrily through the sunny fields that are watered by the Rhone, the Garonne and the Ebro, and were echoed by the Alps and the Pyrenees, nothing now remains but the name. The courts of love were closed. Society assumed a more sober and business-like aspect, and men began to look with something like contempt on the songs and sports, which had given them before so much pleasure. Not long after came on the Reformation, and brought in its train a century and a half of mysterious metaphysics, and uninterrupted war. Science was now any thing but gay ; and this unhappy generation, which seems to have been driven on by a sort of demoniacal frenzy to pour out torrents of tears and ink and blood, in quarrels about points which they did not even pretend to understand,—notwithstanding their imagined superiority,—must have looked, we should think, with some regret and envy upon the happier lot of their simple and joyous forefathers. In the mean time, the Provençal literature became entirely extinct, and is now only known as a branch of antiquarian study. Thus ended the first attempt at the formation of a cultivated language in modern Europe.

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* *Oc* and *Oui* were the forms of affirmation, corresponding with *yes*, respectively used in the southern and northern provinces of France. They seem at one time to have been employed as distinctive names for the dialects of those provinces, and even, in the case of *Languedoc*, for the country itself.

II. The next was made in Italy, with a success not less signal, than the failure of the former. The beautiful, or as Dante calls it, the illustrious vernacular dialect, which replaced the stern and simple majesty of the Latin, had been silently maturing, and, as early as the thirteenth century, while the Provençal poets were still lisping their childish and ephemeral lays, was seized upon and fixed by three manly minds, which appeared about the same time in the north of Italy. It is hardly necessary to add the names of Petrarch, Dante and Boccaccio ; who may well be considered, especially the two former, as the great fathers of all modern literature. Petrarch and Dante were doubtless two of the loftiest and finest spirits, that ever descended upon this our visible diurnal sphere. They divided between them the empire of poetry ; the disposition of Petrarch being particularly sensible to kind emotions, and the beautiful forms which naturally correspond with them, while Dante dwells, in preference, in the regions of sublimity, and loves to experience and excite the deeper feelings of fear and wonder.

The respective events of their lives may have had some effect in determining the tone that prevails in their writings. Petrarch, uniting with the highest intellectual endowments almost every accidental advantage, was an object of general respect and esteem, throughout the civilized world of his time. His undoubted mental superiority elevated him to a familiar intercourse with the highest social circles, and made him the associate of the nobles and sovereigns of the day ; while the gracefulness and beauty of his person, and the elegance of his manners, rendered him a universal favorite in all the companies where his talents introduced him. He was doomed, it is true, to suffer the pangs of an unrequited passion,—if indeed his Laura were a real personage, which seems to be still doubtful,—and sorrows of this description are certainly entitled to their full share of compassion. But when we read the sweet though melancholy strains, with which he was accustomed to complain of the cruelty of his mistress, in the cool shades of his favorite retreat at Vaucluse, and see him coming out of these delightful gardens, to appear at Rome, and receive a laurel crown from the enthusiastic admiration of his countrymen, it is difficult to suppose that the trials of the heart, to which he was subjected, very much diminished his actual enjoyment of life. Dante, on the other hand,—naturally, perhaps, a darker spirit,—fell on evil times. His native city was distracted with parties, contending in bloody struggles to determine which of two foreign interests should obtain the ascendency. The private happiness of this great poet was sacrificed to these contentions. He was banished from Florence, and lived and died away from home. Thus his great work was matured in exile and misfortune. Hence it naturally assumed a severe and gloomy character. The vision of Beauty, which filled his soul, and which he has personified under the name of Beatrice, instead of inspiring him, like the Laura of his famous contemporary, with passionate emotions,—finds him in a thick and shady forest, and conducts him to the infernal regions, where he meets the greater part of his political enemies, condemned to various forms of eternal punishment. Having thus derived a sort of stern satisfaction from taking this poetical revenge upon the opposite party,—he pursues his imaginary course into the happier abodes of the other world, and consoles himself, in his present wretchedness, by dwelling in fancy on the joys of Paradise. In the midst of his distress, he appears, however, to derive a secret compensation from the consciousness of the beautiful language, in which he is able to express it. 'It was from Virgil,' he observes, 'that I learned the fine style that does me so much honor.' His sublimity relaxes at times into tenderness, but even love with him is mixed up with images of pain and horror, and we recoil from the vision of Francesca da Rimini, with almost as strong an instinct, as from the tower of Ugolino. Petrarch, on the other hand, never deviates into painful reflections, nor clouds his pictures with any other shades, than the delicate and tender distresses of his hopeless affection. And love, with him, is of so pure and etherial a cast,—so wholly clear of all mixture of sensual and corrupt ideas,—that it rises almost into moral sublimity, and seems like a sweet and gentle breathing of the spirit of harmony, that informs and moves the universe. The third member of this illustrious trio,—who can hardly, however, be placed upon a level with the others,—possessed a genius more akin to the gay and sportive humor of the Provençal poetry. The Tales in the Decameron, upon which his reputation is founded, are mostly of a comic cast; and the motives to mirth are not in every case as pure as the language in which they are described.

The Italian language has never departed from the standard fixed by these great authorities. Whenever any tendency to vary from its rules has been exhibited, there has always been found, soon after, some powerful genius, who has returned, by the native effort of kindred taste and talent, to these original wells of undefiled learning, and recommended them again to his countrymen. Thus we have seen, within our day, the great dramatic poet Alfieri, passing over the whole intermediate train of his predecessors in the art, and forming his style on the antique model of Dante. The perfect success of the attempt, and the great popularity of his tragedies among his countrymen, are strong proofs that the national taste in Italy is still uncorrupted, and as pure as ever. It is, in fact, a remarkable thing, that in Italy, poetry, instead of declining very rapidly,—as it did in Greece and Rome, and has done in some parts of modern Europe, almost immediately after it reached the point of classical perfection,—has been maintained for five or six centuries, and up to the present day, at the same height of excellence. Not long after the decease of the three great inventors whom we have just characterized, appeared the brilliant group that adorned the period of Leo the Tenth, and comprehended such names as Ariosto, Tasso, Machiavel, Michael-Angelo and Raphael. We mention them all together, because the same spirit, to which in one of its expressions we give the name of poetry, animates the equally delightful creations of the chisel and the canvass, so that the perfection of the latter proves its activity as much as that of the former. It has been evinced in like manner during the last and present century, by the charming strains of Paesiello, Cimarosa and Rossini, the various dramatic excellence of Alfieri, Metastasio and Goldoni, and finally the matchless offspring of the graceful genius of Canova. This continual display of first rate talent in poetry and art, through a long course of centuries, is the more remarkable, inasmuch as Italy has been regularly falling in political importance, comparative and positive, during the whole period. It seems to be the destiny of this favored, though in some respects unfortunate region, to rule, at all times, in one way or another, over the minds of men. But we may safely conclude that even the political condition of a country, which still produces such minds as Alfieri and Canova, and a people that is capable of justly estimating their value, is not wholly desperate.

The Italian school of literature, as it was the first in order, is also perhaps the first in value of all that have appeared in modern Europe. If indeed we consider the other fine arts as belonging to the same family with poetry, (which is really the case,) the question is no longer doubtful, since in architecture, sculpture, painting and music, Italy stands without a rival. In poetry the superiority is somewhat less certain, although it would be difficult to produce any other modern school, in which transcendent genius is so well allied to fine taste, or in which the products have been supplied in such astonishing abundance. It is only in those branches of polite literature, which border on the region of practical science, such as eloquence, history and moral philosophy, that England, France and Germany may with some show of reason pretend to dispute the palm. Even here, however, a host of great names would rise up at once to oppose the pretension. But whatever may be the other merits of the Italian school of art and learning, (which it is not our present object to examine in detail) it possesses, at any rate, the singular and undisputed glory of having preceded all the others,—furnished them with models and rules to work by, and encouraged them, by examples of brilliant success, to enter into similar pursuits.

III. We find, accordingly, that the next development of taste and talent took place in a part of Europe, where the influence of Italy might have been expected to be the greatest. At the same period, when the learning and art of Italy had reached their highest point of perfection, in the golden days of Leo the Tenth, Spain, which then comprehended the whole Peninsula, was flourishing in all her glory, as the leading power of the European Commonwealth. Her dominion extended over a great part of Italy, and the intercourse between the two countries was, of course, frequent and intimate. The finer spirits, who travelled from Spain into Italy, were naturally struck with admiration at the state in which they found the arts, and carried back with them some degree of knowledge and taste. In this way, the attention of their countrymen was directed to these pursuits; and to this circumstance we may probably attribute immediately the formation of the Spanish school of poetry and painting. It grew up with great rapidity, and declined as fast; but during the short period of its splendor, was one of the most vigorous, rich and original creations, in which the intellect of modern Europe has ever put forth its strength. Spain, at that time, held the reins of art and learning as well as policy and war, and while the kingdom of France was distracted by the intrigues of Philip, and almost subdued by his arms, the great Corneille and Molière were seeking at Madrid for the models which they first copied, and then improved upon, until they finally formed a new, and in some respects more perfect manner of their own, and thus laid the foundation for the literary school of their own country. At the same time, the kindred art of painting rose at once, as if by a sudden effort, in all parts of the Spanish dominions, to an astonishing degree of perfection. This circumstance is another strong indication of the quarter from which the genius of the country derived its inspiration. Three different schools, the Spanish, the Flemish, and the Dutch, sprung up almost simultaneously in the different parts of the vast empire of Charles V., and his immediate successors,—being, with that of Italy, the only ones of any merit that have ever appeared in Europe. The names of Murillo and Velasquez, of Rubens and Vandyck, of Rembrandt and Teniers, stand upon the same line with those of Raphael and Titian, and only differ from them as one star differs from another in glory. Such was the luxuriance with which genius poured forth his rich gifts in Castile and her dependent provinces, during the short period of their transitory greatness.

The Spanish school of literature was not only copious and brilliant, but, as was intimated above, in a very eminent degree original. Although roused into life by the inspiring example of Italy, it was far from presenting a simple imitation of Italian models. Its great development took place, in fact, in a department which was least cultivated by the Italians, and was indeed at that time almost wholly deficient among them,—we mean the drama. In this attractive branch of the art, the Spanish genius chiefly displayed itself, and could it have united with its wonderful power a somewhat higher perfection of taste, might have thrown into shade every other example of dramatic literature that the world has seen, excepting always the Greek masters, and the *unique* talent of Shakspeare. Besides several dramatic poets, who flourished at this time and place, and who fall but little below the standard of first-rate excellence, such as Tirso de Molina, Moreto, and others, the Spanish school then possessed, in Lope de Vega and Calderon, two of those rare spirits that seem to take a flight above all standards, and form, with some half a dozen others of the same kind, that have appeared within the memory of man, a little class of their own, distinct from all other classes. The prodigality, with which these illustrious masters poured out their productions, was still more astonishing than their excellence ; but we now see, and must acknowledge with regret, that this circumstance greatly diminished their separate value. Tragedies and comedies, by scores and hundreds,—epics by the dozen, were easy labor to the boundless fertility of Lope, whose dramatic pieces alone are reckoned by thousands. The enthusiasm of his contemporaries, which was thus kept alive, and constantly fired anew by fresh efforts, all displaying the highest talent, though all in a greater or less degree imperfect, could hardly find terms to express itself, and finally consecrated his name as the appropriate designation for every thing rare and precious. We now see, with some degree of pain and regret, that although his genius was not perhaps overrated, the profusion of his works has injured their effect. In this, and some other later cases, experience shows that no superiority of talent will compensate for the want of care and finish.—Out of the hundreds and thousands of Lope's pieces, it would be difficult to select a single one, sufficiently free from faults to be pronounced on the whole good. He says himself, that he knew very well what the rules of correct writing were, but that he was obliged to put his art of poetry under a dozen locks, and suit his wares to the taste of his purchasers. It may be feared, however, that a restless and insatiable thirst for new demonstrations of public favor, coöperated with this motive to create a habit of rapid and careless composition. The same remarks apply in the main to Calderon, who, with somewhat less both of prodigality and power, had enough of both to give his works a reputation and a real value, nearly similar to that of Lope. They have both acquired with justice a high and undisputed fame, and have both left behind them a vast body of poetry, which has served to subsequent authors as a mine of rich materials, but which is very little read or used by the public. The single tragedy of the Cid, borrowed by Corneille from one of the secondary Spanish authors, and wrought up by him into the form of a finished piece, may be said to have, in some sense, eclipsed the whole drama from which its materials were drawn. Thus in our own literature, the few small, but precious gems of poetry that fell from the pens of Gray, Collins and Goldsmith, occupy a larger space in the public mind, and constitute for all practical purposes a more important part of the national literature, than the whole mass of the voluminous but unfinished works of the earlier poets, including even Dryden.

Although the drama was the department in which the Spanish writers chiefly excelled, others were, however, by no means neglected. In epic poetry, besides the hasty and imperfect efforts of Lope, it brought forward in the Araucana a production of great power, and of a strong original cast. To this we may add the Lusiad of Camoëns, since the Portuguese literature is properly an appendage and constituent part of the same Peninsular school. The Spanish romances furnished the original type for the novels, which have multiplied so much of late years, and which may be viewed as forming the real modern epic ; while the admirable genius of Cervantes produced the finest specimen of the mock heroic or comic epic poem, that the world has seen. In this inimitable work, genius appears, as it always ought to do, under the conduct of good taste and patient industry, and so much superior is the effect of a finished work to that of the crude and unwrought efforts of equal or superior talent, that Don Quixote has drawn upon itself and the author a greater share of the attention of the literary world, than the whole contemporary drama. Thus Montesquieu, in his brief review of Spanish literature, entirely overlooks the existence of the drama, and supposes that the language contains nothing but Don Quixote and the old romances. He observes, that 'the Spaniards have but one good book, the object of which is to shew the worthlessness of all the rest.' The success of the Lusiad affords in like manner a strong illustration of the superior value of finished productions. This single work has secured to its author, like that of Cervantes, a permanent literary glory, while the reputation of Lope and Calderon rests in a great measure on tradition, and will gradually sink into the mere shadow of a name. The great writers whom we have mentioned, although inspired by the literature of Italy, may be said to have imitated the success of the great writers of that country, rather than to have directly copied their works. Others, such as Garcilaso and Boscan, imitate more directly the taste and form of the poetry of Italy, and have left some beautiful specimens of the elegiac and amatory style. The departments of eloquence and moral philosophy are nearly vacant in the literature of the Peninsula.

After the short and brilliant period which we have now described, the Spanish school sunk at once,—still more rapidly than the political greatness of the country,—into a state of abasement from which it has never yet made an effort to recover. Genius, taste, industry, every thing liberal and valuable,—excepting perhaps, the natural dignity and uprightness of the Castilian character,—disappeared together, and the seat of learning was transferred, as it were, by an instantaneous movement, with that of power, from Madrid to Paris. It is rather difficult to account satisfactorily for this sudden revolution, as it is, in fact, for the rapid political decline of the Spanish monarchy. Ancient Greece was the favorite abode of art and literature for a long time after she had lost her national importance, and so it has been with modern Italy. In the absence of any other plausible reason, it has been usual to attribute the decay of learning in Spain to the influence of the Inquisition. But this solution of the problem is attended with difficulty, because the Inquisition was not only in existence, but was more active than it ever was before or since, precisely at the epoch of the greatest literary glory of the Peninsula. Lope de Vega was himself a familiar of the Holy Office, and lent his aid, on more than one occasion, at those infernal festivals which bore the name of *Acts of Religion.* We must, therefore, probably look for the cause of the intellectual and political decline of this powerful empire, in other circumstances of a less general character, the nature of which it is of course foreign to our present purpose to examine. A future, or at least very early revival of learning in Spain herself, is hardly perhaps to be expected; but we may venture to hope, that in the flourishing states which will naturally spring up in the ancient possessions of this kingdom in America, under their new political forms, the noble and expressive Castilian dialect may yet bring forth another harvest of fruits, even more mature and exquisite than the first wild though rich products of the parent stock.

IV. The seat of learning was transferred immediately, as we have already remarked, from Madrid to Paris, and at this epoch is properly fixed the commencement of the French school, to which we may advert on a future occasion. We propose to complete the present hasty outline of the rise of learning in the other parts of modern Europe, by a cursory notice of the circumstances attending it in England. There, as in Spain, learning received an impulse from the example of Italy, and began to flourish, in a remarkable manner, contemporaneously with the most brilliant epoch of the arts in the Peninsula.

The English and French languages were the last of all in assuming a precise and mature form. The Italian, the Spanish and the Portuguese had, as we have seen, reached very nearly the forms which they now wear, as early as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, while the French and English were yet wholly unsettled. Learning had been encouraged and protected in England by the Saxon Kings, especially Alfred, who was himself one of the first scholars of his time, and would doubtless have made rapid and regular advances from that period, had not its progress been interrupted by the Norman conquest, which not only crushed the spirit of the people, but introduced for two or three centuries a new and foreign language to the exclusion of the English. But the natural vigor of the mass absorbed and assimilated to itself this mixture of extraneous substance, and it was not long before the hardy, independent and original English spirit began to show itself in literature, as well as in politics. Our earliest poets, particularly Chaucer, though they failed in forming the language, and are now of course in a great measure obsolete and unread, are not inferior, for true poetical inspiration and an affluent facility of style, to the best of their successors. They looked to the great masters of Italy as models, but not with a servile eye. Some of Chaucer's Tales are imitated from those of Boccaccio, but the subjects are treated with a perfectly free and unshackled spirit. Chaucer felt that a good story belonged to him who knew how to tell it well, and he took his property, as Molière said of his own occasional recurrence to the works of his brother poets, wherever he found it. In the mean time, learning advanced, and the language was gradually formed, but the best writers still kept their eyes on Italy, and their taste was doubtless directed and much improved by this circumstance. We discern traces of the study of Italian literature in Spenser; and, at a later period, Milton, whose mind indeed embraced the whole world of thought, drank deeply at these pure and sweet fountains. Even Shakspeare, careless, as he was and had a right to be, of every thing foreign to the resources of his own unrivalled genius, appears nevertheless to have had some knowledge of Italian poetry.

It is properly with Spenser, that the English school of polite literature may be said to open. Few poets of any age or nation have excelled the author of the Fairy Queen, in vigor and richness of imagination, purity of taste, or felicity of language; and had he been a little happier in the choice of his subject, he might have held the same rank in the poetry of England, that was assumed by Dante and Petrarch in that of Italy. But as poetry is properly a representation or picture of the actions and passions of real life as it goes on before us, it can never produce much effect or become truly popular, unless its forms correspond with those of its subject. Hence the great popularity of the drama, which represents exactly the outward semblance as well as the spirit of the world, and thus holds a perfect mirror up to nature. In the Fairy Queen, on the contrary, the observations of the author upon actual life, (for to this, after all, the substance of poetry reduces itself) become unintelligible, and lose their effect in consequence of the precise circumstance, by which he probably intended to heighten it, of their being wrapped up in a cloud of allegory.

Where there is one person forcibly struck by an abstract image of Hypocrisy or Avarice, hundreds and thousands burst with laughter at the grimaces of Tartuffe and Harpagon. We read with satisfaction a well-written statement of the effects of ambition or jealousy, and lay down the book with considerable emotion; but Othello and Macbeth fire the stage, and convulse the spectator with terror and pity, as if the images before him belonged to the circle of his own friends and family. Hence it is that, while Shakspeare and Scott fill the imaginations and the mouths of men, the work of Spenser,—a poet not inferior perhaps in genius to either,—is much praised, occasionally quoted and criticised, now and then taken from the shelf, and wholly unknown to the mass of the people.

In England, as in Spain, the great development of literary talent took place in the drama. The general characteristics of the two schools are nearly the same,---originality, richness and power, with a somewhat rude and imperfect taste. Such is the great merit of the Spanish school in its way, and the extraordinary talent of the principal writers belonging to it, that it would at first view be difficult to suppose that it could have been surpassed or even equalled; but it is nevertheless certain that the British drama, though distinguished in general by beauties of the same kind, and liable to nearly the same objections, has nevertheless reached a height of perfection, which places it far above that of Spain. For this superiority, it is principally indebted to the *unique* and unrivalled genius of Shakspeare. Every form of praise has been, for a century past, so completely exhausted upon this writer, that it is too late to attempt to add any thing either in commendation or illustration of the value of his works. Suffice it to say, that he seems to delight alike in all the great departments of his art, and carries them all to the same degree of perfection. He thus combines in his own person the various sorts of merit which, as we have seen above, are distributed among the three great masters of the Italian school,—and also among the illustrious trio, which stands at the head of French dramatic literature. As the powers requisite for excellence in the various branches of the art depend upon the same principle, viz. a keen sensibility, or in other words, an exquisitely fine constitution of the organs by which our intellectual part communicates with the world around us, the possession of them all by the same individual is not in itself extraordinary. It is rather a thing comformable to the order of nature. But the development of them all by the same person to any great extent, is found by experience to be very uncommon. Accident generally determines, pretty early in life, the direction of the intellectual faculties: habit soon confirms it, and after a time renders any change difficult, and finally impossible. But the genius of Shakspeare never consented to wear these common shackles. He expresses all the various emotions with equal power and freedom, and exhibits in all the same mastery over his subject, facility of style, and richness of fancy. One would hardly suppose it possible that the spirit, which raised the terrible storms of passion that distract the brain of Lear, could breathe with such melting sweetness the soft accents of pure and tender love through the lips of Juliet and Miranda, and then again burst forth with such a hearty good will in the horse-laugh of honest Jack Falstaff. Shakspeare ranges like a chartered libertine through all the domains of the understanding. He could hang up philosophy out of compliment to the charming Juliet, but when he chooses to enter the field of general observation, he puts the seven sages of Greece to the blush. It would be easy to select from his plays a body of practical ethics, superior not merely in power and beauty of expression, but in actual truth, to any treatise on the subject that has yet been produced. When he paints nature, his canvass is all alive, and when he chooses to exert his creative power, he introduces us to half a dozen imaginary worlds, each of which appears to be as real, and soon becomes as familiar to us as our own. To display a second-rate talent in several walks of art or science is nothing,—the worthless triumph of conscious mediocrity;—to excel in any one, is sufficient for the glory of any one man:—but to carry each and all at once to a greater perfection than any other person of any age or nation, is something apparently miraculous, and places the divine genius which was able to accomplish it, entirely *hors de pair.* Such, however, is the praise of Shakspeare. Nevertheless, he may justly be charged with occasional offences against good taste: and this seems to be an accidental result of the astonishing variety of his powers. His faults consist for the most part in bringing together in the same picture various figures, in themselves all good, but in their nature incongruous. The porter in Macbeth, for example, is a capital sketch, but he interrupts, unpleasantly, the solemn interest with which we follow out the wild and supernatural story of the play. It is impossible, however, for a real lover of poetry, to desire, that the works of Shakspeare,—whatever may be their faults,—had been any other than they are. The enthusiastic admiration of the German school of the present day has even sanctified his errors, and proved, satisfactorily, that they are all real beauties.

By the side of this miracle of genius, the other dramatists, his contemporaries, though possessing great merit, appear at a disadvantage. The wit and learning of Jonson,—the sweetness of Beaumont and Fletcher,—the power and richness of Massinger, Ford and Shirley, are eclipsed by the superior perfection of their matchless rival, in most of their as well as his peculiar qualities. They constitute, however, a noble *cortège* to his triumphal car. Their value was more highly appreciated by their contemporaries than it is now, for the age in which he lived, by a singular fatality, does not seem to have been fully aware of the transcendent excellence of the poet of Avon. Pepys, in his private memoirs, lately published, declares the plays of Ben Jonson to be the best he had seen, pronounces the Midsummer Night's Dream 'insipid and ridiculous,'—Othello a 'mean thing,' and Henry VIII. 'a simple piece of patch-work.' Such profane language as this, in the mouth of one of the best judges of the time, himself a poet and fond of the drama, may serve to console the admirers of Racine for the fall of *Phèdre*, and the complete failure of *Athalie.*

Such were the glories of the English school of poetry, in its best and brightest days, but they did not end here. The same period, which produced this brilliant constellation of dramatic poets, beheld the youth of one, whom a competent judge has declared to be 'not second' to the best of them, and who has tried his powers in a line of poetry which critics commonly regard as superior to the drama. It does not belong to us to correct the decision of Gray, upon the comparative excellence of Shakspeare and Milton, although his judgment may not, perhaps, agree with ours: nor does the cursory manner in which we are compelled to treat the subject permit us to enlarge upon the merits of the latter. We are free to confess, that with the highest admiration for the genius and character of Milton, we do not recognise in his poetry a talent of the same order with that of Shakspeare. His touch is free and bold,—that of Shakspeare airy and elastic. The coloring of Milton is rich and true,—that of Shakspeare fresh, bright and dewy. In Milton's creations, we feel the hand of a master;—in those of Shakspeare, we forget it. But why balance invidiously the respective merits of these illustrious men, each of them in his way original, and without a rival, and who, from the circumstances of their education, and the form of their productions, do not properly come into comparison? In fact, when Gray declares that Milton was not inferior to Shakspeare, he probably meant that they were both first-rate minds, moving in different spheres, and not susceptible of being weighed in the same balance. This is doubtless a correct view of the subject, but were we compelled to sacrifice the works of one or the other, we should consent, with comparatively little reluctance, to relinquish those of Milton.

The revival of eloquence and moral philosophy is another of the great merits of the English school of literature. Bacon and Jeremy Taylor stood at that lofty, and to most minds inaccessible height of intellectual eminence, where philosophy and poetry are seen to flow together from their common spring in the heart; and they combine the essential qualities of both. Locke took his departure from a somewhat different point. He made no account of feeling, and set but little value on what he considered the deceptive coloring of eloquence and poetry; but explored with singular clearness of view the field of intellect, which he thought worth attention. His philosophy, however, remained imperfect, and in order to produce its proper beneficial effects, required to be completed by some equally powerful mind. Instead of this, it was destined to become, in the hands of his foreign disciples, a code of immorality and falsehood, and in its practical results to unsettle, for a time the peace of Europe and the world.

Such was the brilliant state of the English school of learning and art, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Although the drama was discouraged in the following period of confusion and civil war, the spirit of poetry survived, and flourished in the person of Milton; and from the great display of talent, which took place after the accession of Charles, it is probable that the standard of taste would have risen still higher than it stood before, without any corresponding decline of genius, had the mind of the country continued to pursue its former independent and original course. But at this critical moment, it met the fate which befel the ruined archangel in his tedious flight through chaos, having been struck by a side-wind, whose 'tempestuous rebuff' drove it ten thousand fathoms wide of its former glorious path, and gave it, for at least a century, a new and false direction. This side-wind was no other than the influence of the French school of poetry, then at its highest point of splendor and perfection. Charles II. and the train of attendants who accompanied him on his return, had been educated in this school, and had no taste for any other. Their personal and political relations with France, kept up a strict and continual intercourse between the two courts: and that of Charles was in every respect fashioned on the model established by his illustrious contemporary. Language, manners, morals, taste, politics, religion,—every thing was French. Learning and art could not fail to be affected by this revolution; and Dryden, one of the most powerful, but not least pliant of the masters of English literature, was but too well fitted by his talent and character to set the new fashion. Milton, still alive and in the fullness of his power, was forgotten, and the Paradise Lost dropped still-born from the press. The true English drama was despised as barbarous, and nothing would answer but tragedies in rhyme, on the model of Corneille and Racine. It is painful to reflect, that 'Glorious John,' as Dryden has by courtesy been lately called, should have prostituted a first-rate talent to the sole purpose of supplying the vicious taste of the court with these miserable wares: and after forty years of constant literary labor, have left no monuments, excepting a few short occasional pieces, really worthy of his genius. Pope followed in the same taste, but with better success, and though writing in another language, is one of the principal ornaments of the French school of poetry. But this exotic style never took deep root or flourished much in the English soil, and after the time of Pope pretty soon decayed, and came to nothing. Meantime, the true native school had also ceased to be productive, and there intervened a temporary poverty of real poetical and literary talent, greater, perhaps, than had been known since the time of Chaucer. The general movement of intellect, that came on soon after throughout all Christendom, and the expansion of the political influence and national glory of England that followed, awoke the slumbering genius of the country, and within our day another native school of learning has sprung up with a most luxuriant display of original vigor, and, having taken in the main a right direction, promises to pursue a long and successful career on both sides of the Atlantic.

Thus the brief review of English learning, into which we have now entered, brings us back to the French school, which we had already reached by the way of Madrid. It is not from any prejudice against the French style of poetry, that we have been led to represent its influence on the state of English learning as unfavorable. Pride, indeed, as well as principle, ought to induce us to do full justice to the merit of a foreign school, which possessed power enough to arrest the progress of the English mind, at one of its most active periods, and change its direction for a century. 'Great let me call him, for he conquered me.' We ought, for the honor of our fathers, to presume that the strange gods, which could draw them from their natural allegiance to Shakspeare and Milton, were not without some well-founded claims to real divinity; higher, perhaps, than the public of the present day is in general ready to admit. The character and real value of the principal writers of the French school may, probably, engage our attention in a future article.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of Brissot.*

Mémoires de Brissot, Membre de l' Assemblée Législative et de la Convention Nationale, sur ses Contemporains et la Revolution Française. Publiés par son Fils avec des Notes et des Eclaircissemens Historiques. Par M. F. DE MONTROL. A Bruxelles. 3 vols. 12mo. 1830.

'BÉNISSONS L' AMÉRIQUE,' exclaimed Madame Roland, in 1788, while looking forward to the great events of the next year, with that virtuous hope, and those raised expectations, which were so miserably disappointed,—*attendons et voyons,*—*bénissons l' Amérique.*[*] In whatever temper,—however lightly this emphatic expression may have been uttered, it comes full of meaning to our ear. It addresses us as the first successful propagators of those opinions, which, like leaven, are stirring the sluggish mass around us. It commands us to consider with lenity and compassion the errors and excesses of those, who are following our footsteps, under far less advantageous circumstances. It bids us, from this observatory of freedom, to look out upon the troubled waters, on which the iron-bound oak of England, torn from its moorings, is swaying to and fro,—to hearken to the sound of strife, which reaches us across the Atlantic,—and reflect, that we are responsible for much of the evil, as well as much of the good which this contest is producing,—that our success has emboldened the patriots of every age and every nation; and that upon our moderation and our virtue it depends, whether, through every coming century, America shall be blessed as the first to establish and to teach rational liberty, or cursed as the propagator of false and impracticable dogmas, which have shaken the foundation of every civil and religious establishment.

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[*] Lettre à M. Bosc, 1st Oct. 1788.

In this country, there would be comparatively no difficulty in bringing the spirit of an impartial philosophy to bear upon the historical analysis of the events of the French Revolution, were they not intimately connected with some of the stormiest passages of our own annals. The great contest of opinion, which has not yet altogether ceased, renders it scarcely possible even to allude to the events of our constitutional history, without calling forth from their recesses those angry feelings, which are but slowly yielding to other and more recent causes of excitement.

We would hope, however, that the few remarks now to be made upon the character of one of the most prominent men of the French Revolution, will not furnish any such cause of offence. When his career closed, our internal contest can hardly be said to have begun; moreover, the ancient watch-words of party are gradually falling into disuse, and we are discovering, though not as rapidly as might be wished, the full force of perhaps the most generous sentiment which ever fell from the lips of a successful statesman in the first flush of victory :---' we are all Republicans, we are all Federalists.'*

The memoirs, of which the title is placed at the head of this paper, form one of the most recent additions to the long list of auto-biographies connected with the Revolution. The number of these productions, most of them written too at times of great danger, in prison or in lurking places, when blood was flowing like water, and the life of no man was safe for twenty-four hours, is strongly illustrative of that feature of the French character, which seizes upon and solaces itself with whatever the present holds out, neither disquieted by reminiscences, nor troubled by fears.

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* Jefferson's Inaugural Address.

What value should we not attach to the complete memoirs of any one of the eminent men of our early history, written while the strife was going on, and giving vividly the private narratives belonging to it? It is surprising to find how little we know of what may be called the domestic history of the old Congress. The amplitude of the French materials, on the contrary, is as wonderful as our deficiency. Not to speak of the memoir writers of the time of Napoleon, they have accounts of their early revolutionary period, written by representatives of nearly all the different factions that stood opposed to each other. There are the memoirs of Ferrières and Bésenval, nobles,—of Mounier a royalist, of Bailly the constitutionalist, of Rabaut St. Etienne, Louvet, Barbaroux, and now of Brissot, Girondists,—lastly, of Camille Desmoulins the Dantonist. Most of these, with a host of others, have been published collectively within the last ten years, under the title of *Mémoires relatifs à la Révolution Française*, forming a series, without which, we need scarcely say, it is impossible rightly to understand that most interesting period to which they relate. No compendium can supply their place. Even Mignet's work, perhaps the most to be relied upon, is rendered insufficient by his Tacitus-like brevity, while the Epitome of Scott, destined we fear for some time to fill the place of one less partial, has most of the defects and few of the virtues of an abridgment. It is even more wanting in clearness than in fullness.*

If these memoirs, containing undoubtedly, amidst a mass of prejudices and contradictions, the most authentic materials of the history of that period, were better known, we should be more ready to admit that the deluded agents and sufferers in the Revolution were men, and had hearts and souls like ourselves,—that while error, too great and too fatal, spread its mists around nearly all of them, cold and calculating vice was confined to but a few.

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* It seems almost like ingratitude in one of the present generation, which individually and collectively has received so much delight from the pen of this illustrious man, to cavil at any thing that comes from him; but is it captious or unfounded to say, that his mind was embosomed in the rich shades, and among the gorgeous pageants of an earlier age,—that it did not keep pace with the rapid changes of our day?

We should also more easily detect the misrepresentations of that Tory and high-toned Whig Press of England, which has so long given laws to American literature. The adherents of both these parties, at present opposed to each other, but differing little in principle, and whom we shall before long see united in opposition to their common enemy, the Radicals, have hitherto cordially united in heaping every opprobrious epithet upon the agents in the French Revolution,* (with rare exceptions) from the *Constitutionnel* to the *Montagnard.* The select appellations which the Anti-Reformers of Britain divide between the Republicans of France and America, although pronounced false as regards ourselves, we have been sometimes credulous enough to apply to others; but this sort of colonial feeling, which has heretofore too much pervaded our *salons* and our cultivated circles, and which would make our opinions little else than an echo of error and intolerance, is fast giving way to the more healthy and national emotions, which throb in the breast of the great mass of the American people.

Let us not be misled by that press, which is at this moment the greatest obstacle to a right understanding between the liberal minds on both sides of the Atlantic, which is forever occupied in blowing into a flame the embers of hostility, that would otherwise have long since expired,—which in turn misrepresents our actual condition, and the feelings with which we are regarded in Europe,—which checks, by its false statements or its arrogant sneer, those sentiments of mutual respect and affection, that should subsist between us. Let us not, we say, be misled by this blinded press,—but when we see how much it is wanting with regard to us, adopt with distrust its views of European politics.

England, whether we regard her as a nation or as divided into the two great parties, Whig and Tory, was too vitally interested against the French Revolution to judge it fairly. Her writers, almost uniformly, present us with one-sided views of the time; dwelling upon horrors which are undeniable, and omitting the causes which palliate or excuse those excesses.

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* The events of the two last years have in a great measure falsified our remarks, so far as regards the Edinburgh Review and its kindred periodicals,—the brilliant success of the French revolutionists, and the feeble and dilatory progress of their own reformers, have taught them philosophy. But no one, who has traced the course of that Review for the last thirty years, so liberal and high-minded on every subject connected with its own island, can fail to have marked the misplaced arrogance with which it has treated the popular parties of the continent and of America.

We are constantly reminded of the crimes committed by the people, but we are not presented with the catalogue of the vices of their monarchs, not shorter nor less bloody. We are told of the tocsin which awoke the Parisian mob to pillage and slaughter, but we are not reminded that it was the same sound which, at a king's command, ushered in the day of St. Bartholomew. They do not omit to dwell upon the horrors of the *Noyades*, but the bloody *Dragonnades* are quite forgotten. We are told of enormous taxation, of the *maximum* and of the *requisition* of the French youth perishing on the frontiers; but we are not bidden to recollect treasures wasted, and a nation sent into mourning to gratify the ambition of Louis XIV.

The *Parc-aux-cerfs*, the scandalous vices of the whole reign of Louis XV., the outrageous luxury and oppression of the nobles, and the unheard-of misery of the *Tiers Etat*, are all put aside, that with a single eye we may contemplate the blood-thirstiness and cruelty of the people. It is idle to think of deducing the causes of the French Revolution, from the middle or even the beginning of the eighteenth century. We must go far, far up in their history, and trace down an almost uninterrupted series of oppression, extravagance, misgovernment on the one hand, and of misery, poverty, degradation on the other, from the first Bourbon to the fifth of May, 1789,* before we can fully appreciate the feelings of the people on that ever-to-be-remembered day.

Poets sing to us of the pride of blood; of the stirring emotions that flow from a long line of ancestry. Is it not to be supposed, that feelings of another and a deeper dye are also handed down from generation to generation? There is a chronicle kept in the heart, of the misery of fathers, of mothers, of ancestors, of their oppression and of their wrongs, as well as of chivalrous feats and knightly prowess.

It has been too much the fashion to look upon the French Revolution as a period placed apart,—a period, barred by its unintelligible horrors from all relation with previous and succeeding events; it was in truth most intimately connected with them, and was but the completion and last term of a long series of occurrences, that had been slowly tending to this end. It was a peculiar fulfilment of the declaration, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, until the third and fourth generation. It presents the spectacle of a nation, sitting in severe and unpardoning judgment upon the heirs to the crimes of centuries. A king, whose incompetency as a monarch would have been cloaked in more peaceable times by his virtues as a man, perished on the scaffold for the vices of his ancestors. A nobility and clergy, not altogether unwilling to surrender the most galling of their privileges and the most oppressive of their institutions, were stripped of every immunity and every right, by a people, who saw in them only the depositaries of the pride, the arrogance, and the heartlessness of their forefathers.

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* Meeting of the States General.

The French Revolution, with its wild excesses and insatiate cruelty, is utterly incomprehensible, according to any view of human nature, if it be not regarded as a retribution,—fearful and wicked, forbidden by the laws of God and man,—but yet only a retribution, crowded into a brief space, of the wrongs of centuries.

It is to be remembered that the prominent men of the period were either of no education, moral or intellectual, or that they belonged to the class of *savans* and *littérateurs*, who, caressed and insulted by turns, felt perhaps more sensibly than any others, the difference of ranks; and that they were without the restraints of religion, which was almost to a man abandoned by the nation in its utmost need. There seems also to have been no one, sufficiently democratic in his opinions, and at the same time possessed of enough virtue and courage to command the respect and fear of the people. After Mirabeau, there appears to have been no one even capable of over-awing the multitude. ‘France,’ says Madame Roland, ‘appears to have been, as it were, exhausted of men: it is really surprising, that so few have appeared in the progress of the Revolution. We have seen scarcely any thing but pigmies.’

With these prefatory remarks to bespeak the kind consideration of our readers for the subject of the following pages, we approach the auto-biography of Brissot. Brissot, as is well known, was one of the most prominent men of that party sometimes called *Girondins*, sometimes after himself *Brissotins*, which for a moment held the reins of the State, but was shortly afterwards swallowed up by that Revolution, which, to use the simile of Vergniaud, like Saturn, devoured its own children. Brissot possesses a peculiar claim to our favorable construction, from the interest which, at an early period, he took in our national fortunes; and he may indeed be regarded as a favorable specimen of the early republican character of France. The memoirs, now under review, purport to have been written at the Abbaye during Brissot's imprisonment there, from May to October, 1793; and, as they are guarantied by the names of his son, Anarcharsis Brissot, and of M. Montrol, the author of a History of the Emigration, we know of no reason to doubt their authenticity. The first part, coming down to the year 1787, which alone has yet reached us, was published at Paris, in 1830, and re-printed at Brussels, in a more accessible form, in the course of the same year. The work is not written with any great perspicuity or regard to chronological accuracy; but we shall be able to extract from it, so far as it comes down, a brief outline of the most marked events of the author's career; below that period, the contemporary history of the time furnishes abundant materials for completing the narrative of his life.

JEAN PIERRE BRISSOT, the son of a *traiteur*, the thirteenth of sixteen children, was born at Chartres, in the district of *Béauce*, on the 14th of January, 1754. In so large a family, it was clearly desirable that each son should bear some distinguishing title, and Brissot took, according to the custom of his province, the name of the town where he had been nursed, *Ouarville*, which he afterwards anglicized into Warville, and by which appellation he was frequently known. He is, nevertheless, sometimes confounded with his brother, *Brissot Thivars*.

At the early age of eight or nine, at the College of Chartres, he appears to have been an assiduous scholar, but even then he was infected by the spirit of irreligion, which, like a pestilence, was spreading throughout every rank of France. His skepticism drew down the censure of the clergy, and the displeasure of his father. We can easily pardon the anger of one much more stern than he represents his parent, in reading the language in which he speaks of the progress of his mind on this subject.

The jests of a fellow student, Guillard (afterwards an opera writer) ridiculed him out of the Catholic religion, and not very long after this period, he sits down at his leisure to prove the comparative advantages of belief and unbelief.

> 'I went to sleep a materialist, and awoke a deist; next day, I gave the palm to pyrrhonism. When my spirits were high, I was in love with atheism. Such was the state of doubt and error, in which several of my years were passed, until at length, enlightened by the writings of Rousseau, and having maturely weighed the testimony of my own consciousness, I came to the conviction of the existence of a God, and regulated my conduct accordingly. My pyrrhonism was never extended farther than revelation; I had always believed, that revealed religion was imposture. Entertaining these views, I did not hesitate to assail Christianity. Having accidentally encountered an English treatise upon the subject of St. Paul, I wrote another in reply.

This work appeared at Hamburg in 1782. In justice, however, it should be recorded that it is the only irreligious production which fell from his pen. 'Human happiness,' he says, 'flows from a reciprocal toleration of opinions, and I cannot condemn too severely this early trifling, fit only to create irritation, and to cause hatred and strife.'*

At an early age, that restlessness, that discontent, that longing after immortality, which, with those destined to take a prominent share in active life, so often render even youth little different from an unquiet dream, appear to have seized upon Brissot. He thus commemorates some of the feelings of his boyhood.

> 'The professor had divined the ambitious views by which I was tortured; I was wholly absorbed by the passion for renown; a theatre of action alone was wanting. The idea of revolution often entered my mind, though I dared not yet disclose it; and I naturally assigned to myself one of the most important parts in the drama. I had been very deeply impressed by the history of Charles the First and Cromwell. I will, nevertheless, avow, and the declaration will not find favor with those who convert patriotism into a species of cannibalism, that I never, in my romantic dreams, imitated the barbarous example of murdering my captive; I only sent him into exile.'

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* Tom. I. p. 112.

The earlier stages of his education being passed through, Brissot eagerly grasped at the opportunity offered him of becoming independent of his parents, whom he had offended, and entered himself as a clerk, with one Nolleau, *procureur du Parlement* at Paris, from whom he received a salary of four hundred livres per annum ; in this office, he was so singularly happy as to have Robespierre for a fellow student.

He seems, by his own statement, to have partaken very lightly of the dissipation of the continental metropolis, and to have devoted himself to literary pursuits almost from the moment of his entering Paris. While yet a clerk in Nolleau's office, he attracted the attention of Linguet, at that time a *littérateur* of considerable notoriety, and was allowed to contribute to his *Journal de Politique et de Littérature.* Linguet, however, soon became embroiled with La Harpe, editor of the *Mercure*, who was supported by Suard, and a majority of the academicians ; he lost the favor of the young queen, who at first befriended him, and as the periodical press depended at that time wholly upon the favor of the government, Linguet was obliged to abandon his paper to his antagonists, and take refuge first in Holland, and afterwards in England.

Nolleau died, and Brissot continued his studies with a brother-in-law of the deceased attorney. This person, probably discerning the turn of his clerk's mind, advised him to abandon his chosen profession, either for the bar, (as counsel) or literature. This advice was sufficiently palatable to Brissot, already disgusted with the systematic drudgery of his vocation, and he acknowledged his compliance with it, by publishing almost immediately a pamphlet entitled *Sur l'Indépendance de l'Avocat.* This was followed up soon after, in 1766—7, by a satire, entitled *Pot Pourri.* This latter procured him the honor of a *lettre-de-cachet*, the consequences of which he avoided by a timely flight to his native town.

After a short interval, we again find him in Paris, without friends and without resources. Of this period of his life, he thus speaks:

> 'Poverty was not my severest trial: I was compelled to borrow, and in order to induce my friends to lend, to deceive them in relation to my prospects. This humiliating necessity rent my very soul. How often did I regret, that I was unacquainted with any mechanical occupation, by which, still retaining the

knowledge I had already acquired, I might become independent! There is no period of my life, on which I look back with greater sorrow. I found in it nothing but misery concealed beneath the show of pleasure, dangerous connexions, and degrading expedients, like that I have already mentioned, and which I then regarded as almost pardonable. I thank Heaven for preserving me from those greater faults and vices, into which distress has power sometimes to hurry us. I still shudder at the recollection.

Brissot appears to have espoused the cause of the revolted American Colonies at an early period, and before the French Court had determined upon their policy, he wrote a satire upon Lord North, entitled *Testament Politique de l'Angleterre.* Vergennes forbade its appearance, but it was published in Switzerland, 'grâce aux presses de Neufchâtel, qui se chargeaient alors d'eclairer la France malgré les ministres.' *

An Englishman named Swinton, together with Deserre Delatour, a Frenchman, were at this time engaged in publishing at London a French newspaper, called the *Courrier de l'Europe,* which was one of the earliest of the periodicals, that are now like levers strained to upturn the gothic thrones of the continent. The information that Brissot gives us, with regard to this Gazette, may not be unacceptable. Before the publication of the Courrier, says he, England was literally *terra incognita* to the rest of Europe. Nothing was known of her internal transactions. The only knowledge they had of her constitution was derived from Montesquieu, or from the superficial accounts of a few travellers, hired by the Parisian booksellers to spend a fortnight in London, and bring back their budget of frivolity. An acute Frenchman perceived that the necessity under which the continental governments found themselves of accurately understanding the domestic details of English affairs, was a sure foundation for a successful periodical. He resolved to establish it. The French authorities readily comprehended how valuable such a gazette would be to them, in the violent contests then on the eve of breaking out.

The war had already commenced, when the Anglo-French newspaper was begun. It was eagerly read, from Paris to St.

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* Page 245.

Petersburg. Its list of subscribers was filled from every kingdom of Europe. It acquainted the continent for the first time with Fox and Burke, whose speeches were republished and extolled. All admired the eloquence of these orators, and all were equally astonished that the Guelph should submit to be thus bearded at the foot of his throne. 'What!' exclaimed the readers, 'no *lettres-de-cachet*? No Bastille? The people must indeed be kings across the channel.'

Brissot's *Testament Politique* fell into the hands of the editor, Swinton, who was at this moment looking out for some assistant to superintend the distribution of the paper on the continent. Brissot eagerly accepted the trust, and for the purpose of more conveniently executing it, immediately established himself at Boulogne. The English ministry, harrassed by this spy upon its measures, but unable legally to stop its publication, not long after this succeeded in throwing some obstacles in the way of the transmission of the paper from London to the Continent. The editors then resolved to republish it at Boulogne, and Brissot took upon himself the charge of this department, under the *surveillance* of one Aubert, appointed censor by Vergennes. In the languid and impeded efforts of this feeble periodical, how little was there to foreshow that this same means,—the daily press,—would become the most energetic organ for the advancement of those opinions which, in spite of the open hostility of some, and the lukewarm friendship of others, are winning their always laborious and sometimes bloody way, beating back, broken and routed, the hosts of superstition, intolerance and oppression, and approaching every year nearer and nearer to their certain goal? They go abreast with advancing virtue and knowledge,—it is not to be desired that their progress should be more rapid than that of their natural and rightful companions.

The censorship soon became too rigid, and Brissot, disgusted with Swinton, whom he accuses of falsehood and villany, abandoned the paper and returned to Paris. With characteristic activity, we find him almost immediately, and for some time following, engaged in prosecuting various literary enterprises. While contributing to the *Dictionnaire Ecclésiastique de toute la France*, he wrote a work entitled, '*La Théorie des Lois Criminelles*,' published in 1781, and which afterwards led to the *Bibliothèque Philosophique des Lois Criminelles*, printed at Berlin, in 1782, and edited also by himself. His

Traité de la Verité, which he esteemed his best production, was published at Neufchâtel in 1782.

These works, it is not our province to criticise. They bear the marks of a mind rather active than profound, and especially distinguished by an inquisitive, incredulous and somewhat arrogant disposition, which not unfrequently occasions the unhappiness of its possessor, but in the long run generally applies its own corrective, and ends by bringing good out of evil.

The following sketch of his opinions, or rather emotions, which belongs, we believe, to the year 1783, is characteristic.

> 'The overthrow of royalty, which was then believed to be so essential to the interests of France, was at this time the aim of all my writings, and of all my projects. I entertained an irreconcilable hatred for kings: I could not speak of them with the least composure. The very sight of Versailles made me shudder: I never entered the castle but once, and then with the utmost reluctance. I did so at the solicitation of my wife, and the bad humor into which I was thrown, and which I ascribed to another cause, was only the effect of the spectacle of royalty. In order to subvert despotism, I formed a scheme which I thought must be attended with success. To excite a general rebellion against arbitrary governments, the minds of men must be enlightened, not by voluminous and elaborate works, for these the people will not read, but by smaller productions, like those by which Voltaire labored to destroy superstition; by a journal, which might shed its light in every direction.'

This project, the conception of which gives us a good idea of the very great mental activity of Brissot, was no less than to establish a Lyceum for the universe, at the head-quarters of which, at stated periods, should assemble the *savans* of every country fortunate enough to have any *savans* to send, and of which the high priest should publish a journal, propagating, among other things, the great truths of liberty and equality.

Fired with the thought, Brissot once more bade adieu to Paris, apparently without regret, and made his way through the south of France to Geneva. This visit subsequently gave rise to his *Philadelphien à Genève*, published in 1783. After a short tour through Switzerland, made partly with the object of concerting arrangements for the reprinting and distribution of his proposed *Journal du Lycée*, he returned to Boulogne by the way of Paris, where he was married to Mademoiselle Felicité Dupont.

'I returned with my mother-in-law to Boulogne. There I passed some weeks in the bosom of filial and fraternal love, in the midst of all the enjoyments of friendship. My marriage had given me three sisters, or rather, three friends, for in this family all hearts were united.'

Early in 1783, Brissot went to London, where he intended to establish his press, and as he could not immediately put it in operation, he once more attached himself to the Courrier de l' Europe. In the latter part of the next year, he quitted this paper to pursue the design of his Lyceum, which had languished sometime for want of funds, but was at length begun by the assistance of one Desforges d' Hurecourt. Never at a loss however for subjects whereupon to employ his pen, and with a most honorable desire to diffuse, as far as lay in his power, accurate and valuable knowledge, Brissot in the mean time published a *Correspondance Philosophique et Littéraire*, a *Tableau exact des Arts et des Sciences de l'Angleterre* and a *Tableau de l'Inde*, the two last works being particularly intended to enlighten his fellow-countrymen on the power and resources of England.

An embargo was unfortunately laid upon his industry by his printer, and he was thrown into prison for debt. The moment he was discharged, he flew to France, where an inhospitable reception awaited him. On suspicion of having a share in the authorship of some of the vile libels, such as the *Amours du Vizir de Vergennes*, *La Gazette Noire*, *Les Passetemps d' Antoinette*, with which the press then swarmed, he was arrested and thrown into the Bastille. He repelled the charge with indignation; vehemently asserting that his love of liberty had never led him into falsehood or indecency, and after an imprisonment of two months, the Minister, softened by the prayers of his wife and friends, or satisfied perhaps with the mortification and suffering thus inflicted upon an inveterate radical, loosened his chains, on the express condition, however, that the *Journal du Lycée* should be discontinued, and the whole scheme abandoned.

From this time (September, 1784) Brissot, poor, and perhaps disheartened by his repeated ill success, appears to have led a quiet and unobtrusive life, until the summer of 1787, when he accepted the somewhat heterogeneous title, which we will not attempt to translate, of *Lieutenant Général de la Chancellerie du Duc d'Orleans.* The labor of this office consisted, as he says, in an examination of the objects to which the prince might apply his immense fortune.

This flagitious aud despicable individual, who had just arrived at his fortune by the death of his father, was at this moment the rallying point of the opposition to the King, and the Ministry, headed by the inefficient Brienne. Brissot entered fully into the views of his principal; and attacking the schemes of the government in several pamphlets, (among which we believe were the *Lettre d' un Citoyen à un frondeur sur les affaires présentes* and the *Moniteur*, a periodical circulated with great secrecy and circumspection, and attributed to the joint labors of Brissot, Condorcet, and Clavière,) he was offered the customary remedy for excessive freedom of opinion, a *lettre-de-cachet.* This he hastily rejected, and once more took refuge in England.

Here, unfortunately, just at the point where it grows most interesting, this first part of the memoir ends; below this period, it is however comparatively easy to detail the principal events of Brissot's life.

Before his leaving France, we find him among the most prominent in laying the foundation of the society of the *Amis des Noirs*, the first association of French philanthropists for that object, the comprehensive wisdom and benevolence of which we of this age, who are witnesses of the perilous position of our gallant brethren of the South, can best appreciate. When we take a view of the whole of Brissot's life, we must not forget to offset this constant devotion to a wise humanity against the errors and the madness of his subsequent course. When shall we learn to discriminate between the unfortunate and the vicious, the unwise and the wicked?

Brissot's sojourn in England appears to have been but short, and in June 1788, he sailed from Havre for Boston, to make the tour of the United States, the government and institutions of which, for several years previous, appear to have attracted much of his attention. 'The object of these Travels was not to study antiques or to search for unknown plants, but to study men who had just acquired their liberty,—my principal design was to examine the effects of liberty upon man, society and government.' These travels, which were published in France in 1791, and republished in English soon after, although highly complimentary to this country, never met with any great favor, we believe, on this side of the Atlantic. They were rather too radical, in their tone, for our fathers of that day and generation, and perhaps the unhappy fate of their author assisted to create a prejudice against them. This work, although sometimes superficial, shows nevertheless much observation, and is filled with that love of republican institutions and that humane desire for the intellectual advancement of his fellow beings, which so strongly characterised the author's mind.

Deep and accurate thinking never appears to have been an attribute of Brissot; active and indefatigable, he labored more than he reflected. He was essentially a *working-man*, but his virtuous efforts and his unwearied benevolence have not saved his name from being added to that long list of misguided persons, which proves so conclusively that neither industry nor humanity can avail any thing, if unassisted by a knowledge of our own nature, by that worldly wisdom which is the compass and the chart to the mariner through the shoals and breakers of this life, and last and greatest, by that wisdom which cometh from on high, and which alone can lead us to the safe haven of another world.

Late in the year 1788, or in one of the first months of 1789, hastened, as he says, by the approaching Revolution in France, he returned thither, and from this time dates his political career. He almost immediately commenced his *Patriote Français*, one of the most popular of those gazettes which, upon the first dawn of the revolutionary day, sprang into existence like the ephemera, which the sun warms into being. This paper he maintained until his arrest in 1793, at one period assisted by Girey Duprey, who shared his fate, but the greater part of the time without any aid whatever.

To the first meeting of the States General, *L'Assemblée Constituante*, Brissot was not deputed, but early in 1789 we find him a member of the Commune of Paris, a prominent agent of that municipal authority, so powerful to rouse, so impotent to allay the passions of the populace. In this capacity, he had the honor in July of receiving the keys of the Bastille.

During the two subsequent years, Brissot distinguished himself in this office, and more especially in the club of Jacobins, of which he was an early and active member. The celebrated petition, drawn up after the arrest of the King at Varennes, declaring Louis dethroned, and demanding a successor, which was to have been signed upon the Champ de Mars by the assembled people, is said to have been the production of Brissot, who was at this time *Président du Comité des Recherches de la Ville de Paris.* This, it may be remembered, was the day when La Fayette attacked and dispersed the organs of the turbulent faction, and when, for once during the struggle, the strong arm of the law exercised a legitimate sway.

The second national assembly, *La Législative,* met at Paris, in October 1791; Brissot was deputed to it; and was immediately appointed one of its Secretaries. It now became apparent that the contest, which had so long existed between the Constitutionalists and the Jacobins, must end in the overthrow of the former. Brissot had long been a member of the party called by the general appellation of Jacobin, which looked to an ulterior and more levelling change, but comprised within itself two factions, wholly disagreeing as to the nature of that change and the means by which it was to be effected. These two parties, as yet engaged with the common foe, had not leisure, or did not think it safe to defy each other.

The party of the Gironde, containing in its ranks great talent, but, as it proved, no very active courage or comprehensive wisdom, and bearing in its front the names of Condorcet, Brissot, Vergniaud, Louvet, Barbaroux, Petion, whom the royalist Ferrières calls '*une machine à ressort montée par Brissot,*' and many others of almost equal celebrity, were the first to profit by the defeat of the *Constitutionnels,* and when these were driven from the helm, the Girondists assumed the perilous post. It was then that the *boudoir* of Madame Roland became the council chamber, and that this extraordinary woman, to whom Sir Walter Scott should have forgiven an imperfect education and the defective manners of the age,* as she represents herself knitting or sewing at her little table, in the corner of the room, by turns listened to and influenced the decisions of the ministers.

From the moment of the formation of this party, Brissot was its principal leader in the assembly. The ultra-democracy of his opinions, his incessant activity, which brought him before the public in his *Patriote Français,* at the tribune, and in the Jacobin club, together with his accurate knowledge of the situation of the continental powers, all combined to give him great influence.

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* Vide the remarks in the Life of Napoleon on her Memoirs.

† Mignet, Vol.I. p. 218.

His name will be found constantly recurring in the debates. In the fall of 1791, he was one of the most forward in denouncing and enforcing the severest penalties against the emigrants, and in the early part of July, 1792, when a question connected with the declaration of war was under discussion, Brissot thus spoke of the King.*

'The peril in which we are is of the most singular nature that can be imagined. *The country is in danger*, not because our troops are few, nor that they are wanting in courage,—not that our frontiers are unfortified or our resources exhausted. The country is in danger because its strength is paralyzed; and by whom is it paralyzed? By a single man,—by him whom the Constitution declares its head, and whom perfidious ministers have made our enemy. You are told to fear the Kings of Hungary and Prussia, but *I* tell you that the main strength of these monarchs is in Paris, and that it is at home we must conquer them. You are advised to arrest the refractory priests throughout the kingdom,—but *I* tell you to strike at the Court of the Tuileries, if you would reach all these priests with a single blow. You are advised to seize all seditious persons, all intriguers, all conspirators. But *I* tell you that they will all disappear if you strike at the Court of the Tuileries. This Cabinet is thecentre to which all their plots tend,—here all their schemes are concerted, hence they all issue. The nation is the tool of the Cabinet. This is the secret of our situation. Here is the source of the evil; here must the remedy be applied.'

With regard to this speech, it may be remarked that, according to Louvet, this question of declaring war against Austria gave rise to the first division between the *Cordeliers* and the *Jacobins purs*, or the *parti Robespierre* and the *parti Brissot.* The former, whom this inveterate partisan uniformly terms *Orleanists*, were opposed to the war, as it increased the influence of La Fayette, the greatest enemy of Orleans, while the latter were in favor of it, as the readiest and surest means of hastening the overthrow of the monarchy, and the formation of a Republic.

The party of the Brissotins were too scrupulous of means to resist such men as Danton, Robespierre and Marat; the 20th of June was followed by the frightful tenth of August, and the sceptre passed from the Girondists; after this they maintained a feeble struggle for existence only. In the train of measures which led to the bloody insurrection of the tenth of August, the party to which Brissot belonged appear to have taken a very irresolute and subordinate share. The memoirs of Barbaroux are very curious in showing with what insanity he planned the insurrection, blind enough not to foresee that the tocsin, which ushered in that morning, tolled the knell of himself and his friends, not less surely than that of Louis. Barbaroux, one of the most honorable and lamented sufferers of the Revolution, was, strange as it may appear, almost the only one of his party, who was active in promoting the rising of the tenth of August. Brissot and Gensonné, together with Louvet, according to the accounts of the latter, succeeded during the day in saving many of the brave Swiss from butchery.

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* Mignet, Vol. I., p. 263.

The remarks of Mignet on the parties which followed each other so rapidly in the first years of the Revolution, are distinguished by their clearness and accuracy. The Constitutionalists trusted to the virtue and the courage of the upper and middling classes ;—the factions of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre relied upon the passions and vices of the mob. The former yielded only after a severe and desperate contest; but the Girondists, not commanding the confidence of the middling classes and too scrupulous to call in the multitude to their aid, had no foundation whatever, and the event showed it.

The *Assemblée Legislative* was dissolved, and the Convention summoned to decide the fate of the king. Of this body, Brissot was a member from the department of Eure et Loire. It had hardly met, before the radical dissensions, existing between the Girondists and the faction of Danton and Robespierre, burst into open and violent invective. The punishment of Louis was the Shibboleth, and here Brissot was among the most prominent of those who supported the opinion that, though guilty of high treason and deserving of death, the monarch should have an appeal from the sentence of the Convention to the *primary assemblies* of the people. A majority of voices decided against the delay ; and indeed it is difficult to understand, why a body elected with an express reference to this question should not have pronounced the final sentence, if indeed the Monarch were deserving of death and expediency did not demand the mitigation of the penalty.

But this vote was in accordance with the whole policy of the Girondists. Avoiding an absolute issue with their antagonists, they hoped apparently to conquer, after restoring the tone of public opinion, by their powerful oratory and their freedom from crime. Their hopes were vain. The execution of the king only rendered the debates of the Convention more violent, and hastened the fate of the minority. After four months, of which almost every day was marked by angry declamation, or brilliant eloquence, but during which the Brissotins, with the exception of Louvet and Barbaroux, appear to have made no one active effort to avert their impending fate, the multitude were called in to shorten the contest. The insurrection of the 31st of May was followed by that of the 1st of June, and on the subsequent day an order was issued for the arrest of the principal members of the obnoxious party.

Louvet speaks of a dinner given by him on the 1st of June, at which he assembled his leading friends and urged upon them the necessity of fleeing to the south of France and organizing an insurrection of the departments against the capital.* Brissot, with most of his associates, dissented from him, refused to fly, and even went so far as to return to the Convention on the following day. After the decree of arrest, however, Brissot made one effort to save his life, and endeavored to leave the kingdom in the disguise of a merchant of Neufchâtel. He was detected, and apprehended at Moulins on the 16th June. In the mean time a portion of the Girondists had been arrested, a part had fled to the south of France, where after wandering in the manner so touchingly described by Louvet, through their own country, without a resting-place for the soles of their feet, a price set upon their heads and the bloodhounds upon their traces, with but one or two exceptions, they cut short their miserable lives or fell into the hands of their enemies.

> ‘Thus,’ says Mignet, ‘was overpowered the party of the Gironde, a party illustrious for its great talent and high courage, which did honor to the young republic by its hatred of crime, and its abhorrence of bloodshed and anarchy, its love of order, of justice, and of liberty,—it could only ennoble a certain defeat by a bold struggle and a dauntless death.’

But let us hear the confession of Brissot, when, in prison, and looking forward to the bloody end of a laborious and painful life, he thus passes sentence on his own career. ‘In most of the external circumstances of my life, the sport of the whirlwind, I have been rather the slave of public prejudice than the apostle of truth.' And this is the statesman, philosopher and politician, with whose name and opinions France at one time rang, who had hoped to be the political regenerator of his country. What could be hoped from a revolution, among the prime movers in which such a man was one of the most able and the most virtuous? How different such a self-condemnation as this, from the feelings with which our early patriots may be supposed to have looked back upon the struggle in which they had fought and conquered! How different the wild struggles, the headlong career, and the inglorious death of Brissot, from the dignified and resolute resistance, the impetuosity regulated in its most vehement efforts, the success, complete but not abused, of the men of 1776!

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* Memoires de Louvet, p. 91.

Brissot, with Vergniaud, Gensonné, Fonfrède and the other leading Girondists, were handed over to the revolutionary tribunal, and after a delay, the length of which is not perfectly explained, they met their fate with uncomplaining courage. On the 31st of October the unfortunate men, to the number of twenty-one, were conducted to the place of execution. With the stoicism of the time, they sang on the way the Marseillaise hymn, applying it to their situation.

'Allons, enfans de la patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.
Contre nous de la tyrannie
Le couteau sanglant est levé.

Brissot is said to have been dejected, the others maintained an unaltered front to the last. Valazé stabbed himself on hearing his sentence. Lasource said to the judges, 'I die at a moment when the people has lost its reason; you will perish the instant it shall recover it.'

No atonement was made to the memory of Brissot or his fellow-sufferers, until after the fall of Robespierre, when the Convention settled a pension upon his widow and children.

It is not difficult to catch the prominent characteristics of the individual, of whose life we have detailed the principal incidents. Correct and beloved in his private life, and indefatigable in his industry, Brissot proposed to himself, as the object of his labors, the instruction, the cultivation, the freedom of his fellow-beings. Had he belonged to a somewhat earlier period, his name would probably have been associated with those most efficacious in bringing about the Revolution, but he, unfortunately for his happiness and his reputation, was thrown upon a time when philosophers and students were as impotent as their own dusty tomes. Credulous, averse to violent measures, capable of endurance, but incapable of bloody opposition, Brissot was no match for the cruel and unhesitating antagonists with whom he chose to contend. Unwise and ignorant both of his own power and of the character of the people, he urged on a revolution which already required rather the curb than the spur, and atoned for his error by his death. Nor can we say that it was undeserved. Ignorance sometimes demands as severe a penalty as vice, and where the happiness and the safety of millions are concerned, the one is scarcely more excusable than the other. His private virtues, his active benevolence, and his hard fate, must not conceal from us the culpable blindness of his political career.

The excesses of the French Revolution made the march of free opinion for once retrograde, and it is to the madness of such men as Brissot, who did not themselves seek an empire of crime, and who might, by leaguing with the earliest patriots, have withstood those who did, that we are to ascribe much of the strife, the bloodshed, the oppression, the misgovernment of the last forty years. The history of this period has furnished with a standing argument the anti-reformers of every country; it has created in the minds of wise and good men a distrust of the virtue of the people, and all the glory and all the moderation of the 'Three Days' were needed to dim the remembrance of the massacres of September.

We will hope, that a brighter and a calmer day begins now to gild the horizon of France,—that she will now receive the rays of that sun which, reversing the phenomena of the natural world, first illumined this Western hemisphere,—that the same broad light will dissipate the shadow which overhangs the destinies of the island-empire, the home of our forefathers;—that when, before many generations have passed away, this sun shall have reached its noonday height, the citizens of these three great commonwealths shall lay aside their mutual jealousy, and every petty hostility, dignified by the name of national, and enter upon that peaceful career of rivalry and emulation, in which alone the success of the one does not imply the failure of the other; in which alone honor and advantage can be acquired by all.

Art. IX.—*The Annuals.*

1. *The Token and Atlantic Souvenir, a Christmas and New Year's Present.* Edited by S. G. Goodrich. Boston. 1834.
2. *The Religious Souvenir.* Philadelphia. 1834.

These beautiful volumes are highly creditable to the state of learning, as well as of the arts, in this country. If they fall below the British publications of the same description, in the luxury of their typographical execution, binding, and embellishments,—in all which particulars, however, they are worthy of high praise,—they are on the other hand decidedly superior to their foreign competitors in the more important department of literary merit. We have seen no British annual, that could be compared in this respect with the Tokens of this and the preceding years. The latter have, in fact, been enriched by contributions from many of the best writers in the United States. In the one now before us, there are articles avowedly from the pens of President Adams, Miss Sedgwick, Rev. Messrs. Dewey, Greenwood, and Pierpont, Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Cushing, and other persons of established reputation, as well as some anonymous writers, whose names, if known, would do no discredit to the above list. In attending carefully to the point of literary execution, the editors of our annuals may, perhaps, have been stimulated by the example of their brethren of Germany, where the similar publications are often replete with contributions of the greatest merit, some of which have taken their station in the literature of the country as standard works. It is well known, for example, that Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War,—the best historical work in the German language,—made its first appearance in this form. We hope that the publishers of these works will continue to pay the same attention to the literary department, that they have heretofore done. It is quite desirable that volumes, which circulate so widely as these do, especially among the younger part of the community, should not only gratify the eye of taste by the beauty of their embellishments, but should be made the vehicle of good principles and valuable information.

Of the annuals of this year, the Token is decidedly the first. The engravings are unequal, but some of them have very great merit, particularly those of Cheney, of which 'The Orphans' is the best. This is really a beautiful thing, and does the highest credit to the skill and taste of the young artist. The poetry of the volume is not as a whole equal to the prose, although it includes some very agreeable articles. Of the prose contributions, the 'Reminiscence of Federalism' and the 'Modern Job' are, perhaps, the most remarkable. The former is from the eloquent pen of Miss Sedgwick, and serves in some degree as a compensation for her long and much-regretted silence in the way of extended publications. The 'Diamond,' and two shorter tales with the same signature, though they bear some marks of hasty composition, exhibit the felicity of style and various information which distinguish the other productions of the fair author. The 'Convent of the Paular,'—probably by Professor Longfellow,—is a very striking sketch. The Reflections on the opening and on the close of the Year,—the former from the pen of Mr. Dewey, the latter by an anonymous writer,—may well be compared with the finest efforts of the kind in the language. There are also various other articles, which our limits do not permit us to notice particularly, but which are equal, perhaps superior, in merit to some of those which we have named.

As a specimen of the poetry, we extract the 'Plague in the Forest,' which, if not absolutely the best poem in the volume, is very agreeably versified, and is curious as the production of President Adams. It is well known, that this illustrious statesman has, through life, amused his leisure by occasional compositions in verse, some of which have found their way to the public eye, and exhibit, with the vigor of thought and warmth of expression that distinguish all his writings, a command of the forms of poetry, which was hardly to be expected from a mere *amateur*.

Time was, when round the lion's den,
   A peopled city raised its head;
'Twas not inhabited by men,
   But by four-footed beasts instead.
The lynx, the leopard and the bear,
The tiger and the wolf, were there;
   The hoof-defended steed;

The bull, prepared with horns to gore,
The cat with claws, the tusky boar,
And all the canine breed.

In social compact thus combined,
Together dwelt the beasts of prey;
Their murderous weapons all resigned,
And vowed each other not to slay.
Among them Reynard thrust his phiz;
Not hoof, nor horn, nor tusk was his,
For warfare all unfit;
He whispered to the royal dunce,
And gained a settlement at once;
His weapon was,—his wit.

One summer, by some fatal spell,
(Phœbus was peevish for some scoff,)
The plague upon that city fell,
And swept the beasts by thousands off.
The lion, as became his part,
Loved his own people from his heart,
And taking counsel sage,
His peerage summoned to advise
And offer up a sacrifice,
To soothe Apollo's rage.

Quoth lion, 'we are sinners all,
And even it must be confessed,
If among sheep I chance to fall,—
I, I am guilty as the rest.
To me the sight of lamb is curst,
It kindles in my throat a thirst,—
I struggle to refrain,—
Poor innocent! his blood so sweet!
His flesh so delicate to eat!
I find resistance vain.

'Now to be candid, I must own
The sheep are weak and I am strong,
But when we find ourselves alone,
The sheep have never done me wrong.
And, since I purpose to reveal
All my offences, nor conceal
One trespass from your view;
My appetite is made so keen,
That with the sheep the time has been
I took,—the shepherd too.

'Then let us all our sins confess,
  And whosesoe'er the blackest guilt,
To ease my people's deep distress,
  Let *his* atoning blood be spilt.
My own confession now you hear,
Should none of deeper dye appear,
  Your sentence freely give,
And if on me should fall the lot,
Make me the victim on the spot;
  And let my people live.'

The council with applauses rung,
  To hear the Codrus of the wood;
Though still some doubt suspended hung,
  If he would make his promise good,—
Quoth Reynard,—'Since the world was made,
Was ever love like this displayed?
  Let us like subjects true
Swear, as before your feet we fall,
Sooner than you should die for all,
  We all will die for you.

'But please your majesty, I deem,
  Submissive to your royal grace,
You hold in far too high esteem
  That paltry, poltroon, sheepish race;
For oft, reflecting in the shade,
I ask myself why sheep were made
  By all-creating power?
And howsoe'er I tax my mind,
This the sole reason I can find,
  For lions to devour.

'And as for eating now and then,
  As well the shepherd as the sheep,—
How can that braggart breed of men
  Expect with you the peace to keep?
'Tis time their blustering boast to stem,
That all the world was made for them,
  And prove creation's plan;
Teach them by evidence profuse
That man was made for lion's use,
  Not lions made for man.'

And now the noble peers begin,
  And, cheered with such examples bright,
Disclosing each his secret sin,

Some midnight murder brought to light,
Reynard was counsel for them all,
No crime the assembly could appal,
But *he* could botch with paint:
Hark! as his honied accents roll,
Each tiger is a gentle soul:
Each blood-hound is a saint.

When each had told his tale in turn,
The long-eared beast of burden came
And meekly said, 'my bowels yearn
To make confession of my shame;
But I remember on a time
I passed, not thinking of a crime,
A haystack on my way:
His lure some tempting devil spread,
I stretched across the fence my head,
And cropped,—a lock of hay.'

'Oh, monster! villain!' Reynard cried,—
'No longer seek the victim, sire;
Nor why your subjects thus have died,
To expiate Apollo's ire.'
The council with one voice decreed;
All joined to execrate the deed,—
'What, steal another's grass!'
The blackest crime *their* lives could show,
Was washed as white as virgin snow;
The victim was,—The Ass.

As a specimen of the prose, we extract the conclusion of the 'Modern Job.' The hero of this little tale, Mr. Evelyn, like his ancient prototype, is suddenly reduced, by a 'concurrence of calamitous circumstances,' from affluence to a bare competency; upon which, however, he contrives to live, with his family, in a retired situation in the country, with some degree of comfort and even elegance. This excites first the astonishment, and then the envy of the gossips of Tattleborough where the scene is laid; who can in no other way account for Mr. Evelyn's incomprehensible resources, but by supposing him to have discovered the Philosopher's Stone. After suffering a good deal of uneasiness on the subject, the gossips finally conclude to consult Moll Pitcher, and obtain her advice as to the course they ought to pursue. The passage we extract, and which forms the conclusion of the tale, contains some account of this person, who, as many of our readers are aware, was a real character, together with the oracle she delivered to the Tattleborough gossips, including an explanation of the nature of the Philosopher's Stone.

'Moll Pitcher, or, as she is still called in the neighborhood where she resided, Molly Pitcher, was no ordinary woman. Her grandfather possessed the gift of divination; that is, the tough old Marblehead seaman (for such he was) could tell when it was going to storm, almost as sure as the almanac; and was too well acquainted with the roguish boys about town, not to give a pretty shrewd guess, when Captain Kingsbury's moses-boat was carried off, who was in the mischief. Old John Diamond, for that was his name, had also been a piece of a merry good-hearted wag in his youth; and the bare glimpse of a tidy petticoat always set his heart to thumping in his broad weather-beaten bosom. When the pretty girls came to get their fortunes told by old John Diamond, he was apt to be a long time puzzling about their plump little hands before he could make out the lines to his satisfaction; and never failed to give them the promise of having a handsome sweetheart. John's liberality on this point, and his known willingness at all times to take a commutation of his fee in a hearty smack, established his character as a soothsayer from Sandy Bay round to Pulling Point. After lying in abeyance one generation, the gift revived in his granddaughter Mary, the renowned Moll Pitcher. Mary Diamond in her youth was beautiful; she had a pair of eyes as bright as her name. She married, had one son, who was lost at sea, and soon after was left a widow and childless, and Mary's lonely heart drooped within her. She was intelligent beyond her station in life; shrewd, thoughtful, and romantic. She lived within the roar of the resounding sea; her haunts, in her lonely rambles, were among the caves of the ocean; and she loved at the cold grey dawn to climb the lofty rocks which overhung her humble cabin, and look down upon the village of Lynn, the heaving shore, and out upon the eternal waters. The busy and prosperous denizens of the world did not comprehend poor Molly's mood, which shaded off at last, perhaps, into heart-stricken melancholy. At times she certainly wandered. Her descent from John Diamond was not forgotten. She was poor; she was lonely; she was contemplative, and saw more of the movements of things than many gifted with more worldly wisdom. In short, poor Molly, by degrees, was made to be a fortune-teller, and a diviner, in spite of herself. For a long time she disclaimed the character, and denied herself to many who sought her. This was ascribed to churlishness, and a desire to extort more generous pay. The more she shunned resort, the more she was visited; till the poor creature at last was obliged to tell fortunes in self-defence. But it speaks volumes in Molly's favor, that she was never accused of being in league with evil spirits; nor were the disasters suffered by her neighbors, in field, or fold, laid at her door. In truth there was nothing terrific in her mode of divination or attendance. A faithful tabby cat was her only companion, and poor Molly saw all things (which she saw at all) in the bottom of her tea-cup. Her humble dwelling on the road to Salem was easily identified, by two enormous bones of a whale, which her opposite neighbor had set up as gate-posts. Many a respectable tradesman, farmer, and shipmaster, from the neighboring country, half-ashamed to be caught inquiring for Moll Pitcher, would express a curiosity, as he drove into town, to see the bones of the whale, which he understood were set up somewhere in these parts.

'Mr. Evelyn knew Molly well. His wife and he had often encountered her on her solitary rambles about the rocks. He had often bidden her to his house; but she never entered any habitation but her own. He gave her the freest range of his grounds and woods; conversed with her about her own affairs; entered into her feelings; and discovered, that when she was not bewildered, she was an uncommonly shrewd and observant person. In return, he opened himself freely to her, spoke of his pursuits, tastes, and intentions; and in this way obtained her confidence and friendship. Since his misfortunes, his new abode was at a greater distance from Molly's humble retreat; but he had nevertheless met her twice at the rocks, when he had been there on business, and had conversed with her unreservedly on the change of his circumstances, and his present situation. The calm and quiet philosophy of Mr. Evelyn struck the key-note in Molly's intellectual system. The harsh, money-making, selfish world irritated, perplexed and well-nigh crazed her; and she wept tears of joy, when she witnessed the elastic and unpretending cheerfulness with which James bore his troubles.

'"And the dear Lady," said she, the last time she had met Mr. Evelyn, "how does she bear the hard change? It's a cruel world for the poor soul to struggle through, without the thing they all love, yea worship, without the money."

'"Emily bears her change of circumstances," said James, "like an angel. She is the same kind, uncomplaining being, you knew her here; not a murmur or a sigh escapes her."

'"Too good for the world," said Molly, "too good for the world! They will tease and torment her. And now she is poor, should she become a lone and friendless creature like me, who knows but they will come and persecute her as they did me, and make her tell fortunes and find out stolen goods. If it were not for the hidden cool caves of a day, and the still kind moon at night, I should have gone crazy long ago. But on the top of the rock it is sweet to watch the glorious stars; and near by is the grave-yard; and there all is peace,—peace,—peace. Many is the good fortune I have told for others; but who will tell a good fortune for poor Molly?"

'"Were I what I lately was, Molly," said Mr. Evelyn, "you know, that if what the world calls good fortune would make you happy, you should not have cause to complain."

'"And do you, James Evelyn, do you, who valued so little the worthless dross, who have enjoyed it without pride, and parted from it without sorrow; do you think it is this for which poor Molly mourns? Alas! I would dig in the earth, but not for golden ore; and the lost ones that lie there, I may not bring them up. But in truth, I have been to the grave-yard, with my mattock, at midnight, and thought to try, but that was when I was not in my right mind. Could ye give me your calm contented mind, James Evelyn, the gold ye have lost would be to me as worthless as it was to you. But beneath the sod and beneath the sea, there lie Molly's treasures; and sometimes in the deep caverns, the waters speak so soft and low, I cannot but start as if it were that kind voice which was once music to poor Molly's ear. But farewell, James Evelyn! the goods of this world could not spoil you, and that shall enable you to bear its frowns. Farewell! poor Molly's good word is worth but little, but such as it is you will never want it."

'It was but a few days after this interview, that the gossips of Tattleborough, in considerable numbers, repaired, as a kind of deputation, to Moll Pitcher's cabin, to lay their troublous case before her. Many of them were her old customers. She had promised Miss Charity Harkwell a husband, years ago, which was one of the greatest stretches of conscience Molly ever committed, and shook her reputation, as a true prophet, in the opinion of most persons except the lady herself. She had given Colonel Fourthproof pretty strong hopes of commanding the brigade; and Thomas Twigmore, the school-master, had nearly worried her into the reversion of the ushership at the Littlefield Philosophical and Manual Labor Institute. But to do Molly justice, although, like the great Lord Chancellor Bacon, she took fees from all of them, she administered her favors with a pretty strict eye to merit. It required a smart thrifty lass to get any thing of a match out of Molly's tea-cup. She fobbed off the forward, impertinent sluts, that were continually pestering her, with ordinary fellows. She put several on rigid probation, and sentenced more than one to solitary blessedness for life.

'Molly saw the troop wending their way towards her cottage. She knew them all at a glance; and as her mind was pretty full of the recent trouble of her friends the Evelyns, who she knew had settled down in the midst of this precious neighborhood; and as she had heard all the tattle of the place from some of them who had of late been separately to consult her, she had a kind of foreboding that the visit now made had reference to the Evelyns. This was one of those shrewd guesses which persons of rapid apprehension occasionally make: which often come to nothing, and sometimes prove true. A few such lucky hits had originally gone far to establish Molly's character for divination. Moll framed her question with a very considerable latitude, to fit almost any state of the case; for of course she knew nothing of their precise errand.

'"And what are ye doing with the Evelyns, good people?" she said, "I know your thoughts."

'This struck the nail on the head; and terrified those whose fanaticism had not mastered their humanity. They stood abashed in the presence of one, who, they thought, read the ill nature of their hearts.

'Molly perceived that she had hit the mark; and sternly repeated the question, "and what are you doing with the Evelyns, Deacon Pitchpipe, Master Twigmore, and you, Nabby Broadfist; I hope, Nabby," she added in a half-whisper, to the damsel, "that ye mind your ways; the smart cocked hat and epaulette I spied for you in the tea-cup last Christmas, had almost vanished before the new year. But neighbors, gossips all, what are you doing with the Evelyns? I know your thoughts."

'With a great deal of hemming, and ha-ing, and appealing from one to the other, and stammering and confusion, the deacon, and school-master, and Colonel Fourthproof, made out to explain their visit. They stated the notorious loss of property which the Evelyns had met with; that nevertheless they appeared to live in comfort and want for nothing;—that Mrs. Evelyn had her piano, and Mr. Evelyn his hogsheads of wine; that they had books to read, and clothes to wear, and money to give, when it was asked; that Mr. Evelyn had been lately heard to say, that ten of his best ships had come in that morning; that he had boasted of riding in his coach and four, and finally declared that he had the *Philosopher's Stone*. These strange and uncomfortable doings had perplexed the good people of Tattleborough; they were an honest hard-working people, who paid their taxes: ("when you are sued," muttered Moll, "and not before, and that ye know, Squire Closefee, right well; for you spirit them up not to pay, and then you set the constable on 'em,") and were opposed to all popery, witchcraft, and black art; they took the Philosopher's Stone to be neither more nor less, than one of the works of the devil; and had come to ask Mrs. Pitcher's advice what they had better do. And saying this, by way of fitting the action to the word, Twigmore attempted to lay a silver dollar, (the fund which had been raised by the company to cross Molly's palm,) in her broad outstretched hand.

'Molly drew herself up, with unaffected native dignity, and turned her hand, with a repulsive gesture, away from Twigmore. As she gathered up her thoughts to reply, the long and confidential intercourse she had had with the Evelyns rushed upon her mind, and particularly their last interview. She remembered many instances of Emily's kindness to herself in winter and in sickness. The admirable conduct of both, in the reverse of their fortunes, (with which her conversation with Mr. Evelyn had made her well acquainted,) crowded upon her recollection. She was provoked at the senseless persecutions they encountered; vexation mingled with her tenderness; and as usually happens in such cases, she ran off in a somewhat extravagant and mock heroic strain, in which, as in the character of Hamlet, it was not easy to discriminate the method of madness, from the agitation of a shrewd but excited intellect. Looking sternly round upon the group, and stretching forth her hand in an oratorical manner, she commenced her address with an exordium, not precisely calculated, according to the precepts of Quinctilian, to conciliate the audience.

'"Louts, tipplers, and busy bodies,—I told ye I knew your thoughts, when I asked what ye would with the Evelyns. Go back to your place, vain tormenting people. What! do you wonder that they live in comfort? Do ye not know that the man is free from debt, and hath a quiet conscience; and that his wife is an angel of goodness? Ay, free from debt, farmer Shortswath, and well were it for you, if you would be the same. And when I tell you that his wife is a good-tempered soul, your husband will know what that means, Jane Peckstill. Ye tell me they live in comfort. Well, when he lost the fortune of a prince, (which he spent, ye skinflints, as nobly as an imperial monarch,) he saved a poor five hundred dollars a year; and less than half of that pays the board of himself and wife. Does the like sum pay your bill at the bar-room of the tavern? Answer that, Colonel Fourthproof, as you hope one day to be a brigadier; but I have turned and turned my tea-cup over and over again, and not an inch can I start you from your regiment, Colonel; and the wine he gives you to drink, (and there I blame him) he has it for you because it never wets his own lips. I do not wonder that passes your understanding, George Guzzlewell; and then she dresses tidy, does she, Nab Broadfist? I tell ye, malkin, ye might rig on a new changeable lustring every day in the month, and put Emily Evelyn into a single plain calico once a year, with a pretty sprig on a white ground, (and I see her neat little shape as plain as if she were here,) and ye'd always look like a slut as ye are, and she like a lady. And she has her piano, has she, Eunice Screechowl, that gape in the front gallery o' Sundays, till ye take the curl out of the minister's wig? I'll tell you how she has it. It's not her own, Eunice, for that went with the rest of her things; and they tell me that she took a leave of it, that would have melted the heart of your nether mill-stone, Sam Poorgrist, or your own, which is as hard; but she hires it in Boston, if you must know, and pays a few dollars a year for the use of it;—and the poor soul allows that it is a little extravagant, but her husband obliges her to keep it, and makes it up by saving in something else: because he says he cannot live without his wife's music. Do you think your husband, Eunice Screechowl, will say as much, if I ever let you have one? Thank your stars, I have picked you out an old quarter-gunner, that has been as deaf as a haddock since the war at Tripoli; but the last time I turned the tea-cup for ye, he had got a hearing trumpet in his ear. Unless he gives that up ye lose him. And you, Twigmore, you do not see where he gets his books? At the public library, you oaf; and what is the public library for? And do you suppose that James Evelyn is a thick-pated fellow like yourself, that must thumb, and thumb, and thumb till the leaf is worn into rags, and then not half understand it, Thomas Twigmore? And when his elegant books were brought to the hammer, did he not calmly say, 'I could have read but few of them, had they remained my own, and what I have leisure to read, I can borrow from the public library?' And his coach and four ye cannot comprehend. There, there it goes, louts, tipplers, gossips," pointing at the Salem stage that dashed by at the moment; "that's James Evelyn's coach and four, and my coach and four, and yours, Charity Harkwell, if ye choose to ride in it; and quite as creditable it would be to you, I can tell you, as your own old square-top chaise, and poor raw-boned spavined beast, to go limping along with ye. And his ships, did he talk of, James Evelyn's ships? Yes, well I remember, ships he had; and dreadful was the storm that sent one to the bottom. Could the bright and blessed moon have called off the roaring waves, she would have done so. We toiled all night, the moon and I, to save the noble vessel. I was at Pigeon Cove, when the storm came on, and that you remember, Richard Smugglejug. They heard my tramp at the dark midnight, like an earthquake, through Beverly and Danvers. But the bright moon that had raised the storm, could not lay it, and James Evelyn's ship went upon the Graves. But did he boast of his five good ships? Now look out upon the ocean, louts, tipplers, gossips, five, ten, twenty ships dancing over the tide, and gladsome to the heart of him that sees them. The owners are eaten with care; the owners mayhap are loaded with debt; the owners are worried to sell the cargo; but whosoever has a heart to rejoice in the prosperous works of his neighbor, and the wonders of Providence, he is the lord of what his eyes rest on. He has the comfort of all he sees, while others have the cares. The town is his, and the country is his. He enjoys the stately palace, whose fair proportions meet his eye; he enjoys the broad fields, which spread beneath his feet. They yield him all the pleasure which man can derive from them. He owns their beauty and their fertility; the proprietor owns but their trouble and weariness.

'And what is the *Philosopher's Stone*, Dr. Longleech? a thing, I trow, that's not over plenty among your ill-savored rubbish. What's the Philosopher's Stone, Thomas Twigmore? a thing ye'll not pound into your poor brats, for you have not got it yourself; and how shall they teach that have not learned, Thomas Twigmore? What's the Philosopher's Stone, Eunice Screechowl? Your quarter gunner that you leave me no peace for (and a weary long time he tarries, I grant ye, and that's not the worst of it, 'twill be longer ere it's shorter,) he'll hardly bring you that from his foreign travel. I'll tell you, louts, tipplers, gossips, and you, busy bodies and trollops, it's *domestic peace.* It's a gentle temper; mark that, Alice Sourface! It's a clear conscience; hear ye that, Ichabod Prowlwood! It's temperance, Colonel Fourthproof. It's patience, Amanda Flashfire. It's brotherly love, you Job Pesterkin, that swore your own sister's child into the State's Prison, for passing a counterfeit bill on ye, and who made it ye know yourself as well as any body. It's these that make the plenty and the happiness of the Evelyns, and their Philosopher's Stone is a *contented mind.*'

The Religious Souvenir, though it makes less pretension on the score of mechanical and literary execution than the Token, is especially commendable for its excellent moral tone. It is also enriched by some very valuable contributions, particularly a tale by Mrs. Sigourney of Hartford, illustrating the fatal results of Intemperance.

ART. X.—*Men and Manners in America.*

Men and Manners in America. By the author of CYRIL THORNTON, etc. 8vo. Philadelphia. 1833.

IN our last number, we noticed at some length the observations of the Rev. Isaac Fidler upon the state of society and literature in this country. Some of our contemporaries have expressed the opinion, that we gave to that work an importance disproportionate to its value. It should be recollected, however, that in order to convey to the public a correct notion of the spirit of the British press, in relation to the United States, the works most suitable for notice are precisely the best and the worst; on the one hand, those which, from the ability and information displayed in them, may really be thought to require refutation, and on the other, those in which the prejudices common to most British travellers are exhibited in their naked proportions, without any accidental advantages of style or general learning, and of course in the form most open to detection and exposure.

Mr. Fidler's work is a brilliant specimen of the latter class, and has a fair chance of retaining, through all succeeding ages, the distinction of being the most absurd book of travels that was ever written,—at least by a clergyman of 'more than ordinary acquirements.' The work before us belongs to the other category, and may, perhaps, be considered in respect of literary execution and general ability as the best British account of this country that has yet been published. The work of Captain Hall is the only one that can come in these respects into competition with it,—and the two are in fact so nearly alike, both in spirit and execution, that it would be hardly worth while to attempt to settle their comparative merits. The work before us is described in the title page as written by the author of Cyril Thornton, a novel which is also anonymous, but is known to be the production of a Mr. Hamilton of Edinburgh. This person is, we believe, an officer of the army, living in retirement upon half-pay, of what rank we are unable to say with certainty, the newspapers having complimented him successively with various titles, such as Colonel, Major, Captain, and Lieutenant, some one of which is probably the true one. His Cyril Thornton, though of no great value as a novel, exhibits a good deal of literary ability, and would justify us in expecting from its author a work of a pretty high order upon a subject like that of the one before us, to which we think his talent better adapted than for fictitious writing.

This expectation will not be entirely disappointed, nor yet very fully satisfied by the character of the present work. It is undoubtedly, as we have said, in point of literary execution, one of the best that have yet appeared upon the United States. The style is not deficient in strength or spirit, and evinces at times a remarkable power of description, as in the passages on the Falls of Niagara and the river Mississippi. On the other hand, it is far from being uniformly so pure and correct as might be wished,—is often unpardonably coarse, and is pervaded throughout by an affected pertness, and a silly air of pretension, which are offensive from the beginning, and finally become by repetition completely nauseous.

We shall have occasion, in making extracts for other purposes, to give some specimen of these defects in style: and will merely add here, that one of the most remarkable transgressions against the purity of the language occurs in the very passage, in which the learned author is taking the Americans to task for their manifold and flagrant offences in this particular. At the close of his chapter on Boston, he introduces a page or two of observations upon barbarisms in language with the following sentence. 'Even by the educated and respectable class, the commonest words are often so *transmogrified* as to be placed beyond the recognition of an Englishman.' *Transmogrified!!!* and this too from the pen of a purist, and in the very sentence in which he is condemning a supposed want of purity in the use of language by others. Truly has *it* been said, that Nemesis is always on the watch. After this auspicious commencement, our author runs over the usual enumeration of *clever*, *guess*, and the use of *progress* as a verb, and having denounced, in addition to these stock examples, two or three other supposed American barbarisms, all of which may be found recorded in the British provincial glossaries, and are more frequently used in the mother country than they are here, jumps at the following astounding conclusion; 'unless the present progress of change be arrested by an increase of taste and judgment in the more (*better*) educated classes, there can be no doubt that in another century the dialect of the Americans will become utterly unintelligible to an Englishman, and that the nation will be cut off from the advantages arising from their participation in British literature.'

Within the limited compass of our reading, we hardly recollect an example of a conclusion, that stands at so utterly hopeless a distance from its premises. Our readers, who have ears and nerves, will, we think, agree with us that the 'word of fear' which we have quoted above from our author's pages, and which, that we may have the full benefit of the invention, is repeated elsewhere, and followed out into the not less delightful derivative noun,—*transmogrification*,—constitutes of itself a grosser offence against the purity of the language,---we will not say than all the minor peccadillos which he has mustered up against us put together, because these really amount to nothing,—but than the sum total of all the errors of this kind that came under his observation, in tolerably good company, in the course of his travels from Boston to New Orleans.

So much for the mere matter of style, which, with the deductions we have mentioned, is in the main good. Of the spirit in which the work is written,---a far more important consideration,---we are compelled to speak in less favorable terms. As friends of the two countries, anxiously desiring, not merely the continuance of the present political good understanding, but the establishment of,—what has never yet existed,—a really kind and cordial feeling between them, we deeply regret that the ablest and best-written work upon this country which has yet appeared from the pen of a British traveller, is also the one which exhibits in the most inveterate and malignant form the common prejudices of the class. The causes that have led to this unfortunate result, it is of course not for us,—imperfectly acquainted as we are with the author's history,—to pretend to investigate. He seems himself to have anticipated the objection which we make to the temper of his book, and in a short apologetic preface, in the form of a dedication, attempts to parry it in the following manner.

> 'How far, in writing of the institutions of a foreign country, I may have been influenced by the prejudices natural to an Englishman, I presume not to determine. To the impartiality of a cosmopolite I make no pretension. No man can wholly cast off the trammels of habit and education, nor (*or*) escape from the bias of that multitude of minute and latent predilections, which insensibly affect the judgment of the wisest.

'But apart from such necessary and acknowledged influences, I am aware of no prejudice, which could lead me to form a perverted estimate of the condition, moral or social, of the Americans. I visited their country with no antipathies to be overcome; and I doubt not you can bear testimony, that my political sentiments were not such, as to make it probable, that I would regard with an unfavorable eye the popular character of their government. In the United States I was received with kindness, and enjoyed an intercourse, at once gratifying and instructive with many individuals for whom I can never cease to cherish the warmest sentiments of esteem. I neither left England a visionary and discontented enthusiast, nor did I return to it a man of blighted prospects and disappointed hopes. In the business or ambitions of the world I had long ceased to have any share. I was bound to no party, and pledged to no opinions. I had visited many countries, and may, therefore, be permitted to claim the possession of such advantages as foreign travel can bestow.

'Under these circumstances, I leave it to the ingenuity of others to discover by what probable, what possible temptation I could be induced to write in a spirit of unjust depreciation of the manners, morals or institutions of a people, so intimately connected with England by the ties of interest and the affinities of common ancestry.'

That a spirit of unjust depreciation is the one that predominates in his work, is,—as we shall have occasion abundantly to show,—very certain. Why this is so, it is, we repeat, not for us to say, but the author has, we think, answered the question in a very satisfactory manner, in the passage immediately preceding the one just quoted.

'When I found the institutions and experience of the United States deliberately quoted in the Reformed Parliament, as affording safe precedents for British legislation, and learned that the drivellers who uttered such nonsense, instead of encountering merited derision, were listened to with patience and approbation by men as ignorant as themselves, I certainly did feel that another work on America was yet wanted, and at once determined to undertake a task, which inferior considerations would probably have induced me to decline.'

The amount of this is, that the object of the author, in writing his work, was to furnish his countrymen with a reply to the argument in favor of reform, deduced from the supposed successful operation of democratic principles in this country.

After making this perfectly candid statement, it strikes us that he need not have been so much at a loss to imagine what temptation he could possibly have had to an unjust estimate of our institutions and character. That a person, writing with an avowed political purpose, will, to a certain extent, so color his representations, as may best fit them to effect this purpose, is not perhaps absolutely certain; but the case is undoubtedly a very common one,—so common, indeed, that no individual, however correct his general intentions may be, ought to hesitate a moment in admitting the possibility of its occurrence in his own person. Every impartial and discerning reader must perceive, on the slightest inspection of the work before us, that it did in fact occur in the present instance; that the disposition under which the author made his observations, and of course to a certain extent the character of their results, were determined by his political objects; and that his book, instead of being a real account of Men and Manners in America, as it purports to be, is in substance nothing more than a long *tirade* against *the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill.*

A considerable portion of the work is in the form of a direct commentary on the political institutions of the United States, and is of course entitled to all the consideration which the arguments alleged against them may fairly deserve. In another and a more extensive portion, the author aims less directly at his mark, and endeavors to prove that the Government is bad, by showing that the people are occasionally deficient in polish and elegance of manner. Now supposing this point to be made out, we cannot think that the conclusion drawn by the worthy traveller would necessarily follow. If it were admitted, for example, that the practice of chewing tobacco, with its natural concomitants, is too common among certain classes of the community, it would not be safe to draw from this fact the inference that the laws of the country are tyrannical, insufficient, or in any way objectionable, for the plain reason that the practice of chewing tobacco is not commanded by law, but is a mere matter of taste and habit.

Again: if the only proper and polite way of eating eggs be,—as our author supposes,—to convey the substance directly from the shell to the mouth, without the intervention of a wine-glass, a dish, or any other instrument except, perhaps, a spoon;—and on this point there are great authorities against him, for no less a personage than Baron Haussez, lately one of the ornaments of the French Court, and a *gastronome* of high distinction, considers it as great an abomination to eat eggs directly from the shell, as our author to do it in any other way, and makes it a matter of distinct reproach upon the English that they all adopt this practice :—but admitting that our author and those who with him and his countrymen eat from the shell are in the right, and that the Americans, the French, and other nations, who occasionally indulge themselves in an *omelette aux fines herbes*, a glass of mulled champagne or some preparation of the egg other than the *au naturel* are wrong,—and for ourselves we consider the whole controversy no more important than the quarrels of the Big and Little Endians in the empire of Lilliput,—still, however, if we were to grant all that our author can possibly desire in this particular, he could not with any fairness conclude that the Constitution of the United States is a bad form of Government, inasmuch as that instrument prescribes no rule whatever on the subject of eating eggs, but leaves the citizen entirely free to eat them from the shell,—a wine-glass,—in omelettes,—poached, or in any other way that he may think proper.

But without dwelling any longer on preliminary points, we proceed to notice more directly the results of this new tour of observation in the United States. In attempting to discharge this duty, we shall briefly indicate the track pursued by our author, and make some occasional commentaries on his personal adventures, and on his statements respecting the character of the people and the principles and operation of the political institutions of the country.

Our author embarked at Liverpool, on the 16th of October 1831, on board the packet ship New York, Captain Bennet, and after a pleasant and rapid passage, reached New York on the 17th of the following month. His account of an adventure, in itself of no great moment, that happened to him on the very day of his arrival, will serve, as well as almost any other passage in the book, to illustrate the spirit in which it is written.

It had been arranged, it seems, among the passengers in the New York, that they should dine together at Niblo's tavern on the day of their arrival ; and at the hour fixed, our author set forth from his lodgings, to repair to the scene of action. Finding it necessary, as he proceeded, to inquire his way, he stepped for this purpose into a shop, and asked the person in attendance, if he could give him the direction he wanted. The latter replied that 'he could, and would do it with pleasure,' which he accordingly did. Our author then went his way rejoicing, and reached his tavern in time to partake of the best dinner which he ate in America. Such is the adventure,—one would suppose that it was scarcely of sufficient importance to occupy a place in the traveller's published observations and that, if it did, it would hardly afford occasion for any unfavorable conclusion as to the character of the people. Let us now see the shape which it assumes under the pen of Mr. Hamilton.

'Before quitting the ship, it had been arranged among a considerable number of the passengers, that we should dine together on the day of our arrival, as a proof of parting in kindness and good-fellowship. Niblo's tavern, the most celebrated eating-house at New York, was the scene chosen for this amicable celebration. Though a little tired with my walks of the morning, which the long previous confinement on board of ship had rendered more than usually fatiguing, I determined to explore my way on foot, and having procured the necessary directions at the hotel, again set forth. On my way an incident occurred, which I merely mention to show how easily travellers like myself, on their first arrival in a country, may be led into a misconception of the character of the people. Having proceeded some distance, I found it necessary to inquire my way, and accordingly entered a small grocer's shop. "Pray, Sir," I said, "can you point out to me the way to Niblo's tavern?"—The person thus addressed was rather a gruff-looking man, in a scratch wig, and for at least half a minute kept eying me from top to toe, without uttering a syllable. "Yes, Sir, I can," he at length replied, with a stare as broad as if he had taken me for the great Katterfelto. Considering this sort of treatment as the mere *ebullition of republican insolence*, I was in the act of turning on my heel, and quitting the shop, when the man added,—"and I shall have great pleasure in showing it to you." He then crossed the counter, and accompanying me to the middle of the street, pointed out the land marks by which I was to steer, and gave me the most minute directions for my guidance. I presume that his curiosity in the first instance was excited by something foreign in my appearance; and that having once satisfied himself that I was a stranger, he became on that account more than ordinarily anxious to oblige. This incident afforded me the first practical insight into the manners of the people, and was useful both as a precedent for future guidance, and as explaining the source of many of the errors of subsequent travellers. Had my impulse to quit the shop been executed with greater rapidity, I should certainly have considered the man as a *brutal barbarian*, and perhaps have drawn an unfair inference with regard to the manners and character of the lower orders of society in the United States.'

Le vrai, says the French proverb, *n'est pas toujours vraisemblable*. If such an incident as this were found in one of Molière's comedies, we should say that he had greatly overcharged his character. Our author steps into a grocer's shop to inquire his way; the grocer commences a very courteous answer of ten words, but before he has even time to finish it, the inquirer nearly rushes out of the shop in a transport of offended pride, because forsooth the proprietor thought fit to *look* rather intently at him. Our author doubtless thought, that when so great a personage made his *avatar* upon the shores of our continent, the natives, in coming into his august presence, would at the very least *knock head* in the Chinese fashion, if they did not actually grovel upon the ground before him, like the negro courtiers of Bornoo at the feet of their sultan. That a simple American grocer should not only fail in this, but should actually take the liberty of *looking* intently at a British captain,—or whatever his rank may be,—on half-pay, and he too the author of a rather popular novel, this to be sure was an *ebullition of republican insolence*, which, had not the matter been speedily set right, would unquestionably have stamped the offender as a *brutal barbarian*, and *justified the most unfavorable inferences with regard to the character and manners of the lower orders of society in the United States.*

'This incident,' says our author, 'afforded me the first practical insight into the manners of the people, and was useful as explaining the source of many of the errors of former travellers.' Our readers will probably think, with us, that his account of the incident affords a pretty good insight into his own character, and explains very satisfactorily the source of many of his subsequent errors. We may remark, *en passant*, that the peculiarity of our author's enunciation, which, from the loss of a part of his organs of speech in some of his youthful campaigns, is, we understand, hardly intelligible to a person unaccustomed to it, probably had its effect in calling forth the *look* that offended him so much, as well as the *something foreign in his appearance*, which, however,—if we are rightly informed,—was in fact, in point of costume, generally more than singular.

Our author, on his arrival at New York, took lodgings at Bunker's Hotel, and the next morning assumed his place at the breakfast table with the other inmates of the house. The state of things at his entrance is described as follows:

'I had nearly completed my toilet on the morning after my arrival, when the tinkling of a large bell gave intimation that the hour of breakfast was come. I accordingly descended as speedily as possible to the *salle à manger*, and found a considerable party engaged in doing justice to a meal, which at first glance one would scarcely have guessed to be a breakfast. Solid viands of all descriptions loaded the table, while, in the occasional intervals, were distributed dishes of rolls, toast, and cakes of buck-wheat and Indian corn. At the head of the table sate the landlady, who, with an air of complacent dignity, was busied in the distribution of tea and coffee. A large bevy of negroes was bustling about, ministering with all possible alacrity to the many wants, which were somewhat vociferously obtruded on their attention. Towards the upper end of the table I observed about a dozen ladies, but by far the largest part of the company were of the other sex.'

All this must, to a hungry man, have formed on the whole a rather promising *ensemble*, and one would naturally suppose that our traveller,—who frequently compliments himself upon possessing the hearty and indiscriminating appetite of an old campaigner,—must have made a good breakfast. Most of the guests probably did so, and went their way without imagining that any thing extraordinary had happened. But to the refined sensibilities of our author, the affair was little more than a series of various abominations.

'The contrast of the whole scene with that of an English breakfast table was striking enough. Here was no loitering nor lounging; no dipping into newspapers; no apparent lassitude of appetite; no interval of repose in mastication; but all was hurry, bustle, clamor and voracity, and the business of repletion went forward with a rapidity altogether unexampled. The strenuous efforts of the company were, of course, soon rewarded with success. Departures, which had begun, even before I took my place at the table, became every instant more numerous, and in a few minutes the apartment had become what Moore beautifully describes in one of his songs, a "banquet-hall deserted." The appearance of the table, under such circumstances, was by no means gracious either to the eye or the fancy. It was strewed thickly with the *disjecta membra* of the entertainment. Here lay fragments of fish, somewhat unpleasantly odoriferous; there, the skeleton of a chicken; on the right a mustard-pot upset, and the cloth, *passim*, defiled with stains of eggs, coffee, gravy,—but I will not go on with the picture. One *nasty* custom, however, I must notice. Eggs, instead of being eat (*eaten*) from the shell, are poured into a wine-glass, and after being duly and disgustingly churned up with butter and condiment, the mixture, according to its degree of fluidity, is forthwith either spooned into the mouth, or drunk off like a liquid. The advantage gained by this unpleasant process, I do not profess to be qualified to appreciate, but I can speak from experience to its sedative effect on the appetite of an unpractised beholder.'

In this case, the principal ground of complaint,—the *corpus delicti*,—seems to have been, that the breakfast-table did not look so fresh, and clean and perfect in all its arrangements at the close of the repast, as it did at the beginning. There were stains upon the cloth: and portions of the articles of food, which were partly eaten, remained upon the dishes. Truly, our author is a reasonable man. In Edinburgh, they doubtless manage these things very differently. There, a mustard-pot that is overturned leaves no spot behind it: the cloth and the napkins that have served the purpose of the meal are as smooth and as glossy as they were when they left the landlady's press, and the bones of the chickens and the fish, as fast as they are denuded to satisfy the appetite of the guests, put on spontaneously a new covering, and look as plump as though nothing had happened. In the same way it is not improbable, that within the precincts of our author's former experience, the linen appropriated to personal use remained as clean and sweet after two or three weeks' wearing, as when first put on: and this may partly account for the singular fact, that an individual, so peculiarly nice in all his habits, and so decidedly averse to 'nastiness' of any kind,—to use his own elegant phraseology,—should have paid so little attention to the occasional refreshment of his costume during his residence at Bunker's, that his fellow-boarders, if we are rightly informed, actually held a formal meeting on the subject, at which they passed a resolution, requesting him to change his linen; and at length, finding his manners incorrigibly offensive, were compelled to abate him as a common nuisance, by requesting the master of the house to deliver them from his company.

At the egg question we have already glanced, and its importance is hardly such, as to justify our resuming it at much length. Our author regards it as entirely heterodox, to eat eggs in any other way than directly from the shell. Baron Haussez, on the other hand, denounces the practice of eating them from the shell, as the *nec plus ultra* of barbarism. Highly as we think of the civilization and refinement of the Athens of Great Britain, we are compelled to say, that, on a question of this kind, the authority of the minister of Charles X. is decidedly preferable to that of a Scotch lieutenant on half-pay.

As to the rapidity with which the breakfast was eaten,—and this is one of our author's great grievances,—the real difficulty in this particular case seems to have been that, overdone by the fatigues of the preceding day, perhaps by the pleasures of the parting feast at Niblo's, he had slept too late, and did not reach the table until the company had nearly finished. This circumstance accounts satisfactorily for the early disappearance of the other guests; and for the comparatively disordered state in which he appears to have found the arrangements of the repast. The same topic is, however, repeatedly adverted to on other occasions, which do not admit of the same explanation. Thus, in his account of the dinner at the hotel on the same day, our author states, that he 'beheld the same scene of *gulping* and swallowing, as if for a wager, which his observation at breakfast had prepared him to expect. Each individual seemed to *pitchfork* his food down his *gullet*, without the smallest attention to the wants of his neighbor.' In these remarks, the worthy captain,—if captain he be,—seems to have been a little less select in his choice of terms, than might have been wished, or,—considering the high standard of delicacy he employs in judging the conduct and language of others,—perhaps expected. But without dwelling upon these *minutiae*, as a too great rapidity in despatching their meals has been for some years past a standing topic of reproach upon the Americans, by all the British travellers, and as the matter admits, we think, of an easy and simple explanation, we proceed to treat it very briefly on its merits.

We are of opinion, then, that the length of time devoted to the business of eating is every where determined by personal and accidental considerations, rather than by any peculiarities of national character. The French peasant, for example, who dines upon a piece of brown bread, seasoned perhaps with a morsel of cheese, or an onion, will spare himself the trouble even of sitting down to table, and may often be seen despatching his simple repast, with great *goût* and gaiety, in the open air at his cottage door. The substantial burgher of all countries, on the other hand, who fares more or less handsomely, if not sumptuously, every day, will probably devote something like an hour to his principal meal. Again; a party of friends, who meet together at the close of the day, in form to dine, but in fact to enjoy each other's conversation and company, will prolong the meeting for several hours; while the same party, on the other hand, with the same viands before them, if restricted in time by any accidental circumstance, will be compelled to abridge their conversation, and to devote themselves chiefly to the mere satisfaction of the wants of nature. Now the error into which the whole herd of British travellers, and our author *tout le premier*, have fallen in regard to this subject, proceeds, as we conceive, from their having overlooked the last of these incontestible truths. The conclusions of these gentlemen, respecting the state of society, manners and literature in the United States, are, as is well known, the results, in general, of observations made in taverns, steamboats, and stage-coaches. That the meals, which are eaten by the travellers in stage-coaches at the public tables in the taverns where they stop along the road, are commonly despatched with some rapidity, is no doubt true: but it is equally certain that there is a special reason for this, which does not operate with the same force upon the nation at large. When a stage-coach stops at a tavern, the company are allowed about half an hour,—perhaps forty minutes,—to breakfast or to dine; and as the time of arrival is uncertain, a quarter or a third part even of this brief space must elapse, before the dishes are placed upon the table. What then is to be done? Is the traveller to undertake to 'loiter and lounge:'—to 'dip into newspapers:'—to 'allow himself an interval of repose in mastication?' If he did, the coachman's horn would sound before he had finished the first cup of coffee, or the first morsel of beef. Is he to refrain entirely from eating, rather than not take his meals with all the leisure of a British nobleman at his seat in the country? Neither appetite nor health would permit this course. What then, we repeat, is he to do? The answer is plain;—not '*gulp and swallow as if for a wager:*'—not '*pitchfork his food down his gullet,* without the least attention to the wants of his neighbors ;'—for we do not admit that these coarse phrases give a correct notion of the manner of proceeding at any decent public table in this country, or of any thing except the want of good breeding in the writer that uses them: but—put formality in his pocket, and without dawdling over newspapers or stopping to discuss disputed points in theology or politics, seat himself at the table and make a moderate meal with all convenient despatch, that he may be ready to take his place in the coach, at the time appointed. This is what the traveller in stage-coaches is compelled to do, and what he really does, not merely in this country, but all the world over.

Such we suppose to be the secret of the extraordinary rapidity in the despatch of meals in this country, which has for several years past given so much uneasiness to the British travellers. On the occasion particularly alluded to by our author, the persons, whose early departure from the table annoyed him so much, had probably arrived fifteen minutes before in one coach, and were going away fifteen minutes after in another. That gentlemen, who meet in the way of dinner parties for conversation and society, are in any haste to separate, is so far from being true, that the prevailing error, here as in England, is precisely the opposite one. In France, the practice is for the whole company to retire from the table together, on these occasions, at the close of the meal, which seldom occupies more than an hour and a half. Here, on the contrary, as in England, it is usual for the gentlemen to remain after the ladies have retired, and sit over their wine two or three hours in succession, not unfrequently till midnight. If this do not satisfy our author, we should recommend it to him to look well to his own ways, and join the Temperance Society as speedily as possible. For ourselves, if we were disposed to suggest to our countrymen any change in their habits in this particular, the counsel we should give them would certainly be not to prolong but to abridge their potations, and adjourn in better season than they now do to the drawing-room.

Without enlarging any farther upon this subject, we shall merely add, that the standard of decorum at the public dinner-tables in this country seems to be at least as high as in England,—if we may draw any general conclusions from the following account of the proceedings of the Liverpool Agricultural Society, on a recent occasion of this description. We have been present at a considerable number of the public festivals of Agricultural and other Societies in this country, but have never happened to witness any 'new surtouts split from the collar downwards,'—any 'unauthorized visibility of white under vestures,—'any black print of a boot on the pure damask beside our plate,'—or any disposition in the guests to 'peregrinate amongst decanters, glasses and plates' upon the top of the tables: all which, and more, appear to have been among the interludes and *divertissemens* of the Liverpool dinner, and may, perhaps, have become general in the mother country.

'The annual dinner was announced to be given in Lucas's Repository, Great Charlotte street, at five o'clock; and considerably prior to that hour, the door was besieged by a company, of whom, as far as could be judged outwardly, it did not seem that a good dinner was the last thing to stand in fear. Before the opening of the door, the crowd increased much in numbers, and more in impatience, and when, at length, a small crevice was made, it agreed so little with their expectation of making a full sweep upon the viands when the large folding gates should have expanded for their simultaneous ingress, that out of revenge the crushing became only more violent and determined, till it might have been doubted whether the wrong party had not been brought out of the Infirmary yard to dine, and the visiters and candidates left behind. In vain the persons keeping the entrance cried out shame, and those who were nearly in enforced upon the rear the uselessness of struggling, so long as all were sure of admission; the hunching, and elbowing, and complaining still continued, in a way which, it was very plain from the unequivocal expressions of some of the sufferers, will be certain of allowing more room at the door-way on a subsequent occasion. That the affair was egregiously mismanaged was expressed in very unceremonious terms, and if the right honorable chairman had found no other means of entering the room than by enduring the compressure of such an immense mass of human bodies, till it appeared sufficient to have flattened the two sides of his ribs together as easily as it would have flattened his hat, we think he would have excepted that part of the day's proceeding from the character of being 'an honor to the town of Liverpool.' We can only say, that however such a manipulating might be sustained before dinner, it would not have done after. Amidst all this suffering, it was not to be supposed that the minor evils of rent garments, and seams split open, would be wanting: accordingly, the wo-begone aspect of many a good piece of broad-cloth attested the desperate conflict it had passed through; people, however, were too glad to get in, although it might be in the garb of a magpie, through the *unauthorized visibility of their white under vestures.*

'It would certainly have taken something more than ordinarily accommodating tempers withinside, to have restored good humor, after all the spleen engendered at the entrance. The opinions on the entertainment ought, therefore, in justice to be received with that qualification. The dishes supplied were of the best kind, substantial, and in sufficient abundance, and the number of the guests, which amounted to between six and seven hundred, must also be taken into consideration. This, indeed, gave occasion for some especial congratulations from the head of the table, and no one can deny that there was a satisfaction in seeing the agricultural interest of the country in such a flourishing state, and so many of its friends rallying round the cause; but we speak of the dinner itself; and we do think, that if, when you have survived the perils and punishment of the passage in, you sit down, albeit with the *back of your new surtout split from the collar downwards*, resolving to console your stomach at the table for what you have suffered in your liver at the door, some subject, much more hungry than polite, runs across the table, leaving the *black print of his boot on the pure damask beside your plate*, or shaking the questionable dirt from his sole over the viand upon which your mouth was already feeding by anticipation, and all this, because, having run up between two long rows of tables, and finding neither room nor escape at the top, he is obliged to scale over and *peregrinate amongst decanters, and glasses, and plates*, till he is lucky enough to find a location; if you are to shift for your dinner as you best can, amidst an accumulation of the dirty plates, exhibiting the refuse of the first course in agreeable variety, simply because there are no waiters, or they will not attend to you; if when the cheese and celery is placed on some of the tables, after waiting till you are tired, as a last argument you peremptorily refuse to allow the cloth to stir till it is brought, (in which, though done for the sake of justice, you cannot help taking the appearance of a greedy clownishness,) and are at length compelled to submit with a bad grace on the solemn assurance to every successive application that there is none to be had; if these are the ordinary concomitants of an agricultural feast, they are inconveniences for which neither the compliments of a secretary of state, nor the bad speeches and worse songs of a young heir of nobility, are an adequate recompense.'

If we may trust to the accuracy of the anecdote related in the following paragraph, which rests, however, on merely newspaper authority, it would seem that our author attempted to introduce into this country the agreeable innovation of 'peregrinating amongst decanters, glasses and plates' upon the dinner table, which was practised with so much success at Liverpool, and may perhaps have become general in England. We may remark, *en passant*, that notwithstanding his great complaints of the rapidity with which food is *bolted*,—to use another of his choice phrases,—in this country, it would seem that on this occasion he despatched business with much more expedition than his fellow-travellers, and that he was too impatient of their delay even to wait for the retirement of the ladies.

'Colonel Hamilton, so called, the author of "Men and Manners in America," conducted himself while in this country with less of the air of a gentleman or man of good breeding, than any traveller who has visited us for years. From all parts of the country we have anecdotes of his conduct, which reflect upon him the utmost discredit. One of them is related as follows in the Albany Argus :—" On the passage of the Hudson, in one of our most richly furnished day boats, the table arrangements of which, as well as the whole internal government, are particularly well ordered, Captain H., seated at breakfast, on the cushioned seat inside of the table, with ladies on each side of him, rose before a single lady had left the table, and attempted to step upon and across it. He was arrested by the prompt and loud command of the captain of the boat. 'Down, Sir! No man puts his foot upon my table, whilst I have the honor to sit at its head.' The Englishman shrank back, chagrined and rebuked. Indeed, such was his mortification, that although he had entered and paid his passage to Albany, he stopped at the first landing, (West Point.) Whether it was on this occasion that, as the N. Y. Mirror intimates, he was rebuked by the host of the West Point Hotel, for a want of civility in the ladies' drawing-room, we are not informed." '

From the inexorable severity of our author in every thing relating to the economy of the table, one would naturally conclude that he belonged to a community in which the science of cookery was carried to the highest perfection, and the etiquette of the banqueting-room understood and practised with the nicest exactness. How far this is really the case in England, our readers have been enabled in part to judge from the heresy into which he and most of his countrymen have fallen in regard to the proper manner of eating eggs, and which we have already exposed upon the unquestionable authority of one of the ex-ministers of Charles X.,—a prince renowned for his love of good eating,—and who, unfortunately for him, thought much more, in arranging his cabinet, of the gastronomical attainments of the candidates for his favor, than of their political principles. That this is not the only error into which the English have fallen in regard to this matter, and that the science of eating and drinking is not in general carried by them to such a degree of perfection as to authorize a traveller, in his quality of Englishman, to come here and take us to task, *ex cathedrâ*, for some pretended infractions of the strict rules of gastronomy, is rendered sufficiently probable by the following remarks, which we borrow from the same authentic source alluded to above.

'To enjoy one's self at table is, in France, an axiom of good sense and good company. In England, on the contrary, to eat to live, seems to be the sole object; there the refinements of cookery are unknown. It is not, in a word, a science; neither does the succession in which dishes should be served up appear to be studied. To cover a table with immense pieces, boiled or roasted, and to demolish them, in the confusion in which chance has placed them, appears to be the whole gastronomic science of the country. The most ordinary seasoning of the English *cuisine* is a profusion of spices, unsparingly thrown into the sauces. To correct the effect of this, recourse is had to the insipid simplicity of plain-boiled vegetables, which continually circulate round the table, and with which the host would fain load the guest's plate. The meat is either boiled or roasted. The fish is always boiled, and is served invariably with melted butter. The numerous transformations which the natives of the deep undergo before appearing on a French table, are altogether unknown in England. Eggs are excluded from English dinner tables, and even when produced at other meals, they are served in the shell; for the talent of making an omelette enters not into the education of an English cook. English fowls are of an indifferent quality; and game is subjected to a process of roasting which deprives it of all its flavor. The confectionary is badly made and without variety. The vegetables, condemned only to figure as correctives of a too exciting *cuisine*, do not appear upon the table. The *entremets* are limited to a very scanty supply of creams and insipid jellies.

'The following is the order in which an English dinner is served. The first course comprises two soups of different kinds; one highly peppery, in which float morsels of meat; the other a soup *à la Française.* They are placed at either extremity of the table, and helped by the master and mistress of the house. They are succeeded by a dish of fish, and by roast beef, of which the toughest part is served round. Where there is no *plateau,* a salad occupies the middle of the table. This course being removed, regular *entrées* are brought in, and the servants hand round dishes with divisions, containing vegetables. The course which follows is equivalent to the second course in France; but, prepared without taste, it is served confusedly. Each guest attacks (without offering to his neighbor) the dish before him.

'The creams have often disappeared before the roast is thought of; which, ill-carved, always comes cold to him who is to partake of it. The English carve on the dinner table, and as, before proceeding to this operation, each person is asked whether he wishes to taste of the dish or not, a considerable time is lost in fetching the plate of the person who accepts. A dinner never lasts less than two hours and a half or three hours, without including the time the gentlemen sit at table after the departure of the ladies. The salad appears again before the dessert, flanked by some plates of cheese. After the cloth is removed, dried and green fruit with biscuit are placed on the table. These compose the not very brilliant dessert. The serving up of the dinner, however, is the part about which the English give themselves the least trouble. Their table only presents an agreeable *coup d'œil* before dinner. It is then covered with the whitest linen, and a service of plate of greater variety, richer, and more resplendent than is to be seen in any other country.'

It will be seen, that the objections made by Baron Haussez to the economy of an English table, are substantially the same with those which our author urges against us, the article eggs,—in which we happen to be orthodox,—always excepted. If the Americans, according to our author, '*pitchfork their food down their gullets* without the smallest attention to their neighbors,' the English, in like manner, in the more courtly phraseology of the noble Frenchman, 'attack, without offering to their neighbors, the dish set before them.' If, even at the parting feast at Niblo's,—in many respects an agreeable exception to most of our author's experiences in this country,—'the greater part of the dishes were cold before the guests were prepared to attack them,' so in England, according-ing to Baron Haussez, 'the roast, ill-carved, always comes cold to him who is to partake of it.' If, on the same great occasion in New York, there was 'no attempt to serve the chaotic entertainment in courses, a fashion, indeed, but little prevalent in the United States:' so in England, 'the succession in which dishes should be served up does not appear to be studied. To cover a table with immense pieces, boiled or roasted, and to demolish them in the confusion in which chance has placed them, appears to be the whole gastronomic science of the country.' If, in America, 'the dressed dishes are decidedly bad, the sauces being composed of little else than liquid grease,' so in England, 'the fish is always boiled, and is served invariably with melted butter.' This last point has in fact been for some time past a standing subject of reproach, on the part of continental travellers, against the natives of the fast-anchored isle. 'What a country,'—said the Neapolitan ambassador Caraccioli, after residing for some time at London,—'What a country for a Christian to live in! Twenty religions and only one kind of sauce!' This was of course the eternal melted butter.

It appears, however, that in these,—and the same is true of most of the other,—points the complaints made against the American and English domestic economy are precisely the same. We suppose the real truth to be, that both these worthies (our author and Haussez) are, perhaps with some exaggerations, partly in the right,—that the style of cooking and serving up a dinner is in fact substantially the same in England and in this country,—and that the science of gastronony is not in either carried to quite the same height of perfection, as in France. For ourselves, we cannot say, that this is with us a matter of very poignant regret. We are rather disposed, on the contrary, to apply to this subject the remark of Themistocles, who admitted that he played indifferently upon the flute, but consoled himself with the reflection, that he was a pretty good proficient in politics; or, in his own language, that he knew how to make a great state out of a little one. We make no professions of insensibility to the value of a good dinner: —'the man,' as Dr. Johnson justly observes, 'who neglects his stomach (employing a broader word), will be very apt to neglect every thing else.' But with all our respect for this valuable member, and the art which provides for satisfying its wants, we conceive that there are other arts of still more importance, the superiority in which is, at least, some compensation for the want of truffled turkeys and Perigord pies. But, however this may be, it is at all events quite ridiculous for an Englishman to come here and point out, with the air of making a great discovery, as blemishes in our domestic economy, the precise usages which have been for two centuries the standing topics of reproach upon his own countrymen; and which, as far as they occur at all, do in fact prevail to precisely the same extent on both sides of the Atlantic.

But it is time to quit this subject, however interesting, and proceed to something else. We have accompanied our author to the banqueting-hall, and have found him quarrelling with his bread and butter. Let us now attend him to the ball-room. Here, at least, as a military man and a bachelor, we might have expected to find him, if ever, in good humor. Unluckily, in order to substantiate his objections to the political institutions of the country, in the mode of argument which he has adopted in the work before us, it was necessary to show, not only that the gentlemen chew tobacco, and eat eggs in an irregular way, but that the *tournure* of the ladies is not exactly what it should be. If it can be made out, that the *belles* of New York and the other principal cities are deficient in the 'nameless graces' that adorn our author's countrywomen, it will follow as a matter of course, that the Constitution and laws of the United States are a complete failure: their principal object being, as is well known, to regulate the dress and deportment of the fairer part of the creation. This consideration seems, after some resistance, to have fairly overcome our author's gallantry, and he addresses himself to the agreeable task of finding fault with the appearance and manners of the New York fashionables, with a degree of resolution, that would have done honor to a better cause. The result is exhibited in the following extract.

'On the last night of the year there was a public assembly, to which I received the honor of an invitation. The ball-rooms were very tolerable, but the entrance detestable. It led close past the bar of the City Hotel, and the ladies, in ascending the stair, which, by the by, was offensively dirty, must have been drenched with tobacco-smoke. Within, however, I found assembled a great deal of beauty. At seventeen, nothing can be prettier than a smiling damsel of New York. At twenty-two, the same damsel, metamorphosed into a matron, has lost a good deal of her attraction. I had never been in so large and miscellaneous a party before. I looked about for solecisms of deportment, but could detect none on the part of the ladies. There was, however, a sort of *Transatlanticism* about them; and even their numerous points of resemblance to my fair countrywomen, had the effect of marking out certain shadowy differences, to be felt rather than described.

'There was certainly an entire absence of what the French call *l'air noble*,—of that look of mingled elegance and distinction, which commands admiration rather than solicits it. Yet the New York ladies are not vulgar. Far from it. I mean only to say that they are *not precisely European;* and with the possession of so much that is amiable and attractive, they may safely plead guilty to want of absolute conformity to an arbitrary standard, the authority of which they are not bound to acknowledge.

'But what shall be said of the gentlemen? Why, simply that a party of the new police, furnished forth with the requisite *toggery*, would have played their part in the ball-room, with about as much grace. There is a certain uncontrollable rigidity of muscle about an American, and a want of sensibility to the lighter graces of deportment, which makes him, perhaps, the most unhopeful of all the votaries of Terpsichore. In this respect the advantage is altogether on the side of the ladies. Their motions are rarely inelegant, and never grotesque. I leave it to other travellers to extend this praise to the gentlemen.'

The young ladies and gentlemen of New York, are certainly under great obligations to the gallant major for the civility with which he is pleased to speak of them, and will doubtless be happy to profit by his suggestions. It is rather unfortunate, that he has not been able to describe more particularly the newly-discovered offence of *Transatlanticism*, which the former are supposed to have committed, or the 'shadowy differences' between their manners, and those of his own countrywomen. In the absence of rules for the improvement of their *tournure*, our *transatlantic* fashionables will naturally look for examples, and with the view of aiding their researches, we beg leave to offer them the following description of a ball at Brighton,—one of the residences of the Court,—extracted from the late work of Prince Pückler Muscau. They will see at a glance, how much they have to gain by endeavoring to make their deportment more *precisely European*.

'A narrow stair-case led directly into the ball-room, which was ill-lighted and miserably furnished, and surrounded with worsted cords, to divide the dancers from the spectators. An orchestra for the musicians was hung with ill-washed draperies, which looked like sheets hung out to dry. Imagine a second room near it, with benches along the walls, and a large tea-table in the middle; in both rooms, the numerous company, raven black from head to foot, *gloves inclusive;* a melancholy style of dancing, without the least trace of vivacity and joyousness, so that the only feeling you have, is that of compassion for the fatigue the poor people are enduring, and you have a true idea of the Brighton Almack's, for so these very fashionable balls are called. The whole establishment is droll enough. Miss W., to whom I was introduced, was by far the prettiest and most graceful girl in the room, and I was almost tempted to dance once more, though from vanity, (for I always danced badly,) I renounced that so-called pleasure years ago. I might safely enough have attempted it here, for, God knows, *no where do people jump about more awkwardly, and a man who waltzes in time is a real curiosity.*'

Again: we are told on the same high authority, that

'The *tournure* of the English ladies, with few exceptions, is indeed as awkward as any thing to be seen at B.—Some of them have passed a year or two in France, and are distinguished by a better *tournure* and style of dress.'

Baron Haussez's ideas on these subjects are nearly similar. He describes, in the following manner, a ball given at one of the first houses in London, and represented in the newspapers of the day, as one of the most brilliant of the season.

'At twelve o'clock the ball-room was thrown open. For a few minutes the other rooms were freed of the unpleasant crowd; but the respite was of short duration, for the carriages, which every moment continued to set down fresh company in a ratio disproportioned to the extent of the apartments, obliged, at length, a part of the assembly to take refuge in the hall, which was quietly abandoned by the servants, these latter establishing their head-quarters on the steps outside the door. To move was now impossible for those who had not the strength to use their elbows, or the courage to leave a portion of their dress in the midst of the crowd.

'The supper room was thronged with people who could not make their way out: they who, dying with thirst, in vain attempted to enter this apartment, accused those within of immoderate appetite.

'In the ball-room there was the same crowding, the same suffocation, with this additional difference, that the male dancers opposed to the approach of the crowd effective *coups de pied*, and *the ladies a certain portion of their person which shall be nameless.*'

So much for the 'nameless graces' of our author's fair countrywomen, and the *precisely European tournure*, in which the New York *belles* are, it seems, deficient. In quoting these passages from the works of the German Prince and the French Ex-minister, we desire, however, to be understood as by no means sanctioning or approving the views taken in them of English manners. These views are obviously sketched in the same spirit of wanton and malignant caricature, that distinguishes those of our author. We quote them merely as offsets to his, for the purpose of showing that other communities, which are justly regarded by all as preëminent in civilization and refinement, and the very highest circles in those communities, are obnoxious to, and have, in fact, been made the objects of similar misrepresentation. *Seek and ye shall find*, is as true of finding faults as of any thing else: and it is, we think, not a little creditable to the *tournure* of the New York *belles*, that so determined a critic as our author, proceeding in the avowed intention of seeing something wrong, —looking about, as he says himself, for solecisms of deportment,—is compelled to invent a new word a foot and a half long, the meaning of which he does not pretend to know himself, in order to be able to impute to them even a *shadow* of variation from the nicest standards of European refinement. What the charge of *transatlanticism*, if examined, would really amount to, it will be time enough to consider, when our author shall have established his claims to the character of an *arbiter elegantiarum*. As the case now stands, we cannot think that a person, whose manners are so offensive that he could not be tolerated in a respectable boarding-house,—who attempted, in the presence of ladies, to walk upon the dinner-table,— and who puts into a formal journal of his travels, language too coarse for a decent forecastle,—is qualified to sit in judgment upon the shadowy and indescribable differences between the manners of the fashionable circles of different countries.

Our readers will judge from the specimens which we have taken, without much choice, chiefly because they happened to stand pretty near the opening of the work, of the spirit and temper, in which it is written. We cannot, of course, undertake to comment with the same detail upon all our author's sayings and doings, nor would it be necessary. A knowledge of the disposition in which he writes, is the proper antidote to his continual, and in many cases, obviously malignant and ungentlemanly misrepresentations. His remarks throughout the whole of his long tour, though not always destitute of shrewdness, and occasionally expressed with point and spirit, are marked, in general, with the same resolute spirit of fault-finding, and the same air of impertinent pretension, amounting at times to complete fatuity, which we have already noticed. At Providence, for example, the principal objects of attention, as our readers are aware, are the manufactories and the university. With most travellers, who might have occasion to pass a day in that city, it would have been a matter of course to visit these establishments, and to make the acquaintance of President Wayland, one of the most distinguished of our scientific and intellectual men. Our author disposes of this part of his subject in the following modest and summary way.

'Providence is the capital of the State of Rhode Island, and contains about 25,000 inhabitants. It stands at the foot and on the brow of a hill, which commands a complete view of the fine bay. The great majority of the houses are built of wood, interspersed, however, with tenements of brick, and a few which are at least fronted with stone. It contains considerable cotton manufactories, which,—*boasting no knowledge of such matters,*—I was not tempted to visit. The college appears a building of some extent, and is finely situated on the summit of a neighboring height. *The roads were so obstructed by snow, as to render climbing the ascent a matter of more difficulty than I was in the humor to encounter;* and so it was decreed, that Brown's College should remain by me unvisited.'

Instead of troubling his readers with dissertations on these unimportant topics, he selects for discussion the weightier matter of his own dinner at the tavern, upon which he descants in the following exquisite style.

'Having finished my ramble, I returned to the inn; where a very tolerable dinner awaited my appearance. It was the first time I had dined alone since leaving England, and, like my countrymen generally, I am disposed to attach considerable importance to the privilege of choosing my dinner, and the hour of eating it. It is only when alone that one enjoys the satisfaction of feeling that he is a distinct unit in creation, a being *totus, teres, atque rotundus.* At a public ordinary, he is but a fraction, a decimal, at most, but, very probably, a centesimal of a huge masticating monster, with the appetite of a Mastodon or a Behemoth. He labors under the conviction, that his meal has lost in dignity what it has gained in profusion. He is consorted involuntarily with people to whom he is bound by no tie but that of temporary necessity, and, with whom, except the immediate impulse of brutal appetite, he has probably nothing in common. A man, like an American, thus diurnally mortified and abased from his youth upwards, of course knows nothing of the high thoughts which visit the imagination of the solitary, who, having finished a good dinner, reposes with a full consciousness of the dignity of his nature, and the high destinies to which he is called. The situation is one, which naturally stimulates the whole inert mass of his speculative benevolence. He is at peace with all mankind, for *he reclines on a well-stuffed sofa*, and there are wine and walnuts on the table. He is on the best terms with himself, and recalls his own achievements in arms, literature, or philosophy, in a spirit of the most benign complacency. If he look to the future, the prospect is bright and unclouded. If he revert to the past, its " written troubles," its failures and misfortunes are erased from the volume, and his memories are exclusively those of gratified power. *He is in his slippers, and comfortable robe-de-chambre*, and what to him, at such a moment, are the world and its ambitions? I appeal to the philosopher, and he answers,—Nothing!'

This is the true Malvolio vein. 'Sitting in my state, calling my officers about me *in my branched velvet gown*, having come from a *day-bed*, where I left Olivia sleeping,—letting them know I know my place as I would they should do theirs.' &c. Even this, however, is improved upon at Philadelphia. The water-works of that city are justly reckoned among the principal curiosities of the place, and indeed of the country. These too our author declined seeing, for reasons still more extraordinary than those, which prevented him from visiting the cotton manufactories and the university at Providence.

'The Philadelphians, however, pride themselves far more on their water-works than on their State-House. Their *Io Pæans* on account of the former are loud and unceasing, and I must say, the annoyance which these occasion to a traveller, is very considerable. A dozen times a-day was I asked whether I had seen the water-works, and on my answering in the negative, I was told that I positively must visit them; that they were unrivalled in the world; that no people but the Americans could have executed such works, and by implication, that no one but an Englishman, meanly jealous of American superiority, would omit an opportunity of admiring their unrivalled mechanism.

'There is no accounting for the eccentricities of human character. *I had not heard these circumstances repeated above fifty times, ere I began to run restive, and determined not to visit the water-works at all.* To this resolution I adhered, in spite of all annoyance, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. Of the water-works of Philadelphia, therefore, I know nothing, and any reader, particularly solicitous of becoming acquainted with the principle of this remarkable piece of machinery, must consult the pages of other travellers.'

This we suppose to be the *nec plus ultra* of fatuity. That a man, possessing, no doubt, originally, the usual stock of ordinary good sense, should have permitted his head to be turned to this extent, by the little success of writing a tolerably popular second-rate novel, is a melancholy proof, in addition to a thousand others, of the facility with which that operation is performed, especially when the *knowledge-box* happens, as was probably the case in the present instance, to be naturally none of the strongest.

With Boston, and the society which he saw here, our author professes to have been very much pleased, although, as far as facts are concerned, his observations are exceedingly scanty. Having travelled by mail from Providence to Boston, and resided three weeks in the latter city, he was of course qualified to pass judgment *ex cathedrâ* upon the New England character, and accordingly writes, while at Boston, two long chapters of general remarks upon that subject. As the impression made upon him by the only part of New England which he had seen, seems to have been decidedly agreeable, one would naturally have expected that any conclusions, which he might have thought proper to draw from the materials in his possession, would have been rather favorable than otherwise. Instead of this, the two chapters are written throughout in a strain of almost unmingled invective. To draw such conclusions from such premises, argues some principle of conduct deeper than simple thoughtlessness, or mere political and national prejudice, and seems to require the supposition of a strong personal disgust in the writer. Whether any feeling of that kind had been generated by the gentle admonitions upon his deportment, which he is understood to have received at the hotel in New York, and on board the North River steamboat, we are not informed. He appears to have felt, that an apology was necessary for the precipitation with which he had formed his opinions. In a note upon one of the chapters alluded to, he states that 'the observations on the New England character would have been more appropriately deferred till a later period of the work, but *having written them, they must now stand where chance has placed them.* I have only to beg that they may be taken, not as the hasty impressions received during a few days' or weeks' residence in Boston, but as the final result of my observations on this interesting people, both in their own States and in other portions of the Union.' How the contents of two chapters, written at Boston, can be regarded as the results of observations made afterwards in other places, and why it was absolutely necessary that they should stand, because he had written them, our author has not condescended to explain. The presumption undoubtedly is, that it would have derogated from the dignity of so great a personage, to correct a rough draft, or even to alter the arrangement of his matter; and the passage affords another example of the same graceful modesty that shines so conspicuously in those which describe his proceedings at Philadelphia and Providence. We select from the two chapters in question a few of the more pointed and characteristic paragraphs, as specimens of the tone and manner of the whole.

'Mammon has no more zealous worshipper than your true Yankee. His homage is not merely that of the lip, or of the knee; it is an entire prostration of the heart; the devotion of all powers, bodily and mental, to the service of the idol. He views the world but as one vast exchange, on which he is impelled, both by principle and interest, to over-reach his neighbors if he can. The thought of business is never absent from his mind. To him there is no enjoyment without traffic. He travels snail-like, with his shop or his counting-house on his back, and, like other hawkers, is always ready to open his budget of little private interests for discussion or amusement. The only respite he enjoys from the consideration of his own affairs, is the time he is pleased to bestow on prying into yours. In regard to the latter, he evidently considers that he has a perfect right to unlimited sincerity. There is no baffling him. His curiosity seems to rise in proportion to the difficulty of its gratification. He will track you through every evasion, detect all your doublings, or, if thrown out, will hark back so skilfully on the scent, that you are at length fairly hedged in a corner.

'A New Englander passes through the statutory process of education, and enters life with the intimate conviction, that he has mastered, if not the *omne scibile*, at least every thing valuable within the domain of intellect. It never occurs to him as possible, that he may have formed a wrong conclusion on any question, however intricate, of politics or religion. He despises all knowledge abstracted from the business of the world, and prides himself on his stock of practical truths. In mind, body, and estate, he believes himself the first and noblest of God's creatures. The sound of triumph is ever on his lips, and, like a man who has mounted the first step of a ladder, it is his pride to look down on his neighbors, whom he overtops by an inch, instead of directing his attention to the great height yet to be surmounted.

'Jonathan is sober and industrious, but his reputation for honesty is at a discount. The whole Union is full of stories of his cunning frauds, and of the impositions he delights to perpetrate on his more simple neighbors. Whenever his love of money comes in competition with his zeal for religion, the latter is sure to give way. He will insist on the scrupulous observance of the Sabbath, and cheat his customer on the Monday morning. His life is a comment on the text, *Qui festinat ditescere, non erit innocens.* The whole race of Yankee pedlers, in particular, are proverbial for dishonesty. These go forth annually in thousands to lie, cog, cheat, swindle, in short, to get possession of their neighbors' property, in any manner it can be done with impunity. Their ingenuity in deception is confessedly very great. They warrant broken watches to be the best time-keepers in the world; sell pinchbeck trinkets for gold; and have always a large assortment of wooden nutmegs, and stagnant barometers. In this respect they resemble the Jews, of which race, by the by, I am assured, there is not a single specimen to be found in New England. There is an old Scotch proverb, "Corbies never pick out corbies' een."

'The New Englanders are not an amiable people. One meets in them much to approve, little to admire, and nothing to love. They may be disliked, however, but they cannot be despised. There is a degree of energy and sturdy independence about them, incompatible with contempt. Abuse them as we may, it must still be admitted they are a singular and original people.

Nature, in framing a Yankee, seems to have given him double brains, and half heart.

'The character of the New Englanders is a subject on which, I confess, I feel tempted to be prolix. In truth, it seems to me so singular and anomalous, so compounded of what is valuable and what is vile, that I never feel certain of having succeeded in expressing the precise combination of feeling which it inspires. As a philanthropist, I should wish them to be less grasping and more contented with the blessings they enjoy, and would willingly barter a good deal of vanity, and a little substantial knavery, for an additional infusion of liberal sentiment, and generous feeling.'

It will, of course, readily occur to our readers, that this same 'New England character,' which our author is pleased to represent as so very 'singular and anomalous,' and which he has painted in such very flattering colors, is no other than that of his own countrymen, himself included, except so far as he may have metamorphosed, or, as he would probably say in his improved English, *transmogrified* himself, by his campaigns in foreign countries. Englishmen are of course Englishmen all the world over, and there is no part of the world, in which the characteristics of the common stock have been sustained with greater purity, or with a less mixture of foreign alloy, than in New England. Our author himself admits, that 'two centuries have done little to efface the character which our forefathers brought with them.' All the *gentillesses* which we have quoted above, are therefore so many pretty compliments which the gallant gentleman has paid, apparently with a most innocent unconsciousness, to his countrymen, his neighbors, and himself. We find accordingly that the objections which are here made to the New England character, though stated in an unusually ill-natured form, are no other than the standing and hackneyed topics of reproach, which have always been urged against the English of the mother country; such as excessive gravity, an external coldness and reserve, which are supposed to indicate the absence of kind and generous feelings; an exclusive devotion to gain; an indisposition to be amused, and an overweening estimate of their own advantages, political and personal. These are the charges which, for two centuries past, have rung through the continent in a thousand different forms, and are constantly repeated as often as a traveller from the south of Europe crosses the channel. In the last editions by the German Prince, and Baron Haussez, they have manifestly lost nothing of their pungency. The *morgue Anglaise* is a proverb at Paris. Voltaire exhausted his wit in laughing at the *milords* who were accustomed to parade their weariness,---*promener leurs ennuis*,---through all parts of Europe. Bonaparte, when he spoke of the English, never forgot to characterize them as a nation of shopkeepers, dead to every sentiment of honor and generosity, and actuated by no motive or principle but a paltry love of gain. Madame de Staël, in her Corinna, has given a picture of a Scotch tea-party, which is enough to make a man put on a fur cloak in midsummer. Count Pecchio, the last of the travellers in England, tells us, that 'the English of our day are so tranquil and so cold, that they seem to us men of ice, and that it is often said that they have no blood in their veins.' It is really not a little amusing to see these stale criticisms on the English, after having, as we have said, rung through the continent of Europe, for about two centuries, been a thousand times over examined and re-examined in England,---allowed as far as they are just; refuted, denied, or explained, as far as they are false or exaggerated, and so often reduced to their proper value, that the whole question may be regarded as finally adjudged and settled in the highest courts of appeal,---to see them, we say, hashed up anew, with no other change of form but an ample condiment of spleen, and brought forward by an Englishman with an air of importance and almost mystery, as faults newly discovered by himself in the New England character.

Of the various modifications of the English character, the two which are generally supposed to resemble each other most nearly are the New England and the Scotch. This again is allowed by our author, who says that 'in character there are many points of resemblance between the Scotch and the New Englanders.' The poisoned chalice, which he wishes to administer to our lips, returns therefore directly back to his own, not merely as an Englishman, but as a native of the particular part of the mother country, in which he happens to reside. It is true that he attempts to make a distinction between the New Englanders and the Scotch, by representing the former as a horde of sharpers, 'going forth annually by thousands into other regions, to lie, cog, cheat, and swindle,' while he gives to the Scotch a high character for honesty. It is of course needless to add, that this exclusively New England failing is precisely the one, which is habitually imputed by the English themselves, though in much more decent language than our author has used, to their northern neighbors. That the Scotch are a set of tall, lean, hungry, red-haired, crafty knaves, inhabiting a bleak and barren region, presenting only one agreeable prospect, namely, that of the road to London, which they annually travel in crowds for the purpose of defrauding and eating out the substance of honest John Bull proper, is the fixed belief of that respectable personage, and is no doubt as well-founded as the corresponding persuasion of a considerable portion of our own countrymen, that the Yankees are employed the greater part of their time in fabricating wooden nutmegs, wherewith to impose upon the simplicity and pick the pockets of the generous, high-minded and too-confiding South. The very remark which our author here applies to New England, that, in consequence of the extraordinary acuteness of the inhabitants in matters of business, the Jews find it impossible to get a living among them, has been, a thousand times over, made upon Scotland, and sustained as often by the identical Scotch proverb which he cites with such apparent complacency as an illustration of it.

The charges made by our author against the New England character, being, as we have seen, precisely the same with those which are habitually urged against the English character, and particularly the Scotch modification of it, whatever foundation there may really be for them, come with rather an ill grace from a traveller, who is himself an Englishman, and from the north country. There are also some personal considerations in our author's case, which, duly weighed, might perhaps have satisfied him, that some at least, and those the most offensive of his accusations, were not so entirely free from doubt as he appears to have supposed them. He lauds himself continually, throughout his work, upon the favorable reception which he met with every where, and, as far as this city is concerned, we can vouch for the correctness of his representation. Now if the Yankees are so entirely given up to the worship of Mammon as he describes them to be :—if their homage is not merely that of the lip, or the knee, but an entire prostration of the heart, the devotion of all their powers, bodily and mental, to the service of the idol ;—how happens it, that they found so much time to devote to the author of Cyril Thornton ? What had they to gain, by giving him dinners and balls,—by leaving their compting-rooms and offices, to accompany him on his visits to the objects that engage the attention of a traveller, when,—as did not always happen,---he would so far condescend from his high estate as to consent to look at them? He brought with him neither merchandise to sell, nor money to buy. There was nothing very imposing in the rank of a Scotch Captain on half pay, and certainly nothing very attractive in our author's conversation and manners. He brought, it is true, letters of introduction to respectable persons in most of our cities. These, however, he did not take the trouble of delivering in person, but, as he is careful to inform us, regularly transmitted through the post-office,—a piece of rudeness, which, in any other country, would have entirely shut him out of society. How happened it then, we repeat, that an unknown foreigner,—unassisted by rank, fortune, or any personal advantage,—coarse and offensive in his manners, —almost unintelligible in conversation,—dropping from the clouds into the midst of a community of strangers, was yet received with marked attention wherever he went? It is needless to say, that the only effective letter of recommendation, which he brought with him, was his literary reputation. The cultivated circles in our cities were curious to make the acquaintance of the writer of a book, which they had read with pleasure, and, in consideration of his talents, cheerfully overlooked the offensive peculiarities in his personal deportment, although they probably did not anticipate the outpouring of malignity with which their civilities have been repaid. Had they been as exclusively devoted to money as he is pleased to represent them, he might and probably would have travelled from Eastport to New Orleans, without receiving any other notice than such as befel him in the North River steamboat and the New York hotel.

The devotion to literary—or to speak more generally—intellectual power, that prevails in this country, is, in fact, one of the remarkable traits in the national character, and is much more deep and fervent,—whatever our author may think of it,—than that which is paid to wealth. Mere wealth commands in this country,—as it must, and when tolerably well administered, ought to command every where,—consideration and respect; but creates no feeling of interest in its owner. Intellectual eminence, especially when accompanied by high moral qualities, seems to operate like a charm upon the hearts of the whole community. This effect is much more perceptible here than in Europe, where the intellectual men are overshadowed by an hereditary privileged class, who regard them every where as inferior, and in some countries refuse to associate with them at all. The highest professional or literary distinction gives no admission to most of the courts of Europe, and only on a very unequal footing to the fashionable circles. A lawyer or a clergyman of talent is occasionally allowed a seat at the foot of a nobleman's table, but to aspire to the hand of his daughter would be the height of presumption. At the close of a long life of labor he takes his seat, too late to receive any great satfaction from his new position, in the House of Lords, as Chancellor, Chief-Justice, or Bishop. Through the whole active period of his life, he has moved, as a matter of course, in a secondary sphere. With us, on the contrary, great wealth, the only accidental circumstance that confers distinction, is commonly the result of a life of labor. The intellectual men assume at once, and maintain through life, a commanding position among their contemporaries,—give the tone in the first social circles,—and, at the maturity of their powers and influence, receive from their fellow-citizens demonstrations of attachment and respect, which have rarely, if ever, been shown before to the eminent men of any other country. The Presidentships and the Governorships, the places in the cabinet, and on the bench of justice, in Congress and in the State Legislatures,—the commissions in the Army and Navy,—the foreign embassies,—elsewhere the monopoly of a few privileged families,---are here the rewards of intellectual prëeminence. Lord Brougham, though certainly in every way one of the most illustrious and truly deserving public characters that have appeared in England in modern times, has never received from his countrymen any proof of approbation half so flattering, as the sort of civic triumph with which Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster were lately welcomed on their respective visits to the East and the West. Mr. Irving, since his late return from Europe, has been the object of more attention of a public kind, than was shown through the whole course of his life to Sir Walter Scott, undoubtedly the most popular British writer of the last century.

This respect for intellectual power, which forms so remarkable a feature in the national character, ought not to have escaped the attention of a traveller, whose pretensions to notice are founded entirely upon that basis, and who had experienced the operation of it so favorably in his own person. It has often been evinced, in a very pleasing way, in the testimonials of regard shown to the memory of distinguished literary men, even of foreign countries. At the late lamented decease of the illustrious British poet, just alluded to, the public feeling of regret was evidently quite as strong in this country as in England. Subscriptions were raised at New York, to aid in the purchase of Abbotsford for his family: and a monument to his memory is now in preparation at Albany. We regret to learn that the object, in which the New York subscriptions were intended to aid, is not likely to be effected. The marble tablet that covers the remains of Henry Kirke White, in the churchyard of Nottingham in England, was placed there by a gentleman of this city, no otherwise interested in his memory, than by the pleasure he had taken in reading his poems. The same disposition to honor the memory of the illustrious dead exists in England, but has not in every instance been acted upon in an equally graceful and appropriate manner. The intention, entertained by some of the citizens of London to erect a new monument to Milton, on the occasion of repairing the church of St. Giles, where his remains were deposited, led to a transaction which does but little credit to the parties concerned. The following account of it was copied from the Diary of General Murray, into a late number of the London Monthly Magazine.

'24th August, 1790.—The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being in a somewhat dilapidated state, the parish resolved to commence repairing it, and this was deemed a favorable opportunity to raise a subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our immortal bard, Milton, who, it was known, had been buried in this church. The parish register book bore the following entry:—"12th November, 1674, John Milton, gentleman, consump'con, chancell." Mr. Ascough, whose grandfather died in 1759, aged 84, had been often heard to say, that Milton was buried under the desk in the chancel. Messrs. Strong, Cole, and other parishioners, determined to search for the remains, and orders were given to the workmen, on the first of this month, to dig for the coffin. On the third, in the afternoon, it was discovered; the soil in which it had been deposited was of a calcareous nature, and it rested upon another coffin, which there can be no doubt was that of Milton's father, report having stated that the poet was buried, at his request, near the remains of his parent; and the same register book contained the entry, "John Milton, gentleman, 15th March, 1646." No other coffin being found in the chancel, which was entirely dug over, there can be no uncertainty as to their identity. Messrs. Strong and Cole, having carefully cleansed the coffin with a brush and wet sponge, ascertained that the exterior wooden case, in which the leaden one had been enclosed, was entirely mouldered away, and the leaden coffin contained no inscription or date. At the period when Milton died, it was customary to paint the name, age, &c. of the deceased, on the wooden covering, no plates or inscription being then in use; but all had long since crumbled into dust. The leaden coffin was much corroded; its length was five feet ten inches. The above gentlemen, satisfied as to the identity of the precious remains, and having drawn up a statement to that effect, gave orders on Tuesday, the 3d, to the workmen to fill up the grave; but they neglected to do so, intending to perform that labor on the Saturday following. On the next day, the 4th, a party of parishioners, Messrs. Cole, Laming, Taylor, and Holmes, having met to dine at the residence of Mr. Fountain, the overseer, the discovery of Milton's remains became the subject of conversation, and it was agreed upon that they should disinter the body, and examine it more minutely.—At eight o'clock at night, heated with drink, and accompanied by a man named Hawksworth, who carried a flambeau, they sallied forth, and proceeded to the Church. The sacrilegious work now commences. The coffin is dragged from its gloomy resting-place. Holmes made use of a mallet and chisel, and cut open the coffin slantways from the head to the breast. The lead being doubled up, the corpse became visible; it was enveloped in a thick white shroud, the ribs were standing up regularly, but the instant the shroud was removed they fell. The features of the countenance could not be traced, but the hair was in an astonishingly perfect state; its color a light brown, its length six inches and a half, and, although somewhat clotted, it appeared, after having been well washed, as strong as the hair of a living being. The short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face, it became obvious that these were most certainly the remains of Milton. The 4to print of the poet, by Faithorne, taken from life in 1670, four years before he died, represents him as wearing his hair exactly in the above manner. Fountain said he was determined to have two of the teeth, but as they resisted the pressure of his fingers, *he struck the jaw with a paving stone* and several teeth then fell out. There were only five in the upper jaw, and these were taken by Fountain; the four that were in the lower jaw were seized upon by Taylor, Hawkesworth, and the sexton's man. *The hair*, which had been carefully combed and tied together before the interment, *was forcibly pulled off the skull* by Taylor and another; but Ellis the player, who had now joined the party, told the former that being a good hairworker, if he would let him have it he would pay a guinea bowl of punch; adding, that such a relic would be of great service, by bringing his name into notice. Ellis, therefore, became possessed of all the hair: he likewise took a part of the shroud, and a bit of the skin of the skull; indeed, he was only prevented carrying off the head by the sextons, Hoppy and Grant, who said that *they intended to exhibit the remains*, which was afterwards done, *each person paying 6d. to view the body*. These fellows, I am told, gained near 100*l.* by the exhibition. Laming put one of the leg bones in his pocket. My informant assured me, continued Mr. Thornton, that while the work of profanation was proceeding, the gibes and jokes of these vulgar fellows made his heart sick, and he retreated from the scene, feeling as if he had witnessed the repast of a vampire. Viscount C. who sat near me, said to Sir G., " This reminds me of the words of one of the Fathers of the Church, ' and little boys have played with the bones of great kings.' " '

In the elegant Latin epistle, which the minstrel of Paradise Lost addressed to his father in defence of his devotion to poetry, he ventures to anticipate, with the modest assurance of conscious merit, the posthumous honors that awaited his memory. —' My features too,' he says, ' the sculptor may perhaps one day design in marble, entwining the hair with a garland of Paphian myrtle or Parnassian laurel; but I shall be resting at the time in careless peace.'

Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego securâ pace quiescam.

The poet's vision of posthumous fame has been fully realized. His bust in marble surmounts his monument in Westminster abbey, upon which these beautiful verses appear as an inscription. The prediction of the undisturbed quiet of his last resting-place was, it seems, less fortunate. If we were disposed to retort upon the countrymen of our author the charges of cupidity, coarseness and utter destitution of all the finer feelings of our nature, which he so liberally makes upon us, we should want no better evidence in support of them, as far at least as a single transaction may be supposed to illustrate the character of a nation, than the fact of the citizens of the metropolis itself invading by night the sanctuary where the bones of Milton were deposited with those of his honored parent, dragging them forth from their consecrated resting-place, breaking the jaw-bones to fragments with paving-stones, pulling off the hair by force from the skull, alternately quarrelling and joking about the division of the spoil, and finally exhibiting the whole to the public for sixpence a head. If the New-York shopman was denounced by our author as a *brutal barbarian*, for venturing to look at him a little too sharply, we should like to know what epithets he would bestow upon the overseer and other parishioners of St. Giles, Cripplegate. We have no inclination, however, to pursue this line of argument, and are fully aware that this disgraceful transaction is in no way connected with the national character, and proves nothing but the brutality of the wretches immediately concerned in it. We have copied it, not as bearing at all upon the present question, but as a narrative, in itself very curious, and fraught with a deep and strong, though painful sort of interest.

While we have no disposition to recriminate upon our author by charging his countrymen with the base propensities which he attributes to us, it is also not our intention to enter into a formal defence of the common English character against the objections which he makes to it, as exemplified here, and which have been, as we have said, reduced to their proper value a thousand times over. The most offensive and at the same time the most groundless of them, is that of a want of generous and benevolent feelings, founded apparently upon a supposed reserve in exterior deportment,---as if a remarkable outward warmth and vivacity of manner were the natural indications of profound sensibility. Every one knows that the case is directly the reverse. The substantial benevolence of the English character, unquestionably one of its most remarkable features, displays itself here, as in the mother country, not in professions, or forms of courtesy, but in acts. There is probably no community on the face of the globe, of equal resources, where larger appropriations are annually made for objects tending to the relief of distress,---the promotion of learning and good morals,---the encouragement of patriotic and generous feelings, and in general for all purposes, appertaining to the higher department of our nature, than in New England. If it were worth while to go into any discussion upon the subject, we might mention, as proofs of what we have just stated, the proceedings of this description that have taken place in this city during the last year. In the course of the last winter, the project, which had been formed two or three years ago for the foundation of an institution for the Education of the Blind, came to maturity. The plan was submitted to the Legislature of Massachusetts, which made a handsome appropriation to the object. An appeal was then made to the benevolence of individuals, which was promptly answered, by the donation from an eminent citizen of his own residence,—one of the best houses in the city,—for the use of the Institution, on the condition that the sum of fifty thousand dollars should be contributed by other individuals,—a condition which was satisfied within a month. Of this large sum, more than eleven thousand dollars were raised at the Fancy Fair, held by the ladies; and it is really worthy of remark, that a much larger sum was obtained in this way, on this occasion, in the comparatively little city of Boston, than at a similar Fair, held about the same time at London, for the interesting purpose of the relief of distressed foreigners, under the immediate patronage of the ladies of the Royal Family, and all the principal nobility. Hardly was the subscription for the Institution for the Education of the Blind closed, when a new effort was made to obtain funds for the erection of the monument on Bunker-Hill, and within a few weeks nearly fifty thousand dollars were collected for this purpose, principally by the exertions of the mechanics. While these movements were in progress, a collection of three or four thousand dollars was made for the relief of a college in the State of Ohio,—another of the same amount for the Colonization Society, and several more of less importance, beside the regular and standing appropriations for literary, charitable and missionary institutions, previously in existence. Such is the extent of the sacrifices made for these purposes, during the present year: we mention them not as extraordinary, because we do not suppose that they much exceed the average amount annually contributed in the same way, but simply as the facts nearest at hand that bear upon the question. The amount is certainly considerable for a community, of which the population, including that of the neighboring towns that generally join in such contributions, does not exceed a hundred thousand souls.

The truth is, that our author has entirely mistaken the basis of the New England character, when he states that a selfish and calculating spirit is the leading feature in it. The New England character, like the English and German, which are different varieties of the same common type, is naturally ardent, enthusiastic and imaginative. The German race, which has spread itself over the whole north of Europe, and is now spreading itself over the whole of North America, has always exhibited in all its various locations, and under all the names which it has borne and still bears in different parts of the world, a highly poetical temperament, the basis of which is, of course, a keen sensibility to all the influences of nature, whether physical or moral. We find, accordingly, that Madame de Staël, in her powerful analysis of the German character, considers its leading and characteristic feature as *Enthusiasm;* agreeing in this opinion with the common sentiment of competent judges. Restrained in some degree in its development,—so far as the forms of ordinary social intercourse are concerned,—by the natural effect of a less propitious climate, the ardor of the German temperament has turned itself chiefly to literature and action. While the manners of the nations of the south of Europe are more lively than those of their northern neighbors, the literature of the north is, on the other hand, more poetical, and the moral tone of society more lofty and generous. Count Pecchio, whom we just now quoted, has correctly seized this idea, and has expressed it in a happy manner with immediate reference to England. 'A variety of circumstances,' he remarks, 'tend to repress the passions on frivolous occasions, and to give them the reins on those of importance. In family matters, in social intercourse, in every day discussion, they (the English) exhibit calmness, coolness, deliberation,—in great enterprises, in war, in the perils of the country, courage and enthusiasm. The same Englishman, who hardly returns your salute, and who sits at table with you, like a Chinese image, in the day of battle, or in the heat of a contested election, gives himself up to unbounded enthusiasm. Where is the enterprise, by which glory may be gained, that the Englishman does not engage in, heart and soul? Mungo Park plunges alone into the deserts of Africa: unintimidated by the mistake of his first journey, he risks a second, and perishes. Captain Cochrane returns on foot from Kamtchatka to Petersburgh, a distance of six thousand miles, alone and unfriended, as if it had been a walk in Hyde Park: he goes to America to take another stroll across the Cordilleras, and dies. Lord Byron abandons the sweet converse of the muses, the yet dearer smiles of the Italian fair, to die on a foreign soil, in defence of the freedom of a foreign land. Read the life of Sir Robert Wilson, and you will see how many perils he has voluntarily encountered in the cause of the oppressed, whether kings, nations, or individuals. Any of these men, who showed in these cases an enthusiasm worthy of a knight-errant, would have disdained in social life to be guilty of an act of impatience, even to a servant.'

So far as New England is concerned, the history of the country, from its settlement up to the present day, is little else than a record of the continual sacrifice of every selfish consideration to the loftiest moral principles that can operate upon the human mind. The foundation of the New England Colonies was an act of heroic self-sacrifice on the altar of Religion. So was the whole existence of the pilgrims for the first century and a half, encamped as they were, in a still unsubdued wilderness, with their muskets forever at their sides, a line of French fortresses along the whole frontier, and the Indian with his fire-brand and tomahawk at the back-door. Was this a position to be taken and sustained by men who acted upon selfish calculations of pecuniary profit? See them in the war of 1745, marching out under Sir William Pepperel to the conquest of Louisburg. Was this an act of selfish calculation? What had they to do with the fortress of Louisburg, or with the Austrian succession, which furnished the pretext for the war? See them in the war of 1756, rushing forward a second time with a sort of enthusiasm upon the same gratuitous service, and actually keeping on foot a larger proportion of their population than the Emperor Napoleon ever did of the French, at the height of his military frenzy. The peace of 1763 finally relieved our fathers from the dangerous neighborhood of the Indians and the French, but only to expose them to another series of hostile invasions from the Government itself. What was now the dictate of selfish calculation? Undoubtedly to pay the tea and stamp taxes, and go on quietly making money. Their whole conduct, from the close of the war of 1756 until the peace of Independence, was another exhibition of the same heroic self-sacrificing spirit, which occasioned the settlement of the country. Nor was it the peculiar virtue of a few superior minds. The Adamses, the Otises, the Warrens and the Quincys embodied and exemplified the spirit that prevailed through the country, and carried the whole population with them at every step in their progress. Our author's view of the New England character is, in fact, the very reverse of the truth. Instead of being governed by an exclusive devotion to gain, these Colonies are almost the only ones in the whole number, that were not founded with a view to pecuniary profit or any secular advantage. Most of the other settlements were made with the direct, avowed, and undoubtedly very honorable purpose of acquiring property. With the pilgrim fathers of New England, the service of God, as they understood it, was the exclusive principle of action; and their extraordinary success affords a fine illustration of the truth of the memorable saying of a profound writer, that 'no state has ever flourished, of which the foundations were not, in one way or another, laid in Religion.' That the foundations of the New England Colonies were so laid, has been the real source, not only of their unparalleled prosperity, but in a great measure of the prosperity of the whole country, which has always received, and still receives, its principal impulse from this quarter. How far the noble principles and sentiments, that uniformly actuated our fathers, are sustained in the present generation of the inhabitants of New England, it is of course not for us to say: but as our author extends his censure over the whole period of our history, and specifically includes in it the venerable founders of the Colonies, it is quite apparent that his opinion, at least, is entitled to very little attention; and that he is incapacitated, either by ignorance of facts or obliquity of moral feeling, from forming a correct judgment upon the subject.

We have been gradually drawn into a somewhat longer dissertation upon this topic than we had intended, and must hasten to take up the few others, upon which our limits will allow us to touch. In giving an account of his visit to Washington, our author comments at some length upon the character and manners of the principal persons employed in the various departments of the Government, upon the modes of proceeding in Congress, and upon the general principles and operation of our political institutions. As the work was avowedly written for political effect, it is here, of course, if any where, that we are to look for the substantial part of it. We regret to say, that this portion has no more pretension than the rest to the praise of either accurate observation, just and deep thought, or the manly candor and generosity of sentiment, which are never forgotten even by a political opponent, who means to combine with that character the manners and feelings of a gentleman. The strain of thought is common-place ; the language coarse, even to indecency, and the statements so entirely at variance with fact, as to become at times almost ludicrous. Of this description is the attempt to make it appear that the British Parliament is a body compelled by pressure of business to be economical of time, while the American Congress does nothing, and has in fact very little to do.

'It is evident that such a style of discussion,—if discussion it can be called,—could only become prevalent in an assembly with an abundance of leisure for the enactment of these oratorical interludes. In a body like the British Parliament, compelled by the pressure of business to be economical of time, it could not possibly be tolerated. The clamorous interests of a great nation are matters too serious to be trifled with, and time is felt to be too valuable for expenditure on speeches better fitted for a spouting club, than a grave, deliberative assembly.

'The truth, I believe, is, that the American Congress have really very little to do. All the multiplied details of local and municipal legislation fall within the province of the State governments, and the regulation of commerce and foreign intercourse practically includes all the important questions which they are called on to decide.'

It is a matter of curiosity, to compare with this account the real state of the case. In England, as our author says himself in another passage, the actual business of legislation is done by the Executive department of the Government. There are no standing committees of Parliament, and, as a general rule, the ministers prepare all the bills. At the time when our author wrote his book, the House of Commons met every day during the session at 4 o'clock, P. M. If a quorum (forty members) was not present when the Speaker took the chair,—a frequent occurrence,—the sitting was immediately adjourned, and the whole day was lost. If a quorum happened to be present, the House remained in session two or three hours, and transacted business commonly with a very thin attendance. A few times, in the course of the session, when some important political question was to be discussed, there was a call of the House, and a pretty general attendance of the members. On these occasions, the debates were sometimes prolonged through the night, and now and then, though very rarely, adjourned to a following one. Special Committees were from time to time appointed to examine and report upon particular subjects, and it is only in this form, that any part of the business of legislation was done by either House of Parliament in Committee.

So much for the pressure of business and the economy of time in the British Parliament. Let us now see how matters stand in this country. Here, no part of the work of legislation is performed by the Executive. The business is distributed at the commencement of a session of Congress among a variety of standing committees of the two Houses, who regularly prepare all the bills. These committees commonly meet every day at ten o'clock, and remain in session till twelve. At that hour the sitting of the two Houses commences, and, as a general rule, the members are all in attendance. They regularly remain together till four; and towards the close of the session, when business becomes pressing, they return and sit several hours in the evening.

The result is, that while in England the real work of legislation is done by the Ministry, and the actual labor of Parliament reduces itself to the attendance of from forty to fifty members two or three hours a day, for the purpose of registering without debate the bills presented to them ; in this country the whole work of legislation is done by Congress ; the members are regularly all in attendance, and are actually engaged in the despatch of business in one form or another, about six hours a day through the session. Our author's mistakes on this head are the more palpable, inasmuch as the points of comparison between the course of proceeding in England and in this country, to which we have adverted, are all particularly noted in other passages by himself. It is also worthy of remark, that at the very time when he was preparing his work, the British House of Commons reformed its mode of transacting business, and adopted the American usage of meeting every day at twelve o'clock. This is doubtless one of the instances alluded to with so much bitterness by the author in his preface, in which 'the institutions and experience of the United States were deliberately quoted by certain drivellers in the Reformed Parliament as affording safe precedents for British legislation,' and which were the means of securing to the world the mass of valuable information and elegant language, contained in the work before us.

Our author comments at considerable length upon the style of eloquence that prevails in Congress, of which he appears to entertain a very unfavorable opinion. After this follow some particular observations on the manner of Mr. Randolph, and a long analysis of a speech made by *a Mr. Tristram Burges* of Rhode Island, in reply to Mr. Cambreleng. The 'a Mr. Burges,' is rather comic, and brings to mind the 'one John Milton' of Whitelocke. Mr. Burges, the first man in his native State and a leading member of Congress, is a person, one would think, of at least as much consequence as the author of a second-rate novel. The analysis of his speech is written in a style of gross and vulgar virulence, not often to be met with in the most licentious newspapers. Will it be believed, that the leading topics of ridicule are the changes in his personal appearance, incident to advancing years?

'The orator commenced upon gray hair, and logically drew the conclusion, that, as such discoloration was the natural consequence of advanced years, any disrespectful allusion to the effect, implied contempt for the cause. Now, among every people in the world, Mahometan or Christian, civilized or barbarous, old age was treated with reverence. Even on the authority of Scripture, we are entitled to assert, that the gray head should be regarded as a crown of honor. All men must become old, unless they die young; and every member of this House must reckon on submitting to the common fate of humanity, &c. &c. &c., and so on for about a quarter of an hour.

'Having said all that human ingenuity could devise about gray hair, next came bald heads; and here the orator, with laudable candor, proceeded to admit that baldness might, in one sense, be considered a defect. Nature had apparently intended that the human cranium should be covered with hair, and there was no denying that the integument was both useful and ornamental. I am not sure whether, at this stage of the argument, Mr. Burges took advantage of the opportunity of impressing the House with a due sense of the virtues of bear's grease and macassar oil. I certainly remember anticipating an episode on nightcaps and Welsh wigs, but, on these, the orator was unaccountably silent. He duly informed the House, however, that many of the greatest heroes and philosophers could boast little covering on their upper region. Aristotle was bald, and so was Julius Cæsar, &c. &c. &c.

'It was not till the subject of baldness had become as stale and flat, as it certainly was unprofitable, that the audience were introduced to the vulture, who was kept so long hovering over the head of Mr. Burges's opponent, that one only felt anxious that he should make his pounce and have done with it. Altogether, to give the vulture—like the devil—his due, he was a very quiet bird, and more formidable from the offensive nature of his droppings, than any danger to be apprehended from his beak or claws. In truth, he did seem to be somewhat scurvily treated by the orator, who, after keeping him fluttering about the hall for some three hours, at last rather unceremoniously disclaimed all connexion with him, and announced that he—Mr. Burges—was "an eagle soaring in his pride of place, and, therefore, not by a moping owl to be hawked at, and killed!" This was too much for gravity; but, luckily, the day's oration had reached its termination, and the House broke up in a state of greater exhilaration, than could reasonably have been anticipated from the nature and extent of the infliction.'

Whatever may be thought of the eloquence of Mr. Burges, it will hardly be doubted by any one who has read the above extract, that our author is a most acute and especially candid and liberal critic. No wonder, that with so exquisite a sensibility to the proprieties and delicacies of social intercourse, he should claim the character of an arbiter of elegance, and undertake to sit in judgment upon the 'shadowy differences' between the forms of civilization in the various regions of Christendom. What unpardonable sin the distinguished Representative of Rhode Island has committed, that has drawn down upon him this tremendous visitation, (which of course he cannot hope to survive) we are not informed. Probably the head and front of his offending is, that he has the misfortune to differ in opinion from the author of Cyril Thornton upon the question of the expediency of a legislative protection for domestic industry. Mr. Cambreleng, on the other hand, by happening to agree with him upon that point, rises at once to the rank of 'a gentleman of great talent, and decidedly the first political economist in the country.'

The remarks on the character and eloquence of Mr. Webster, though strongly tinged with the silly affectation in style to which we have adverted, are conceived in a better spirit, as regards the subject, and we extract them with pleasure, as one of the few passages that do some credit to the discernment and feelings of the author.

'The person, however, who has succeeded in rivetting most strongly the attention of the whole Union, is undoubtedly Mr. Webster. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico, from Cape Sable to Lake Superior, his name has become, as it were, a household word. Many disapprove his politics, but none deny his great talents, his unrivalled fertility of argument, or his power, even still more remarkable, of rapid and comprehensive induction. In short, it is universally believed by his countrymen, that Mr. Webster is a great man; and in this matter I certainly make no pretension to singularity of creed. Mr. Webster *is* a man of whom any country might well be proud. His knowledge is at once extensive and minute, his intellectual resources very great; and, whatever may be the subject of discussion, he is sure to shed on it the light of an active, acute, and powerful mind.

'I confess, however, I did meet Mr. Webster under the influence of some prejudice. From the very day of my arrival in the United States, I had been made involuntarily familiar with his name and pretensions. Gentlemen sent me his speeches to read. When I talked of visiting Boston, the observation uniformly followed, "Ah! there you will see Mr. Webster." When I reached Boston, I encountered condolence on all hands. "You are very unfortunate," said my friends, "Mr. Webster set out yesterday for Washington." Whenever, at Philadelphia and Baltimore, it became known that I had visited Boston, the question, "Did you see Mr. Webster?" was a sequence as constant and unvarying as that of the seasons.

'The result of all this was, that the name of Webster became invested in my ear with an adventitious cacophony. It is not pleasant to admire upon compulsion; and the very pre-eminence of this gentleman had been converted into something of a bore. To Washington, however, I came, armed with letters to the unconscious source of my annoyance. The first night of my arrival I met him at a ball. A dozen people pointed him out to my observation, and the first glance rivetted my attention. I had never seen any countenance more expressive of intellectual power.

'The forehead of Mr. Webster is high, broad, and advancing. The cavity beneath the eyebrow is remarkably large. The eye is deeply set, but full, dark, and penetrating in the highest degree ; the nose prominent, and well defined; the mouth marked by that rigid compression of the lips by which the New Englanders are distinguished. When Mr. Webster's countenance is in repose, its expression struck me as cold and forbidding, but in conversation it lightens up ; and when he smiles, the whole impression it communicates is at once changed. His voice is clear, sharp, and firm, without much variety of modulation ; but when animated, it rings on the ear like a clarion.

'As an orator, I should imagine Mr. Webster's forte to lie in the department of pure reason. I cannot conceive his even attempting an appeal to the feelings. It could not be successful ; and he has too much knowledge of his own powers to encounter failure. In debate his very countenance must tell. Few men would hazard a voluntary sophism under the glance of that eye, so cold, so keen, so penetrating, so expressive of intellectual power. A single look would be enough to wither up a whole volume of bad logic.

'In the Senate, I had, unfortunately, no opportunity of hearing Mr. Webster display his great powers as a debater. During my stay, the subjects on which he happened to speak were altogether of inferior interest. In the Supreme Court he delivered several legal arguments, which certainly struck me as admirable, both in regard to matter and manner. The latter was neither vehement nor subdued. It was the manner of conscious power, tranquil and self-possessed.

'Mr. Webster may be at once acquitted of all participation in the besetting sins of the orators of his age and country. I even doubt, whether, in any single instance, he can be fairly charged with having uttered a sentence of mere declamation. His speeches have nothing about them of gaudiness and glitter. Words with him are instruments, not ends ; the vehicles, not of sound merely, but of sense and reason. He utters no periods full of noise and fury, like the voice of an idiot, signifying—nothing ; and it certainly exhibits proof that the taste of the Americans is not yet irretrievably depraved, when an orator like Mr. Webster, who despises all the stale and petty trickery of his art, is called by acclamation to the first place.

'In conversation, Mr. Webster is particularly agreeable. It seems to delight him, when he mingles with his friends, to cast off the trammels of weighty cogitation, and merge the lawyer and the statesman in the companion ;—a more pleasant and instructive one I have rarely known in any country. As a politician, the opinions of Mr. Webster are remarkably free from intolerance. His knowledge is both accurate and extensive. He is one of the few men in America who understand the British Constitution, not as a mere abstract system of laws and institutions, but in its true form and pressure, as it works and acts upon the people, modified by a thousand influences, of which his countrymen in general know nothing.'

The censures, bestowed by our author upon the style of speaking which prevails in Congress, though ridiculously exaggerated, have some foundation in truth. While the leading orators in both Houses are quite equal or perhaps superior to the first in the British Parliament, the average is a good deal lower ; in other words, there are more indifferent speeches in proportion to the good, precisely because there is a greater amount of speaking in proportion to the business done. In England, the debate on general questions is commonly left to some two or three of the leading members on each side. The others reserve themselves for local and particular questions, upon which they are particularly informed. Here, on the contrary, when a great question comes up, every gentleman, who can speak at all, seems to think it necessary to declare his opinion at length. The reasons for this difference are sufficiently obvious, but it is equally so, that the British practice is more favorable to a prompt and intelligent despatch of business.

In connexion with the account of his visit to Washington, and in two or three other passages of his work, our author comments at some length, as we have already remarked, upon the principles and operation of the political institutions of the country. His conclusions are all unfavorable, but as the premises from which they are drawn are generally common-place, we really see no reason, why he should have thought it necessary to write a new book, for the purpose of bringing before the British public political views, which may be found about as well stated in every newspaper and review. His theory is, that a purely popular government is impracticable, especially one that involves the principle of universal suffrage, and that this is the rock upon which we must finally split :—that we go along very well at present, while the population is comparatively scanty, but that, when it becomes more dense, the non-proprietors will take all the power into their own hands, abolish property, and throw the whole country into confusion. This result he considers not only as inevitable, but as not very distant, and as likely to occur within the period of the present or the next generation.

As there is no novelty in these objections, so the answer which, as our author says, was made to them repeatedly by intelligent gentlemen with whom he conversed upon this subject, is equally familiar, and to our minds perfectly satisfactory, although it failed to clear up the doubts of the worthy traveller. 'The general answer is,' he says, 'that the state of things which I have ventured to describe is very distant. It is enough for each generation to look to itself, and we leave it to our descendants some centuries hence, to take care of their interests, as we do of ours. We enjoy all manner of freedom and security under our present institutions, and really feel very little concern about the evils that may afflict our posterity.' To us, we must confess, this language appears to be conformable, not merely to practical good sense, but to the soundest and deepest theories of political science. The best government for every community is that which is best adapted to its actual condition, and if the one best adapted to its actual condition be also the one actually established and in operation, it would seem to be the height of madness to make complaint, or to wish for a change. Now it is fully admitted by our author, that the present Constitution is the one best adapted to the actual condition of the United States; he goes farther even, and admits with emphasis,—how consistently with many observations in other parts of the work, it is not for us to say,—that if the present Constitution could be maintained, it would be the best of all possible governments. 'At present, the United States are perhaps more safe from revolutionary contention, than any other country in the world. But this safety consists in one circumstance alone. *The great majority of the people are possessed of property:* have what is called a stake in the hedge; and are therefore by interest opposed to all measures, which may tend to its insecurity. It is for such a condition of society that the present Constitution was framed; and *could this great bulwark of government be considered as permanent as it is effective, there could be no assignable limit to the prosperity of a people, so favored.*'

The result is, then, upon the statements and admissions of our author himself, that we have in operation in this country the form of government which, abstractly considered, is the best of all possible forms, and which is at the same time the one best adapted to our actual condition. Is not this enough? It really seems to us, that a government, which can with truth be so described, is precisely the *beau idéal*, upon which the patriot in every country should fix his eye as the perfect,—though perhaps in his own case unattainable,—model; and that the country, in which it is actually established and in full operation, has nothing more in this respect to wish or hope. To obtain a form of government well adapted to their actual condition, and at the same time making some distant approach to those which appear most plausible in theory, has been heretofore the highest attainment of the most favored communities,—we had almost said the limit of their ambition. In our particular case, by an extraordinary concurrence of favorable circumstances, the best possible form of government is also the one best adapted to the actual condition of the people, and, what is of still more importance, the one actually established. Such, we say, are the admissions of the author: and if this state of things do not satisfy him, we can only say that he is even more fastidious on the subject of political institutions, than he is on the higher matters of the mode of eating eggs and the *tournure* of the New York ladies.

But, he says, this state of things cannot last. An unfavorable change in the condition of the people is inevitable: the non-proprietors must in the course of time become the majority. What then? Admit that all this is true: that a change in the condition of the people will have taken place before the year 2000, and that a form of Government different from the one now established will be better adapted to that state of things, than the present one. Does it therefore follow, that we are now to destroy our present Government and institute the other? Does not our author perceive, that for the very reason that the latter is better adapted to a different state of society, it is of course not so well adapted to the existing one? Suppose that it were supernaturally revealed to a person, standing firmly on both his legs at the age of twenty-one, that at the age of fifty he would fracture one of them and be obliged to have it amputated. He would no doubt regard this as a misfortune, but would he, as a prudent man, undertake to remedy the evil by sending for a surgeon and having one of his limbs amputated immediately? Would he act wisely to deprive himself of the use of a sound leg for thirty years, because a wooden one might after a certain period be better adapted to the existing state of his body, than one of his natural ones? This is a correct illustration of the course which appears to be recommended by our author, and which we certainly consider as most extraordinary. If we are destined to suffer an unfavorable change in our condition, so much the worse. When the change comes, we or our descendants must meet it, as we or they best may. In the mean time, we are well, and very well. Policy, duty, common sense demand of us to let very well alone.

If, as our author affirms, the present Government of the United States be in theory the best of all possible systems, and be also the one best adapted to our present condition, it is of course absolutely and in all respects the best we could now have, whatever changes in it may hereafter be rendered necessary or expedient by changes in the state of the country. But, after all, how does it appear that the threatened unfavorable change in the state of the country is so inevitable as our author appears to suppose? In this, as in many other cases, the worthy traveller, who is a little addicted to delivering oracles *ex cathedrâ*, has not condescended to give us very explicitly the reasons on which he founds his opinion. He tells us merely, that 'the population of the United States doubles itself in about twenty-five years; that at this rate it will amount in half a century to fifty millions; that before that period, it is *very certain* that the pressure of the population on the means of subsistence, especially in the Atlantic States, will be great: that the price of labor will have fallen, while that of the necessaries of life must be prodigiously enhanced; that the poorer and more suffering class will want the means of emigrating to a distant region of unoccupied territory; that poverty and misery will be abroad, and that the great majority of the people will be without property of any kind, except the thews and sinews with which God has endowed them.' Why or how all this is so *very certain*, he does not say, and as the burden of proof rests upon himself, he has of course failed in sustaining his position. This is all which, for the purpose of refuting his theory, it would be necessary for us to add upon the subject. Before he can reasonably expect us to abolish the best of all possible Governments, and substitute a confessedly inferior one, he is bound, not merely to assert, but to prove to us, that the change in our condition, which would, according to him, render such a proceeding expedient, is likely to occur. We may add, however, that his conclusions as to the probable state of things half a century hence,—however certain he may think them,—are directly in the teeth of the experience of the last two centuries. During that time, population has regularly advanced at a rate on the average considerably more rapid than the one he states as probable in future, but is so far from pressing on the means of subsistence, that the necessaries and comforts of life were never so abundant as they are at this moment,—that the price of labor never was so high ;—that emigration is checked, not because the poorer classes want the means of emigrating, but because their labor is in such demand that they are under no temptation to go elsewhere ;—that poverty and misery are hardly known ;—and that the majority of the people are all,—as he himself says,—in possession of more or less property. Why this is so, is just as evident as the fact is certain. The progress of population naturally brings with it the division of labor and the improved methods of applying it, which of course render it more productive, and reward the laborer with a greater amount of the necessaries and comforts of life. No sufficient or even plausible reason can be given, why the same process should not continue for the two next centuries, that has been going on for the two last. The history of what is, as a French writer justly remarks, is the history of what has been and of what is to be. For ourselves, we are quite as confident as our author professes himself to be of the contrary, that so far as the progress of population alone is concerned, and leaving out of view all other circumstances, the changes that are likely to occur in the state of the country will be for the better, and not for the worse: that for this and the two next centuries, the comforts and necessaries of life will be more abundant, in proportion to the numbers of the people, than they are now ;—the price of labor higher ;—emigration less considerable ;—poverty and misery less frequent ;—and the majority of the people better off in the way of property. Whether other circumstances of an unfavorable character may not occur during that period, that will counteract wholly or in part these results, is a different question, and one which we need not examine for the purpose of the present argument, since our author rests his case entirely on the supposed unfavorable effect of the single cause, to which we have alluded.

The views of our author, upon the general principles of the political institutions of the United States, are therefore entirely baseless and extravagant. His observations on particular points are hardly more correct, nor would it be easy to reconcile either the spirit or the details of the different passages in which they are respectively contained. After pronouncing, as we have seen, *ex cathedrâ*, that the Constitution is perfect, if it would only last, he finds, on examining the several parts in detail, hardly any thing to approve. The principle of elective magistracies is bad;—the shortness of the time for which the President is chosen is bad;—the exclusion of the Cabinet Secretaries from Congress is bad;—and, to pass over other minor points, in the opinion of this most intelligent and judicious observer, *the Union of the States is bad!!!* 'The experiment of periodically electing the chief officer of the Commonwealth has been tried and failed. While *confessing the grossness of the failure*, many Americans would willingly attribute it to the injudicious provisions for the collection of the national suffrage.' This interesting piece of information is,—as the newspapers say,—'important if true.' We had hitherto supposed, in the simplicity of our hearts, that the chief officer of the Commonwealth had been for half a century past elected in most of the States annually, in some every three or four years, and for the United States at large every four years, in such a way that the affair, instead of being 'a gross and acknowledged failure,' had passed off on the whole to the general satisfaction. Within the limited compass of our observation, we have never happened to meet with an individual who wished the present system to be changed, or with any publication, recommending a mode of designating a chief magistrate, other than that of popular election. So far as the office of President of the United States is concerned, which our author appears to have had particularly in view, we had supposed it to be generally acknowledged, not that the experiment had failed, but that it had succeeded a good deal better than perhaps could reasonably have been expected. Of the seven Presidents, who have been elected under it, the six first, viz: Washington, the two Adamses, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe,—though certainly far from being on a level in point of qualifications for the office,—were all, by general acknowledgment, among the most eminent and best qualified persons in the country. Mr. Monroe, the least conspicuous of the number, is yet spoken of by our author, deservedly, in very handsome terms, and was as much superior to the hereditary rulers of the ordinary European standard, as Washington was to him. As to the qualifications of the present incumbent, which are still the subject of party controversy, there would no doubt be a difference of opinion. A large and respectable portion of the citizens who opposed his election would probably say, that in his case the system has in fact failed. But were this even admitted, it might still be pertinently asked, whether any system can be expected to produce the best possible results oftener than six times out of seven. On the other hand, the large majority of the citizens who elected General Jackson, look upon him as the very Phœnix of Presidents, and from the tone of our author's remarks upon the subject, we should have supposed that he inclined to this opinion. He certainly, if his account may be believed, 'retired from the interview he had with General Jackson, with sentiments of very sincere respect for the intellectual and moral qualities of the American President.' We doubt whether he could have said as much as this, of a majority of the hereditary rulers of Europe. Add to this, that in the innumerable instances in which the same system has been applied in the several States, it has brought out, almost uniformly, men of great respectability,—often the very first men in the country, such as Jefferson, Dewitt Clinton, and Jay,—and in no one case, as far as we are informed, any person notoriously incapable. We cannot but think, that instead of having grossly failed, it must be regarded on the whole, as having in a remarkable manner succeeded. In fact, the capacity of the people at large to elect the principal political functionaries, is considered, by competent judges, as one of the least questionable points in the theory of government. Montesquieu, at least as high an authority on a political question as the author of Cyril Thornton, tells us that 'the people are admirably well qualified to elect those who are to be entrusted with any portion of their power. If there were a doubt of this, we need only to recollect the continual succession of astonishing elections that were made by the Athenians and the Romans, which certainly cannot be attributed to chance.'* The history of the United States, so far as we have proceeded, will be regarded by future political philosophers, as furnishing another example, not less striking than those of Athens and Rome.

While, in one part of his work, our author pronounces the Constitution to be the best of all possible governments, if it could but last, and in another finds fault with almost every important provision, he finally tells us in a third, with great frankness, that he does not know what it is. *The difficulty of understanding the Federal Constitution*, is the running title of one of his pages, and in the text beneath it he remarks, that 'of the Federal Government it is difficult to speak with any precision, because it is difficult to ascertain with any precision the principles on which it is founded.' If he had had the good sense to wait till he did understand it before he wrote upon it, he would have spared himself much trouble, and the world a very useless and mischievous book. In connexion with this remark, he introduces the opinion alluded to above, that the Union of the States is a bad thing, which he developes in a passage occupying two or three pages, under the running title of *The Disadvantages of the Union.* These supposed disadvantages appear to resolve themselves into this: that it is difficult for States, having different climates and productions,—some growing cotton, rice, tobacco and sugar, and others wheat and maize,—some agricultural, some manufacturing, and some commercial,—to reconcile their adverse interests, so as to go along comfortably together under the same government as members of one body politic. It did not occur to the worthy traveller, that the precise circumstance, of a difference in productions and occupations, constitutes a unity instead of a diversity of interest,—that the opposition of interest is between different persons engaged in the same occupations,—and that for South Carolina and Massachusetts to quarrel because one raises cotton and the other manufactures it, would be, as the late Mr. Dexter very properly remarked, about as reasonable as for two persons of different sexes to quarrel about the difference in their physical conformation. But without undertaking to refute these crude objections, it may be sufficient to remark that our author's doubts about the advantages of the Union afford the strongest proof, which he could possibly have given, how little he in fact understands the Federal Constitution or any of the political institutions of the country. To those who possess any tolerably correct notions on these subjects, it is superfluous to say that the great idea of the Union of the States is, in substance, the whole Federal Constitution:—the particulars, excepting so far as they affect the existence or non-existence of this vital principle, are mere matters of form. Differences of opinion about the construction of the instrument, with the same exception, are comparatively unimportant. The right claimed by South Carolina to annul the Constitution and laws at discretion, comes, of course, within the exception, and has fortunately been put down by the unanimous acclamation of the whole country; but, as to the other points upon which differences of opinion have existed, such as whether the General Government has or has not a right, under the Constitution, to establish a bank or a national university, to lay out new roads and make other internal improvements, and so forth, —the importance of their being decided in one way or another is like dust in a balance, compared with that of the great principle of the Constitution, a real and effective union of the States for all purposes of foreign and international concern. This is the prominent, all-important, we had almost said only important feature in our political institutions; and it is therefore not to be wondered at that an observer, who considers the union as an evil, should be at a loss to understand the nature and operation of the Government. On this subject, as on the one to which we before alluded, the true doctrine was explained to him in this country, but seems to have been lost upon him, although it is textually set down with great candor in his book. He is of the class of persons foretold in Scripture, who, hearing, were to hear, but not understand. In answer to his crude and puerile objections to the policy of the Union, he was told at Washington by a distinguished member of the House of Representatives, in strong and rather coarse language, provoked probably by his impertinence, that 'the Union was necessary to prevent us from cutting each others' throats.' This is the conclusion of the whole matter in a nut-shell. If our author had possessed wit enough to comprehend the meaning of this brief oracle, which is yet not very obscure, he would have gone home a wiser man than he came, and have written a much better book than he has done. The Union relieves our great and growing family of independent States from the curse of continual war, which has always desolated Europe, and secures to them, in actual reality, what has been often regarded as the golden dream of visionary speculators,—PERPETUAL PEACE. This single advantage puts a new face upon the whole political condition of the country. The continual recurrence of wars with other neighboring states,—the necessity of providing for them and carrying them on with efficiency,—the consequences that naturally result from them,—are the causes, that have mainly determined the form of the government in every other nation of which we know the history. The preliminary establishment on this continent of the opposite principle of union and perpetual peace, not only 'prevents us from cutting each others' throats,' —not only relieves us from the destruction of life and property incident to war,—but enables us to simplify our political machinery, and to go along quietly and prosperously under institutions, which in a different state of things would be impracticable. It has been said by some indiscreet citizens, in the course of the late controversies, that the true motto of the patriot is *Liberty first and Union afterwards*, but the truth is, that the preliminary existence of the Union is the necessary condition of the liberty we enjoy. It is owing to the Union and the permanent internal peace consequent upon it, that we are able to combine a complete security for personal rights with an extension of the sphere of individual action, and a contraction of that of government, greater than were ever imagined possible before. Abolish the Union,—introduce,—what would necessarily follow,—a system of permanent war among the States, instead of the existing one of permanent peace,—and you introduce, of course, the vast military establishments, the triumphant military leaders, the intolerable burdens, and the *passive obedience*, which regularly accompany the train of that great scourge of the human race. Universal suffrage,—elective magistracies,—representative assemblies, the liberty of speech, the press and public worship,—trial by jury,---would of course disappear at once. We hold these, and all the other personal and political privileges of which we are so justly proud, simply and solely on the condition of maintaining the Union.

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* Spirit of Laws. Book 2. Chap. 2.

The Union of the States is therefore the Alpha and Omega, —the A. B. C. and X. Y. Z.---the beginning, middle and end,

—the all in all,—of our political institutions. A writer, who professes to consider it as an evil, only shows that he has not obtained the most remote insight into their true principles and character. After mentioning the answer given to him by ‘ the distinguished Representative’ as above quoted, he adds, that ‘ *if* the Union be as important as it appears to be considered in the United States, it were to be wished that it were more likely to endure ;’ and predicts, no doubt with great regret, that ‘ the eral Constitution, like other bubbles, is at any time liable to burst, when the world will discover that its external glitter covered nothing but wind.’ We are glad,—so far as our humble judgment can be supposed to have any weight with so great a personage,—to assure him that the Union is in no danger. The experience of the last year has done much to confirm the assurance of its long duration, which the soundest thinkers have always felt from a consideration of the circumstances of the country. The Federal Constitution is not, as our author supposes, a glittering bubble, covering nothing but wind, and liable to burst at any moment. It is the beautiful and well-proportioned form, belonging by nature to a living, substantial, powerful, active and healthy political body. To destroy it would be just about as practicable, as to tear off the integuments from the frame of a living man : the operation could in either case only be effected by the complete destruction of life. The States are not only formally and by compact, but naturally and substantially, ONE PEOPLE. They are, with slight and unimportant circumstances of exception, one in their origin ; one by their geographical position and frequent relations ; one by their community of manners, language, laws and religion. These,—whatever our author may think of it,—are not airy nothings, like the wind that inflates a bubble, but substantial realities. They *naturally* carry with them the political unity of the communities among which they exist ; and what nature,—God,—has united, man *cannot* put asunder. It is not merely impolitic and inexpedient, but impossible permanently to separate the States. If, by any accidental convulsion, (and such an event is hardly within the compass of contingencies,) they should be temporarily separated, they would rush together again immediately, perhaps under a different form of union —with a wholly irresistible force of attraction. To attempt to break up the Union by ordinances and speeches in Convention,—the ‘ paper bullets of the brain,’---is like launching one of our author's glittering bubbles in the face of a strong north-easter. Every new rail road,---every additional steamboat, as it takes up its long line of march down the mighty Mississippi,—does more to strengthen the bonds of the Union, than all the speeches that have ever been made against it have done to weaken them. The very newspaper, in which such sentiments are contained, is itself an antidote to the poison it diffuses.

But this is not the time nor the place for a full development of this interesting topic. Our readers are already as much fatigued with our observations upon our author, as we are with his upon the country, and it is necessary to bring them to a close. If there be anywhere an appearance of asperity in our language, we trust that it will be considered as fully justified by the extracts we have given, and especially the outrageous and wholly inexcusable attack upon the gray hairs of Mr. Burges. We cannot conclude without repeating the expression of our regret, at this new example of narrow-mindedness, prejudice and malignity, in the judgments of British travellers upon this country. To every impartial observer, it is apparent that in the order of Providence a great work is in progress here, which is destined to figure hereafter in the rolls of history as one of the most remarkable achievements of the Genius of Civilization. A field has been opened, upon which the intelligence and refinement of a highly cultivated portion of our race may operate without the political restraints which have generally accompanied a great intellectual and moral improvement in the state of society. A numerous and continually increasingcluster of neighboring States have substituted, as the principle of their mutual relations, perpetual peace for perpetual war. The result of the concurrence of these auspicious circumstances has been almost magical. The whole continent is like a vast bee-hive, instinct throughout with life, motion and a joyous activity. Cities,—empires,—(Lowell, Ohio,—our whole Western Paradise justify the statement) rise from the bosom of the earth like exhalations. The wilderness blossoms like the rose; the very rocks and sand-banks (witness Nantucket,—witness all New England,) pour forth products more rich and abundant, than any that ever came from the gold and diamond mines of Peru and Golconda. New forms of government, that had hitherto been regarded as the visions of philosophic dreamers, too beautiful to be ever realized on this terrestrial sphere, are going on from year to year, in quiet and tranquil operation, in the full view of an astonished and admiring world. As a political power, the country has taken, at the outset of its course, its position among the leading States of Christendom; and the imagination is dazzled in looking forward to its future probable destinies. Such are the scenes, which the Western continent now presents to the eye of the philosophic traveller. If there be any thing to equal them in moral magnificence in the annals of the world, we confess that we have looked for it in vain. With prospects like these before them, it is painful,—it is pitiful,—to see a succession of observers, from the 'most thinking nation' in Europe, coming out, professedly on purpose to examine men and manners, and incapable of seeing or feeling any thing but some trifling and generally accidental circumstance, that happens to interfere with their national prejudice or personal pride. The shopmen look too hardly at them;—the merchants refuse to learn Sanscrit of them;—their fellow-boarders eat eggs in a way to which they are not accustomed; —from all which it follows of course that the people are a race of *brutal barbarians*,—that the Union of the States is a *disadvantage*,—and the Constitution a *glittering bubble*. This is worse than the folly of the cobbler of Athens, who, when asked his opinion of a fine statue of Venus, which had just been exhibited, said that he had remarked nothing but a wrong stitch in one of the sandals. An Athenian blockhead, as was well observed by the sage of Bolt Court, is the worst of all blockheads; and truly the blockheads of the modern Athens appear to be determined not to yield the palm to their ancient prototypes.

The apparent motive of all this misrepresentation is even more revolting and ridiculous than the thing itself. If there be one among the achievements of the English nation, of which, more than any other, they have a right to be justly proud, it is the foundation of the great English empire that is now growing up on the western side of the Atlantic: yet of all the European travellers, the English alone are incapable of looking with the least complacency upon their own work. Prince Talleyrand, Baron Humboldt, Châteaubriand, Volney, the Duke de la Rochefoucault were certainly as competent judges of men and manners,—as well qualified to appreciate the value of political institutions,---as the Fauxes, the

Fearons and the Trollopes, or even the Halls and the Hamiltons. All these, and a multitude of others of similar pretensions from the continent of Europe, who have published their observations upon the United States,—while they have pointed out, of course, what they regarded as objectionable,—appear to have received, on the whole, a favorable impression of the general aspect of society. But no sooner do the Chesterfields of Holborn and St. Giles,—the British Talleyrands of the sentry-box and ward-room,—set foot upon our soil, than it changes at once to a wild and barren waste, the abode of nothing but rudeness, ignorance and barbarism. Let us hope, that after a while, and under happier auspices, some pilgrim from the mother country may arrive among us, with a view sufficiently expansive to take in the wonders of improvement that are here in progress,—with a heart sufficiently English to rejoice in the achievements of Englishmen, without inquiring the degrees of latitude and longitude, or the year of grace in which they were performed,---and with a pen powerful enough to do justice to the subject. He might offer to his countrymen, as the result of his observations, a work more interesting and instructive than the celebrated *Germany* of Madame de Staël. Some approach to this was looked for at the hands of our author, as a person of established literary reputation. How miserably the expectation has been baulked, our readers have seen. The failure, though on many accounts much to be regretted, is a far more serious misfortune to him than to us. Another better qualified knight-errant will achieve the adventure, and carry off the prize. Perhaps we may finally owe to the graceful genius of some English De Staël the justice, which the men of the mother country have hitherto denied us, and which the daughter of Necker was the first to render to our kinsmen of Germany. In the mean time, we are doing very well,—have the world before us,---and can afford to wait. When Cardinal Fleury was Prime Minister of France, at the age of eighty-five, a young nobleman requested something of him, which his Eminence, being at the momenta little out of humor, was not inclined to grant. 'Sir,' said the Cardinal, 'you shall never obtain what you want during my life time.' *Monseigneur*, replied the other, *j'attendrai.* 'I will wait, my Lord.'

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXXIII.

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Art. I.—*Navarrete's Life of Cervantes.*

Vida de Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, escrita e ilustrada con varias noticias y documentos ineditos pertenecientes a la historia y literatura de su tiempo, por D. Martin Fernandez de Navarrete. Madrid, 1819. 1 vol. 8vo.

Life of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, with Illustrations from unpublished Manuscripts relating to the History and Literature of his time.

Cervantes in his lifetime was neglected by his countrymen, and the grave had long closed over him, before they became so far sensible of the lustre which they derived from his genius, as to collect with care the scanty materials for his biography.

The English accounts of him are meagre. The best which we have seen is the one by Lockhart, prefixed to the edition of Motteux's translation of Don Quixote, printed at Edinburgh in 1822.

In the year 1819, Navarrete, a Spanish scholar, well known for the light which he has thrown on the life and labors of Columbus, and the early history of Spanish maritime discovery, published at Madrid a new life of his illustrious countryman, accompanied with many documents, never before printed, which serve to illustrate various passages in his history. As this account has not been translated, we have thought that a notice of it might not be uninteresting to our readers.

Cervantes was born in Alcala de Henares, of a noble but poor family, and was the youngest of four children. Navarrete does not fix precisely the date of his birth. His parents were married in 1540 and his baptism took place in October 1547, so that he was probably born in that year. From early youth he manifested a strong inclination towards poetry and works of invention, great application, and so much curiosity that he was in the habit of reading the scraps of paper which he found in the streets. He had also a great fondness for the theatre. He studied grammar and polite letters under a respectable ecclesiastic named Juan Lopez de Hoyos, who, being employed to assist in the composition of the allegories, hieroglyphics, and inscriptions, to be placed in the church where the obsequies of the queen Isabella de Valois were to be celebrated in October, 1568, called in the aid of his pupils, among whose compositions those of Cervantes were distinguished. As Juan Lopez did not come to Madrid till January, 1568, when Cervantes was above twenty years old, the latter must have previously studied under some other master, or in some other place, and in fact it is known that he did study two years at Salamanca. At the time of the death of Queen Isabella, when Cervantes was in Madrid, an envoy from the court of Rome, named Julio Aquaviva y Aragon, son of the Duke of Atri, arrived in the same city, bearing a message of condolence to Philip II., on the occasion of the death of his son Don Carlos. This envoy is described as fond of men of letters; and since Cervantes mentions having been in his service in Rome as *valet de chambre*, it is probable that he became acquainted with him on the occasion of his mission to Madrid, and being admitted into his family at that time, accompanied him to Italy.

Cervantes did not remain long in this situation, for, in the following year, we find him a private soldier in the Spanish troops in Italy. He soon had an opportunity to distinguish himself, for the Grand Turk Selim II., in violation of his treaties with Venice, having invaded the island of Cyprus, which belonged to that power, during a period of profound peace, the Venetians implored the aid of the Christian princes, especially of the Pope, Pius V., who immediately prepared his galleys for service, under the command of Marco Antonio Colonna, Duke of Paliano. The papal fleet, having formed a junction with the fleets of Spain and Venice, entered the waters of the Levant in the summer of 1570, with the view of restraining the progress of the Turks ; but, owing to the disputes and indecision of the commanders of the confederated forces, the Turks were allowed to take Nicosia by assault, the season passed without Cyprus being relieved, and the armaments, having suffered much from tempests, were obliged to retire into their respective ports. Cervantes served during the expedition as a private soldier, under the command of Colonna, probably on board of one of the galleys of Naples, in which city he passed the winter after the return of the expedition.

The court of Rome now united the various princes of Europe against the Turks, and on the 20th of May, 1571, the celebrated League was concluded between the Pope, the king of Spain and the State of Venice. Don John of Austria, natural son of Charles V., was appointed commander in chief of the fleets and armies of the confederacy. The forces, both military and naval, were immediately assembled at Messina. On the 15th of September the allied fleets set sail. After relieving Corfu, they fell in with the Turkish armada on the morning of October the 7th, in the neighborhood of Lepanto.

At this time, Cervantes being ill of a fever, his captain and comrades urged him not to take part in the action, but he answered that he would rather die fighting for God and his king, than remain under cover to preserve his life at the expense of his honor. He then requested the captain to place him in the post of most danger. His wish was granted, and the example of his courage so animated the other soldiers in the galley that they alone killed five hundred Turks, among whom was the commander of the flag ship of Alexandria, and took the royal standard of Egypt. Cervantes received in this action three gunshot wounds, two in the back and one in the left hand, (in consequence of the last, his left arm was disabled for life,) and contributed his full share to the complete victory of the Christians. He was accustomed ever after to speak of this battle as exceeding in glory all others, past, present or to come, and to declare that he considered his participation in it cheaply purchased at the price of his wounds.

These wounds detained him at Messina until the end of April, 1572, when he joined the forces under the command of Colonna, and served in the Levant during the operations of that year. In the winter the Spanish forces remained in Messina, and preparations were made for the campaign of the next spring. The Venetians having concluded a separate treaty with the Porte in March, 1573, the plans of the confederates were changed, and an expedition against Tunis was resolved upon. On the 24th of September, the ships sailed from Palermo, with twenty thousand men on board, among whom was Cervantes. The troops disembarked on the 8th and 9th of October, and Tunis was immediately abandoned to them. Don John returned to Spain, leaving a garrison in the city. After his departure, the Turks collected a large army to recapture the place. The ships which Don John despatched to aid the garrison were driven off the coast by storms, and he met with a similar fate when he went in person to relieve the place, being obliged to seek shelter in the ports of Sicily from the violence of the hurricanes. Meanwhile Tunis was taken, and Don John returned to Naples. Cervantes remained with his fellow soldiers in Sicily, till the summer of 1575, when he obtained permission to revisit his country.

During the period of his service, Cervantes had visited the principal cities of Italy,—Genoa, Lucca, Florence, Rome, Naples, Palermo, Messina, Ancona, Venice, Ferrara, Parma, Placentia, and Milan,—of which he has given beautiful and accurate descriptions in his works. Italy was long the emporium of science, art and literature, owing to the influence of the Greek scholars, who had taken shelter there after the fall of Constantinople. The Spaniards, who held dominion over many of its states, maintained a frequent communication with the natives. Some of them resorted to Rome to obtain benefices, some to study at the university of Bologna, founded expressly for Spaniards by Cardinal Albornoz, some to serve in the garrisons and armies, and some to obtain the patronage of the viceroys, in the paths of jurisprudence or public life. Many Italians, on the other hand, went to Spain to visit the metropolis of their government, to enter into the service of their sovereign, or to gain wealth by commerce.

The object of Cervantes in returning to Spain was to solicit a reward for his services, and on this occasion he received from Don John of Austria highly recommendatory letters to the king, requesting his majesty to confer on him the command of one of the companies raised in Spain to serve in Italy, as he was a man of courage, and distinguished for his merit and his services. The viceroy of Sicily also recommended him in high terms.

He now embarked, with his brother Rodrigo, who had also served in the campaigns above mentioned, and with many other military men, to return to Spain, but, on the 26th of September, 1575, the vessel fell in with a squadron of galliots, under the command of Arnaute Mami, an Algerine captain; was attacked by three of the corsairs, and after obstinately maintaining an unequal combat, in which Cervantes distinguished himself, was obliged to surrender, and was carried into Algiers with all on board. It is probable that he gives the circumstances of this engagement in the fifth book of the Galatea, in which he describes an action between the ship which was carrying Timbrio from Italy to Spain, and this same Arnaute Mami, who commanded the squadron which captured him. In the division of the captives, Cervantes fell to the share of Dali Mami, captain of the vessel which had borne the principal share in the action. The Moor, on finding the letters of recommendation which Cervantes carried from Don John of Austria and the Duke of Sesa, supposed that he was a man of high rank and reputation, and that a large ransom could be obtained for him. He therefore treated his captive with great harshness, loading him with chains, keeping him under guard, and harassing him in various other ways, that the misery of his situation might induce him to urge his relations vehemently to effect his redemption. A further object of this mode of treating captives, which was common among the Barbary corsairs, was to induce them to renounce their religion; and the temptation was considerable, as the renegades received offices and dignities which gave them a great superiority over the natives of the country. But Cervantes remained unshaken and unseduced, and labored continually to devise means of escape for himself and his fellow captives. At length he prevailed on a Moor in whom he had confidence, to undertake to conduct them by land to Oran, an enterprise which had been attempted by other captives without success. Having commenced their march, they were abandoned on the first day by the Moor, and obliged to return to Algiers and the horrors of their captivity. Cervantes in particular found the rigor of his treatment much increased.

About this time, when the year 1576 was considerably advanced, some of his fellow captives were ransomed, and he was enabled to write to his parents, describing the miserable situation of himself and his brother. His father immediately pledged all his property to obtain means for ransoming his sons, and the whole family were reduced to poverty. Cervantes, on receiving the sum thus raised, began to treat with Dali Mami for his liberation, but the hopes of the Moor had been so much excited, that he would not accept the amount offered. Cervantes, however, was able to ransom his brother Rodrigo in August, 1577, and directed him, on his arrival in Spain, to send from the coasts of Valencia, Majorca, or Ivica, an armed ship to a point designated in the neighborhood of Algiers, which might receive him and other Christian captives. To facilitate the success of his brother's commission, he procured letters from two knights of the order of St. Juan, then captives in Algiers, addressed to the governors of the province and islands just mentioned, intreating them to aid in the execution of the plan.

This project of escape had been in the mind of Cervantes for a long time, and he had taken the best measures in his power to secure its success. About three miles eastward from Algiers, and in the neighborhood of the sea, was a garden belonging to the alcayde Hassan, a Greek renegade. This garden was under the care of a slave named Juan, a native of Navarre, who had prepared a cave in the most private part of it with much care. In this cave a number of Christian captives concealed themselves under the direction of Cervantes, about the end of February, 1577. Others continued to join them, so that when Rodrigo Cervantes returned to Spain, the number of captives in the cave amounted to fourteen or fifteen, all men of respectability, several of them Spanish knights. It is difficult to conceive how Cervantes, without being missed from the house of his master, governed this subterranean republic, providing for the subsistence of all, and guarding against discovery. He was enabled to carry on his plan principally by the interest of the gardener in its success, as a means of recovering his own liberty, and by the aid of another captive, called the Gilder, who had renounced Christianity, and afterwards returned to it. The gardener watched to prevent any one from entering the garden, and the other procured provisions for the party. After all concerned had been collected, and the time for the arrival of the ship drew nigh, Cervantes left the house of his master, and took refuge in the cave about the 20th of September, 1577.

A ship was equipped with great promptitude on the coast of Valencia or in Majorca, and put under the command of a certain Viana, who had been ransomed from captivity, and was brave, active, and acquainted with the coast of Barbary. He reached Algiers on the 28th of September, and in the night approached the part of the coast nearest the garden. While he was lying there, some Moors happened to pass by on the shore or in a fishing boat, and descrying the ship and the Christians through the darkness, began to call for aid so loudly that the crew of the ship were alarmed and put to sea. Renewing their attempt to approach the coast a short time afterwards, they were taken prisoners and the whole plan was frustrated.

Meanwhile Cervantes and his companions were consoling themselves, for the hardships of their confined situation, with the hope of liberty, but all their hopes were soon destroyed by the treachery of the Gilder, on whom they were dependent. This hypocrite resolved to renounce again the Christian religion, and on the last day of September, to ingratiate himself with Hassan, Bashaw of Algiers, disclosed to him his purpose and the hiding-place of the captives. The Bashaw was delighted with this intelligence, the captives being forfeited to him by the laws of Algiers, and immediately ordered the captain of his guard to take eight or ten mounted Turks, and twenty-four foot-soldiers with their swords and muskets, and some lancers, and to go under the guidance of the informer to the garden of the alcayde Hassan, and take possession of the Christians concealed in the cave, and of the gardener. The order was executed, and in the midst of the confusion occasioned by the entrance of the soldiers, Cervantes charged his companions to provide for their own safety by throwing the whole blame on him. While the soldiers were manacling the prisoners, Cervantes, calling the attention of all present, declared with a loud voice and a tranquil manner, that none of his comrades were to blame, for that he had persuaded them all to conceal themselves, and had arranged the whole enterprise. The Turks, surprised by so generous and high-minded a confession, made at the risk of death and torture, sent a horseman to inform Hassan of what Cervantes had said, and received orders to shut up all the other captives in his baths, but to bring Cervantes before him. He was accordingly conducted, manacled and on foot, to the presence of Hassan, suffering on the way all sorts of insults and injuries from his guard and the rabble of Algiers. In his examination, the Bashaw had recourse alternately to artifice and threats to induce him to disclose his accomplices. He was particularly desirous to make him accuse an ecclesiastic named Oliver, then employed in redeeming captives in Algiers for the crown of Aragon. But Cervantes steadily declared that he was the sole contriver of the plan, and neither directly nor indirectly compromised any other person. The Bashaw, wearied out by his constancy, contented himself with appropriating to his own use all the captives who had been seized. Cervantes he shut up in his baths, loading him with chains, and purposing to chastise him. Nothing but avarice prevented him from putting his prisoners to death. He saved their lives with a view to their ransom. Some of them, however, he was obliged to restore to their former masters. If Cervantes was one of these, as Haedo relates, he remained but a short time in the hands of Dali Mami; since the Bashaw, either fearing the attempts which his ingenuity might suggest, or hoping to procure a great ransom for him, purchased him from his master for five hundred *escudos.*

The Bashaw was covetous, suspicious and malignant, and withal so cruel and tyrannical, that his captives dreaded him as a fiend. Haedo gives a shocking account of his life and atrocities; and Cervantes, speaking of the labor imposed on the captives in his baths, who were about two thousand, uses these words: 'Although we suffered from hunger and nakedness at times, and in fact almost always, yet nothing distressed us so much as the unheard-of cruelties of our master towards the Christians. Every day he hanged one, impaled another, cut off the ears of a third, and for such trivial causes, or so entirely without reason, that the Turks admitted that it was merely from pleasure at the sight of suffering, and because nature made him for a butcher of human kind.'

In the baths of this monster, Cervantes remained chained and watched with great vigilance from the end of the year 1577, but struggling continually to shake off the yoke. He at length found means secretly to despatch a Moor with letters for Don Martin de Cordoba, general of Oran, and other persons of distinction, resident in that place, requesting them to send some spies or trusty persons, with whom he and three other gentlemen, confined in the baths of the Bashaw might make their escape. The Moor departed to execute his commission, but unfortunately, at his entrance into Oran, he was intercepted by some other Moors, who took possession of the letters which had been given him, and carried him back to Algiers, where Hassan, seeing the signature of Cervantes, ordered the Moor to be impaled, and Cervantes to receive two thousand strokes. This sentence, however, was not executed, owing to strong intercession in his favor, although the barbarian at the same time ordered three other Spanish captives to be impaled in his presence for attempting to escape to Oran.

Neither these repeated failures nor the great risk of a cruel death, could abate the spirit of Cervantes, or relax his desire to effect his own liberation and that of the other captives. In September, 1579, he met in Algiers a Spanish renegade, a native of Grenada, whose original name was Giron, but who had taken that of Abderraman on becoming a Mussulman. Cervantes, learning from his fellow-captives that this man had repented of his change of faith, and was desirous to return to his former country and religion, exhorted him repeatedly to reconcile himself to the Catholic church. By his aid he hoped to procure the means to transport himself to Spain, and having obtained from a Spanish merchant at Algiers, named Onofre Exarque, fifteen hundred *doblas*, the renegade Giron purchased a galley with twelve banks of oars, and fitted it for sea under the secret direction of Cervantes, who had agreed with seventy of the principal captives that they should hold themselves ready to embark as soon as notified. But when the moment of departure had nearly arrived, an ill-disposed individual discovered the whole design to the Bashaw.

Hassan thought it best to conceal his knowledge of the plan, in order to apprehend the Christians in the fact, when he might punish them or take possession of them as forfeited to himself. But it was soon whispered about, that the plan was betrayed, and the Christians were greatly alarmed, particularly Onofre Exarque, who apprehended the loss of his property, liberty and life; as he supposed, that if Cervantes were taken, he should be put to the torture and compelled to disclose his accomplices. On this account, he pressed him strongly to embark for Spain in a ship which was on the point of sailing, offering to pay his ransom. But Cervantes, perceiving the cause of his uneasiness, and feeling how dishonorable it would be for him to leave his companions exposed to great danger, declined to accept his offer, and endeavored to tranquillize him by declaring that no torture,nor even death itself, would induce him to betray any of his associates, but that on the other hand he should take the whole blame upon himself, in order to save them.

Meanwhile Cervantes had left the house of his master, and secreted himself in the quarters of Diego Castellano, an old comrade of his, until it should be known what measures the Bashaw would take in consequence of the discovery of this plot. A few days after, proclamation was made, through the public crier, for Cervantes, and the punishment of death was denounced against any one who should conceal him; upon which, fearing that his presence would expose his friend to danger, or that some other Christian might be put to the torture on his account, he resolved to present himself to the Bashaw, and availed himself on this occasion of the services of a renegade, a native of Murcia, named Morato Raez Maltrapillo, an intimate friend of Hassan, whose intercession he hoped might be of use to him. As soon as he came into the presence of Hassan, the Bashaw began to inquire into the circumstances of the plot and the names of his accomplices, and, to terrify him, caused a rope to be put round his neck, and his hands to be tied behind him, as if he were on the point of being hanged; but Cervantes remained perfectly calm, betrayed no one, and steadily and repeatedly declared that he alone had planned and arranged every thing, with four other gentlemen, who had since obtained their liberty, and that none of the other captives were to know of the plot till the moment of its execution. The replies which he made to the charges of Hassan were so ingenious and discreet, that, although not admitted as a justification, they yet served to moderate the anger of the savage, who contented himself for the time with banishing the renegade Giron to the Kingdom of Fez, and ordering Cervantes to be thrown into prison, where he was kept for five months chained, fettered, vigilantly guarded, and treated with the greatest rigor.

It is certain that the diligence and sagacity shown by Cervantes, in contriving and conducting these conspiracies, and the courage and firmness with which he had four times met the danger of being impaled, burned alive, or in other ways put to a cruel death, for the sake of saving his companions, gained him such a reputation and made him so formidable in the eyes of the Algerines, that the Bashaw suspected him of meditating an insurrection in Algiers, to destroy that asylum of the pirates of the Mediterranean.

The example of two brave Spaniards, who had previously made the attempt, and the great number of captives, (more than twenty-five thousand) whose coöperation might be relied on, had in fact inspired him with the idea of taking possession of the city, and delivering it up to his sovereign Philip II.; but the ingratitude and ill will of some of the conspirators frustrated his plans. The severities of the Bashaw towards Cervantes were not therefore merely the effects of his cruel disposition, but precautions for securing his own safety and that of his republic; and he was accustomed to say, that if he could keep a good watch over that disabled Spaniard, he should consider his capital, his captives, and his vessels secure. Cervantes was aware of the Bashaw's feelings, and confessed that he was treated with a moderation foreign from the character of Hassan, and unlike his conduct towards the other slaves.

The sufferings of Cervantes, particularly in the latter years of his captivity, were increased by the distressed condition of the city of Algiers. Hassan, from the time of his entering upon the government, had monopolized all the provisions, which he sold at such prices as he saw fit; the consequences of which were famine, disease, and so horrible a mortality among the poor of the country, that all the streets of the city were filled with the dead and the dying; and though the Christian captives did not experience these calamities in their full force, on account of the interest which their masters had in preserving their lives for the sake of their ransoms, their condition could not but be materially affected by such a state of distress, among a population so numerous and in a city so miserably regulated. About the same time, the formidable preparations which Philip II. was making for the conquest of Portugal, but without disclosing his object, spread terror among the leading men of Algiers, who imagined that the armament was intended for the reduction of their city; so that they labored incessantly to strengthen and extend their fortifications, on which the Christian captives were compelled to work day and night. The captives were also guarded with additional strictness, until the entrance of the Spanish army into Portugal showed the true object of the armament.

While Cervantes was trying such ingenious and hazardous methods to obtain liberty, his parents were laboring at Madrid to effect his ransom. But their means having been exhausted in ransoming his elder brother in 1577, they were unable to advance the sum required. Rodrigo Cervantes, therefore, immediately after the arrival of his elder son in Spain, petitioned for a judicial inquiry into the character, circumstances and services of his son Miguel, and his own inability to ransom him. Such an examination was made, but before any thing was finally determined, the father died. Meanwhile two ecclesiastics were preparing to go to Algiers, by order of the Spanish authorities, to ransom captives. Their names were Juan Gil and Antonio de la Bella. Before these commissioners, the mother and sister of Cervantes presented themselves and put into their hands, the former two hundred and fifty ducats, the latter fifty, to aid in the ransom of a son and a brother.

The ecclesiastics arrived at Algiers on the 29th of May, 1580, and immediately began to execute their commission. The difficulties which they met with in the case of Cervantes, delayed them some time, since the Bashaw demanded a thousand *escudos* for him, double the price which he had paid, and threatened if this sum were not advanced that he would carry him to Constantinople, whither he was on the point of returning, the period of his government having expired. In fact, Cervantes had already been put on ship board, loaded with chains, when father Gil, pitying his situation, and fearing that he would lose forever the chance of recovering his freedom, exerted himself so zealously for his liberation, that the Bashaw at length consented to receive five hundred *escudos* of gold. This sum was made up in part by money borrowed of the merchants, and Cervantes was finally allowed to disembark on the 19th of September, at the very moment when the Bashaw set sail for Constantinople.

After regaining his liberty, Cervantes requested father Gil to have a formal inquiry made into his conduct during his residence in Algiers, in order to clear his reputation from the charges which some ill-disposed individuals had preferred against him, before he should present himself in Spain to seek the reward of his services. A full examination was therefore made, and the result was highly honorable to him. Navarrete, in this place, in further illustration of the merits of Cervantes, repeats the fact, already mentioned, that the Mussulmans at Algiers were accustomed to make great efforts to seduce the young Christian captives to renounce their faith, and embrace Mohammedanism, clothing them splendidly, feasting them sumptuously, and using all sorts of enticing arts, prohibiting them at the same time from having intercourse with the other Christians, and from practising the rites of their religion. When these means failed, they resorted to cruelty. Five young men, in the service of the principal Turks of Algiers, who had been thus induced to desert their faith, were prevailed upon by the earnest representations of Cervantes to seek a reconciliation with the Catholic church, and, when at sea on an expedition with their masters, escaped, as he had suggested, to the shores of Christendom. While the Turks were in the habit of practising these arts on the higher class of their captives, the poorer sort were subjected to the most cruel treatment, being compelled, after completing their domestic tasks, to labor on the public works of the city, or in other toilsome but lucrative employments, to earn money for their owners, and if they failed to furnish the daily demand, they were so ill-used that they sometimes became disabled for life, in which case they were dragged to the gates of the houses to beg for their support. Cervantes endeavored to alleviate the lot of these poor people, distributing among them all that he had or could collect, to give them the means of satisfying their own wants and the daily exactions of their masters.

It appears likewise from the uniform testimony of the best witnesses, that Cervantes was strict in performing the duties of a Catholic Christian; that his zeal led him many times to defend his religion, in the presence of infidels, at the risk of his life; that he strengthened the faith of those whom he found lukewarm or discouraged; that his nobleness of mind, agreeable manners, frankness of deportment, genius and good sense gained him many friends; that his kindness and affability procured him the favor of the multitude, while he preserved even in slavery the decorum becoming his station; and that the commissioners for redeeming the captives, sensible of his talents and accomplishments, treated him with great regard, and consulted him on the most difficult matters connected with their mission.

During his captivity, Cervantes wrote some verses on sacred subjects, and it is not improbable that he may have composed some of his comedies at that period, since it is known that the captives in the baths were accustomed to celebrate certain festivals, on which occasions they represented dramas and recited passages from the poets. At the close of the year 1580, Cervantes set out for Spain with several of his late comrades in captivity, and in the summer of 1581, we find him embarked as a soldier on board the ships which were transporting the troops under the command of Don Lope Figueroa, to aid Don Pedro Valdes, who commanded a squadron sent to reduce Terceira and to protect the vessels which traded to India. But Valdes having failed in an attempt to land on Terceira, and the two commanders not being able to agree, each acted independently, and both returned about the same time to the ports of Portugal, where the various Spanish squadrons were ordered to assemble to be prepared to act together the next year. Cervantes and his brother were afterwards present in an action which took place near the island of Terceira, on the 25th and 26th of July, 1582, between the French and Spanish fleets. The Spaniards were victorious. The two brothers were also present in the summer of 1583 at the reduction of Terceira.

During the stay of Cervantes in Portugal, he appears to have formed an illicit connexion, the fruit of which was a daughter, who accompanied him in his subsequent fortunes, and lived in his house even after his marriage.

In all the countries which he visited in the course of his military career, he appears to have been a diligent and accurate observer, forming an acquaintance with their principal men of letters, studying their literature, their politics and manners, their merits and their faults, and thus acquiring the stores of knowledge, the strength and correctness of judgment, the grace and elegance of style, and the truth of description, which characterize his works. On his voyages he studied diligently the peculiar features of maritime life; hence the variety of naval adventures which he introduces, and the skill in the use of maritime terms, which distinguish him among all the Spanish writers. About this time he was ordered to Oran, undoubtedly because the company to which he belonged was in garrison there, but the particulars of his residence in that place are not known.

In the midst of so agitated a life he commenced, and about the end of the year 1583 completed the Galatea, the first work which he published, a pastoral adapted to the taste of the time. Many of the shepherds in this tale appear to have been real characters, and Galatea herself a lady to whom he was attached, and whom he shortly after married. This pastoral contains many fine situations and descriptions, but the shepherds are too learned and philosophical, and the episodes too numerous. It was not published till towards the close of 1584. In December of that year, immediately after the publication, he married a lady of a noble family in Esquivias.

The love of polite learning, especially poetry, had diffused in that age, through the principal cities of Italy, a taste for academies, which were founded and supported by men of eminence. The example was imitated in Spain during the reign of Charles V., and among the academies, which shed lustre on his court, the one which assembled in the house of the famous Hernan Cortes was particularly celebrated. The first societies of this sort, however, seem not to have gained a permanent footing in Spain, and perhaps expired with their founders, while in Italy they continued to flourish more and more. The example of the Italian academies induced a gentleman of distinction belonging to the Spanish court to establish a similar association, embracing the principal poets and men of letters resident in Madrid. Cervantes was probably one of the members.

At this period of his life he wrote comedies to the number of twenty or thirty, which were all performed and well received, but Lope de Vega soon eclipsed all his countrymen in this branch of literature.

It was not merely the love of poetry or the desire of fame which made Cervantes devote himself to the drama, but the necessity of exerting his talents for the support of his family. His labors and sufferings in the service of his country had not yet met with any recompense, he was more than forty years old, his left arm was disabled, and he found it difficult to obtain a decent support. In the year 1588 he ceased to write for the stage, and removed to Seville, having obtained a small office under the commissary-general for supplying the fleets of the Indies with provisions and other necessaries, purchased from the people of the various provinces. He entered on his duties in June of that year, and continued to discharge them till April following. Seville was at that time the emporium of the commerce and wealth of the new world, the richest city in Spain, and the most distinguished for the cultivation of literature and the arts; and Cervantes might have hoped to obtain there the consideration which he sought in vain amid the pomp of the court.

The humble and precarious situation which poverty had obliged him to accept, he probably regarded as an opening to better employments, or as affording him the means to become informed of vacant offices in the Indies, and to apply for them with better support and recommendations. In May, 1590, he addressed a memorial to the king, setting forth the services which he had rendered for twenty-two years without any return, and petitioning for one of the offices then vacant in the Indies; but the memorial was without effect, possibly owing to some imprudence on his part. He therefore retained the office of commissary, and continued in it during the years 1591 and 1592, discharging various commissions for supplying the galleys of Spain.

In the exercise of these duties he visited most of the towns of Andalusia, whose roads, customs, and the most particular circumstances connected with them, he describes with the fidelity of an eye-witness, availing himself at the same time of all the subjects which could afford exercise to his peculiar humor, and having always in view the improvement of men. An occurrence, which took place in Andalusia while he was in the province, and which Navarrete considers as the foundation of one of the adventures of Don Quixote, is so characteristic of the manners of the times, that we insert his account of it.

At the close of the year 1591, St. Juan de Cruz died of a fever in his convent at Ubeda. Two of his admirers, Doña Ana de Mercado, and her brother Don Luis de Mercado, who by the advice of the holy man had founded the convent of Segovia, determined to attempt the transfer of his remains to their convent at every risk, without regard to the opposition, which might be expected from the people of Ubeda and the vicinity. Having obtained the permission of the vicar-general of the Carmelites, they despatched a person in whom they could confide, with the title of alguazil, to present himself to the prior of the convent of Ubeda, disinter the body, and bring it to Segovia with great secrecy and precaution. The commissioner entered the city of Ubeda by night, delivered his despatches privately to the prior, and while the members of the convent were asleep, opened the sepulchre, nine months after the interment had taken place, when the body was found in good preservation, and emitting a fragrant smell. It was thought best, however, to defer the transfer for a while. Eight or nine months afterwards, about the middle of the year 1593, the alguazil returned, and finding the body more dry, though still fragrant, he put it into a sack for the purpose of concealment, and left the city at midnight, accompanied by a number of guards. To escape observation, he avoided the main road, and travelled through by-paths and desert tracts in the dead of the night. It is said, that while this pious robbery was executing, a member of the convent was awakened by a loud voice, exclaiming, 'Arise, for they are carrying off the body of the holy brother Juan de la Cruz,' whereupon he arose, and going to the church found the prior keeping guard at the door, who ordered him to say nothing of what he had discovered. It is also reported, that before the alguazil arrived at Martos, a figure suddenly appeared to him on a high crag, not far from the road, and exclaimed with a loud voice, 'Whither are you carrying the body of the Saint? leave it where you found it.' At which the alguazil and his companions were so alarmed, that their hair stood on end. A similar adventure happened to them on a plain, where a man suddenly appeared, and asked them what they were carrying. They replied, that they had orders to keep it secret. But the man continuing his importunities, they were about to give him some money to get rid of him, when they found that he had disappeared. Notwithstanding these obstructions, they continued their journey towards Madrid and Segovia. And the leader of the party afterwards stated, that several times during the journey, he had seen brilliant lights round the sack which contained the venerable relics. The boldness with which this singular robbery was executed, the strange circumstances which accompanied it, and, more than all, the dispute which it immediately occasioned between the cities of Ubeda and Segovia, afforded subjects of never-ending gossip and exaggeration to the Andalusians.

No sooner were the facts of the case known in Ubeda, than the government of the city determined to apply to the Pope to obtain the restitution of the sacred remains. A complaint was accordingly preferred to Clement VIII. against the city of Segovia, whose cause was sustained by Don Luis de Mercado and his sister. After due examination, restitution was ordered by his Holiness; but when the event of this singular suit was known in Spain, some persons of much influence interposed to prevent the excitement which would attend the execution of the sentence, and the city of Ubeda was induced to compound for a part of the remains of the venerable man; thus the devotion of both parties was satisfied, and their minds tranquillized. Navarrete considers this story as having given rise to the adventure of the dead body in the 19th chapter of the first part of Don Quixote,—Cervantes having been in Andalusia at the time when the circumstances took place, and of course having often heard them spoken of.

Cervantes remained a number of years collecting money due to the government. About this time Clement VIII., at the solicitation of the king of Poland, canonized San Jacinto, on which occasion the Dominican convent of Saragossa celebrated solemn festivals, accompanied with poetical contests, which had been announced through all the kingdom of Aragon, and the principal cities of the peninsula, especially at the universities of Salamanca and Alcala. On this occasion Cervantes gained a prize for a work in praise of the saint.

In the year 1596, Cervantes became involved in the bankruptcy of a merchant named Simon Freire, who had received from him in Seville a part of the money which he had collected for the government, giving him, in return, an obligation to pay him the same sum in Madrid. Cervantes having made a representation of the case to the king, the money was recovered by the government from the effects of the bankrupt. This circumstance, and a distrust of the credit of the principal bondsman of Cervantes, led the government to make a strict inquiry into his accounts, and an order was issued in September, 1597, requiring him to give security, that, within twenty days, he would present himself in Madrid, and pay the balance that should appear to be due from him. If he should fail to give such security, he was to be cast into prison, a treatment which the commissioners of the government often received, many instances being known of their having been arrested five, six and eight years after the settlement of their respective commissions, on account of the confusion in the Spanish finances, occasioned by the want of order and the great expenditures of the government. Cervantes was arrested in Seville, but as his debt was small, he was liberated on giving a proportionate security, and allowed to go and complete his account. We are ignorant of the result of the proceedings, but it is certain that he remained in Seville at least during the year 1598. Philip II. died on the 13th of September in that year, and to honor his memory, the city determined to erect a magnificent tomb. On the 24th of November, the obsequies commenced, at which the city, the *audiencia* or court of justice, and the tribunal of the Inquisition assisted. On the following day assigned for the performance of the funeral service, so violent an altercation arose in the church between the *audiencia* and the Inquisition, on account of the president of the court having covered his seat with black cloth, that, notwithstanding the solemnity of the place and the occasion, excommunications were thundered forth by the Inquisition; in consequence of which the officiating priest retired to the vestry to conclude the mass, and the preacher, who was prepared to pronounce the funeral discourse, descended from the pulpit, leaving the courts, spiritual and temporal, in their places till the hour of four in the afternoon, engaged in a warfare of protests and injunctions. The marquis of Algaba at length succeeded in composing the tumult, the Inquisition recalled its denunciations, and an account of the whole affair was laid by both parties before the king and council, that they might settle the points in dispute. The decision did not arrive until the close of December, and on the 30th and 31st of that month the honors were repeated, all the preparations having remained suspended till that time. On this occasion the satirical humor of Cervantes displayed itself in a sonnet. These circumstances show that Cervantes resided at that time in Seville, where he employed himself in various agencies for persons of distinction. His long residence in that city led some of his contemporaries to suppose it his native place; but though this opinion is incorrect, his great knowledge of its localities and of the manners, faults, prejudices and popular stories of the citizens, prove his great familiarity with it. Thence he drew the materials for several of his tales, as, for instance, that of Rinconete and Cortadillo, two famous robbers, whose adventures occurred in the year 1369.

The intercourse of Cervantes with the common people, which made him familiar with the manners of the rogues and idlers, and the rudest of the populace of a large city, did not prevent him from cultivating the friendship of the wise and learned, and the men of most reputation in the place. One of these was Francisco Pacheco, a distinguished painter and poet, whose shop, says Rodrigo Caro, was the usual academy of cultivated genius in Seville, both native and foreign. This painter is known to have taken the portrait of Cervantes, as did also another painter and poet of Seville, named Don Juan de Jauregui.

During the four years subsequent to 1598, there is no satisfactory information of the condition of Cervantes. It has been generally believed that he was imprisoned for a time in La Mancha, in consequence of the ill-feeling excited by the execution of some commission with which he had been intrusted; and while in prison he is supposed to have written the first part of Don Quixote. In Argamasilla, a town of La Mancha, tradition has even preserved the memory of a particular house, in which he is said to have been confined. If this imprisonment did really take place, it may have been during the four years just mentioned. Various causes have been assigned for it; one of them is, that he attempted to collect from the people in the neighborhood of Argamasilla some arrears of tithes, due to the grand priory of San Jacinto; another, that he employed the water of the Guadiana in turning a powder mill to the prejudice of the country people, who had used it for irrigating their fields; another that he had addressed a biting jest to a lady, and thereby offended her friends,—but there is nothing known with certainty on the subject. Cervantes himself makes mention of Don Quixote having been commenced in prison, and from this circumstance and the silence of his enemies and rivals respecting the cause of his confinement, it is not probable that any dishonor was attached to it.

Two years after the removal of the Spanish court to Valladolid, Cervantes went to reside in that place. The Duke of Lerma was then at the head of the government. He is said by some writers to have treated Cervantes with very little regard; so that, finding his hopes of a compensation for his services continually disappointed, he ceased to make application for it, and employed himself during the rest of his life in various agencies and other business, and in writing new works, or in preparing for publication those which he had already written. These scanty resources, and the assistance which he afterwards obtained by means of his friends from enlightened patrons, supported him during the remainder of his life. He lived in poverty, in the midst of the splendor of the court, behaving with great prudence and moderation, and always mentioning with respect those officers of the government to whom he alluded in his printed works.

Being about to publish the first part of Don Quixote, he sought to obtain the patronage of some man of high rank and reputation, and fond of literature, whose favor might increase the consideration of the work in the eyes of the public; and having obtained the royal license to print it on the 26th of September, 1604, he determined to dedicate it to the Duke of Bejar. There is a tradition that he was afraid that his book, purporting to contain the adventures of a knight errant, would be neglected by the more reflecting and better informed part of the community, and little esteemed by ordinary readers, who could not understand its delicate satire, and would be disappointed in not finding there the marvellous stories to which they had been accustomed in books of chivalry. This is said to have been one of his reasons for wishing to dedicate the work to the Duke, whose high standing would bring it into notice and favor. It is a part of the same tradition, that the Duke, being informed of the nature of the work, was unwilling to allow it to be dedicated to him, but that Cervantes, professing that he would be governed by his wishes, requested him only to listen to one chapter of the book; the effect surpassed his hopes, for the audience were so delighted, that they would not allow the reading to stop till the whole work was finished, and loaded it with praises; upon which the Duke willingly accepted the dedication.

It is supposed that Don Quixote, on its first appearance, was received with much neglect by the public; and that Cervantes, knowing that it was misunderstood, endeavored to attract attention to its true character by an anonymous publication called *Buscapié*, in which, pretending to criticise the work, he intimated that it was a satire full of instruction and entertainment, intended to put an end to the injurious habit of reading books of chivalry; and that the personages and events, although fictitious, had some allusion to the character and exploits of Charles V. and of other persons who had charge of the affairs of the monarchy. Only a few copies of the *Buscapié* were circulated, and none are known to be extant. The fact of its appearance, however, is pretty well established. We cannot tell what effect it may have had in producing the popularity which Don Quixote soon attained. Four editions at least were printed the same year (1605), in which the first appeared. These were soon followed by others in France, Italy, Portugal and Flanders.

In addition to the ridicule cast upon the fables of knight errantry, the variety and nature of the adventures, episodes and incidents of the story, afforded a wide field for attacking the vices and prejudices most common in society. This collateral object Cervantes has pursued with great spirit and humor, and by allusions to recent personages or events, has increased the effect of the satire, although the chivalrous air, thrown over the whole, moderates the personality of the allusions. Voltaire considers Don Quixote as modelled on the Orlando of Ariosto. Señor Rios thinks it an imitation of the Iliad. Pellicer finds more points of resemblance between the Spanish story and the Golden Ass of Apuleius. These vagaries led two Spanish scholars in Italy, under pretence, the one of criticising, the other of defending Cervantes, to amuse themselves with an ironical exhibition of parallel passages from the Spanish work and its supposed models. Thus the adventure of Mambrino's helmet was compared to the bringing of the divine arms to Achilles by Thetis; the wedding of Camacho, to the funeral games in honor of Patroclus and of Anchises; the wooden horse, on which Don Quixote achieved the adventure of the afflicted duenna, to the griffin steed of Ariosto; the disenchantment of Dulcinea to the enchanted wood of Tasso, and so of the rest.

In consequence of the general favor with which Don Quixote was received, the author was attacked by some writers, who considered themselves as having been satirized in that work. The writers of romances of knight errantry, and their multitude of readers, saw themselves ridiculed with keen and elegant irony; several poets were sharply criticised in the examination of Don Quixote's library, and the dramatic writers were provoked by the freedom with which they were treated by Cervantes in the person of the canon of Toledo. The resentment of the offended parties gave rise to numerous attacks upon the Don Quixote and upon its author. A sonnet in depreciation of Cervantes has been attributed to Lope de Vega, and another which attacks the writings of Lope has been ascribed to Cervantes; but, in the opinion of Navarrete, there is no foundation for the supposition of such hostility between these distinguished men, who openly spoke of each other in the highest terms.

Many literary men were attracted to Valladolid by the residence of the court in that place. Among these was Diego de Haedo, who, having finished his history of Algiers in 1604, was soliciting a license to print it. As this work contains an account of some adventures of Cervantes, while in captivity, which the latter was on the point of giving to the world in his tale of the Captive, it was natural that they should compare their respective accounts, to avoid discrepancies. It may be inferred, that this was done, from the similarity of style and expression to be found in the two; and Sarmiento, in confirmation of this supposition, states, that he had heard from a brother of his order a tradition, that a Benedictine monk had assisted Cervantes in the composition of Don Quixote,—a story, which might have had its origin from the intercourse of Cervantes with Haedo.

The 8th of April, 1605, was the birth-day of Philip IV. His baptism took place on the 28th of May, and on the 31st the queen appeared in public to attend the celebration of mass. The English ambassador, admiral Charles Howard, had arrived at Coruña on the 26th, with a train of six hundred Englishmen, to ratify a treaty, and was present at the baptism of the infant, and the appearance of the queen. These events were celebrated with magnificent festivals, bull fights, balls, masquerades, and military exhibitions. After the ratification of the treaty, also, the English ambassador was splendidly entertained, and departed on the 17th of June. To preserve the remembrance of these celebrations, Cervantes was commissioned by the ministry to prepare an account of them, which he did to the general acceptation.

Scarcely were these public rejoicings concluded, when a melancholy accident disturbed the tranquillity of Cervantes and his family. Among the followers of the court was a knight of Navarre, a member of the order of Santiago, named Don Gaspar de Ezpeleta, a lover of tournaments and of gallantry, who, on the night of the 27th of June, 1603, had an encounter in the street with another person, was badly wounded, and calling loudly for aid, took refuge in the house in which Cervantes resided. His cries brought out a young man, the son of Doña Luisa de Montoya, who also occupied apartments in the same house. Seeing the knight with his unsheathed sword in one hand, his shield in the other, and bleeding copiously, he called out to Cervantes, who had already retired to rest. The two carried him into the apartments of Doña Luisa, where he remained till his death.

It appears from the testimony of the witnesses on the judicial examination of this affair, that the family of Cervantes then comprised his wife, his natural daughter, a girl of twenty years, his sister Doña Andrea, who was a widow, her daughter, an unmarried woman of twenty-eight years ; and another lady also, called his sister, who was a *beata* (or woman devoted to works of charity), and was above forty years old.

There was some evidence to show that Don Gaspar received his wounds from a rival suitor of the daughter or niece of Cervantes, or of one of the other ladies lodged in the other apartments of the same house. On this account, several persons were put in prison, and among them Cervantes himself, his daughter, his niece, and his widowed sister. It is a part of Doña Andrea's testimony, when examined as to her brother's visitors, that some persons came to see him on account of his being accustomed to prepare writings and do other business, and that Mendez (one of the persons whose visits were inquired into) had requested him to go to the kingdom of Toledo on business connected with certain rents. From this, it would seem that Cervantes continued to employ himself in agencies as a means of supporting his family. Soon after, the prisoners were released, there being no evidence to prove them culpable.

In 1606 the court returned to Madrid, and was followed thither by Cervantes. In the year 1608, the first part of Don Quixote was reprinted under his eye, with corrections, omissions and additions.

Cervantes was now old, in straitened circumstances, persecuted by his rivals, neglected notwithstanding his services and his talents, and thoroughly experienced in the ways of men. Thenceforth he devoted himself to a retired and philosophical life, to literature and religious duties. He became a member of some of the religious associations which flourished at that period, under the patronage of Philip III., a prince of a devotional character, whose influence induced the principal courtiers and public officers, and the most distinguished scholars and artists, to enter these fraternities. Cervantes was one of the earliest members, having entered in April, 1609. His wife, and his sister Doña Andrea, also devoted themselves to religious exercises in the order of St. Francis, in June of the same year.

The mutual love and esteem of Cervantes and Doña Andrea were uncommonly strong and enduring. She was older than he, had given up her portion to aid in his ransom, and a few years after had also furnished for the same object a small sum, which she had collected for her own wants. She had been married three times; and having survived all her husbands, Cervantes received her and a daughter by her first marriage into his family. They followed him to Seville, Valladolid and Madrid, and contributed by their labors to the support of the household. She died in October, 1609, aged sixty-five years, and was buried at her brother's expense.

Meanwhile, Cervantes was laboring to prepare some of his works for publication. The principal was the collection of twelve tales, selected from a number which he had composed at various times, and which were the first originally written in Castilian. Two of these, the *Curioso Impertinente*, and the *Capitan Cautivo*, he had already introduced into his Don Quixote. Finding these well received in Spain, and the former also translated into French, he was encouraged to publish the rest in 1613, dedicating them to the Count of Lemos. He called them *Ejemplares* (exemplary), to indicate that their moral tendency was good, whereby they were distinguished from the greater part of the Italian tales. He says in his preface, that if he supposed they could awaken evil desires or thoughts in any reader, he would rather cut off the hand with which they were written, than give them to the public. In his dedication to the Count of Lemos, he says that he sends him twelve tales, which, if they had not been framed in the workshop of his invention, might compare with the best of their kind.

The author's opinion of their merits was confirmed by that of the enlightened part of the public. Lope de Vega wrote some tales in imitation of these of Cervantes, but fell far short of his model. He also drew the plots of some of his plays from these stories, and others of the Spanish dramatic writers did the same. In one of these stories Cervantes shows his superiority to the prejudices of the time, by ridiculing the popular belief in witchcraft.

In his preface he says, that he is the first person who has written tales in the Spanish language, that the many other stories printed in Spanish are all translations, but that these are his own, not imitated nor stolen from any other man. Navarrete considers these tales as still the most perfect of their kind in Spanish literature.

About the middle of the year 1614, a continuation or second part of Don Quixote was printed at Tarragona by an enemy of Cervantes, a writer of comedies, who had been offended by the critiques of Cervantes on the bad state of the Spanish theatre. This person, under the feigned title of the licentiate Alonso Fernandez de Avellaneda, had the audacity to publish his continuation of the work of Cervantes, in the life time of the latter, who had moreover lately announced a second part of the Knight's adventures, by his own hand, as on the eve of publication. Not content with this impudent assumption of the rights of Cervantes, he poured all sorts of abuse on him in his preface. When this production was published, Cervantes had made considerable progress with his own second part, so that it is not till the sixty-ninth chapter that he speaks of the work of Avellaneda, and then with great delicacy, so far as respects the personal abuse, but satirizing with much humor and elegance the literary defects of his rival. Nothing but the universal celebrity of Cervantes and the notice which he bestowed on Avellaneda's work in his own, has given an interest to the inquiry, who was the person concealed under this name. Le Sage, in 1704, published in Paris a translation of the work with improvements of his own, and an edition of the original was reprinted in Madrid in 1732, but it is too poor to attract much attention. Navarrete thinks that the impostor was a Dominican monk, a native of Aragon, and protected by the king's confessor, which he considers to be the reason of Cervantes' forbearance towards him.

At the close of the year 1614, Cervantes published his *Viage al Parnaso*, a poetical review of contemporary Spanish poetry, intended to reform the abuses which had crept into it. This was followed by an *Adjunta al Parnaso*, the object of which is much the same with that of the *Viage*, with the further view, however, of bringing his comedies before the public, and exposing the neglect of the players in suffering them to remain on his hands uncalled for.

He afterwards applied to a bookseller to print some of those comedies, and received for answer that he would gladly have done it, if he had not been assured by an author of note, that much was to be expected from the prose of Cervantes, but little from his verse. This mortified Cervantes exceedingly, as he was always very desirous of the reputation of a poet. He afterwards revised his pieces, negotiated anew with the bookseller, and in September, 1615, eight of his comedies and as many *entremeses* were published.

The public received these works with indifference, and the players did not perform them even after they were published. This is easily accounted for, since Lope de Vega had already inundated the stage, and many other ingenious writers were engaged in laboring for it. Cervantes himself does not seem to have had a high opinion of these productions, speaking very modestly of them in his preface, and promising to correct their faults in another comedy which he was preparing, under the name of *El Engaño á los ojos*, but which never saw the light. In fact, they do not seem to have much merit, for Don Blas Nasarre, who reprinted them in 1749, is of opinion that Cervantes wrote them with the view of ridiculing the comedies of his time, and therefore carried to excess the faults of the style then in vogue; and the Abbé Lampillas supposes that the printers maliciously prefixed the name and preface of Cervantes to these extravagant comedies, corresponding to the depraved taste of the age, having suppressed or completely metamorphosed those which he actually wrote. No better proof, says Navarrete, could be given of the extravagance of these dramas, than the extravagant apologies made for them. A knowledge of the Spanish theatre of that period shows, that the faults of the comedies of Cervantes were common to all or the greater part of those which were then written and performed; and various pieces by other writers, which he extolled as excellent, abound with the same. The *Numancia* and *El Trato de Argel*, which he acknowledges, are sufficiently like the others to show the groundlessness of the suppositions just mentioned.

His *entremeses* are of more value. These were originally short dramas or dialogues of a humorous character, introduced between the acts of comedies, when the latter were only dialogues in the nature of eclogues; but after the comedies had received greater extension and dignity, and kings, queens and other eminent personages were introduced among the *dramatis* *personæ*, the name of *entremeses* was given to the old fashioned comedies which were confined to scenes from common life. Cervantes wrote a considerable number of them, but published only eight. These show a singular skill in portraying characters and manners, a very natural tone of dialogue, and a keen perception of the extravagant and ridiculous, which might have made him the Molière of his country, if he had devoted himself to this branch of the drama.

At this period *Justas Poéticas*, so called, were common in Spain, where they had been long established. These were poetical contests, perhaps in imitation of the tournament. One of these trials of skill took place in Madrid, in 1614, on the occasion of the beatification of Santa Teresa. On this occasion, poems in Latin and Spanish were recited before a large and distinguished audience. Cervantes took part in the contest with a *cancion*, which was published in the selection of the pieces presented on this occasion. He obtained permission to print the second part of Don Quixote in October, 1615, having been induced to hasten the completion of the work by the appearance of Avellaneda's continuation.

Cervantes dedicated the second part of Don Quixote to his patron, the Count of Lemos, and after setting forth the miserable state of his health, recommends to his notice the Persiles and Sigismunda, a work which, in spite of his illness, he promised to complete within four months. It is a novel written, as the author professed, in imitation of the Theagenes and Chariclea of Heliodorus. This work was finished, as he had promised, by the spring of 1616, when the increasing severity of his illness interrupted his labors, and did not permit him to prepare either a dedication or a preface. Such was his condition on Sunday, the second of April, that, not being able to leave his house, he was admitted there into the third order of St. Francis, the habit of which he had assumed at Alcala, on the 2d of July, 1613, but as the nature of his illness admitted of some intervals of alleviation, he hoped to obtain more radical relief by a change of air and of diet, and resolved to go to Esquivias, to visit the relations of his wife. Some days later, being convinced that little was to be expected from the change, and desirous to die at home, he returned to Madrid, in company with two friends. On the road, an incident occurred, which afforded him matter for the preface to his last work, and led him to give the only particular account which we possess of his illness.

As he and his companions were riding from Esquivias, they were accosted by a stranger, who called loudly to them to stop. They waited for him to come up, when he turned out to be a student, riding on an ass, and complaining that they travelled at such a rate that he could not overtake them to join their company. One of the party apologized, laying the blame on the horse of señor Miguel de Cervantes, which was inclined to travel briskly. Scarcely had the student heard the name of Cervantes, whom he held in high esteem, though not personally acquainted with him, than he threw himself from his beast, and seized Cervantes by the left hand, expressing his admiration in passionate terms. Cervantes, who unexpectedly found himself overwhelmed with praises, replied with the modesty and courtesy natural to him, embracing his admirer and begging him to remount and travel in company with him. The student complied, and then followed the dialogue, which gives us an idea of the illness of Cervantes, and which he relates in the following terms. 'We drew our bridles a little tighter, and pursued our journey with a moderate pace, conversing on my illness, when the good student immediately pronounced my fate, saying, this disorder is the dropsy, which all the water in the ocean could not cure, even though it were sweet and fresh. You must abstain, señor Cervantes, from drinking, but do not fail to eat, and this regimen will cure you without the aid of medicine. Many persons have given me the same advice, said I, but I cannot help drinking, as if I were born for nothing else; my life is drawing to a close, as I see by the rate of my pulse, which cannot continue to beat beyond the next Sunday. You have arrived just in time to make my acquaintance, but I shall have no opportunity to show my gratitude for the disposition which you have manifested towards me. By this time we had reached the bridge of Toledo, and I entered that way, while he took the direction of the bridge of Segovia.' Soon after this dialogue, which shows that Cervantes maintained the cheerfulness of his spirit to the borders of the grave, the violence of his disorder increased, and all hope being extinguished, he received extreme unction on Monday, the 18th of that month.

Nevertheless, he preserved till the next day the serenity of his spirit, the power and fertility of his imagination, and an affectionate remembrance of his benefactor, the Count of Lemos, who was expected soon to arrive from Naples, to take the presidency of the council of Italy. As a last mark of his gratitude, he dedicated to the Count his *Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda,* with a letter worthy, as Rios observes, of the attentive regard of all the grandees and scholars of the world, that the former may learn to be generous, the latter to be grateful. With equal serenity he made his will. He ordered that his body should be buried in the convent of the nuns of the Trinity. After having made these dispositions, and enjoined the performance of certain acts for the good of his soul, he died on the 23d of April, 1616. Shakspeare died on the same day.

The only work of Cervantes, which can be called posthumous, is his *Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda,* printed at Madrid, in 1617. The same year editions were printed at Valencia, Pamplona, Barcelona and Brussels. In 1626, it was translated into Italian and printed at Venice.

A portrait of Cervantes, painted in the reign of Philip IV., corresponds to the following description of his person in the preface to his *Novelas.* 'This man whom you see with an eagle face, chestnut hair, open and easy countenance, bright eyes, a hooked but well proportioned nose, beard silvery, which less than twenty years since was golden, large whiskers, small mouth with few teeth scattered at random, of middling stature, complexion clear, rather light than dark, somewhat heavy in the shoulders and not very light of foot,—this man is commonly called Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra.'

Navarrete remarks in conclusion, that

'If Cervantes is deserving of high regard for the fertility of his genius and the extent of his knowledge, he is not less worthy of esteem for his elevated virtues. He knew how, like a true Christian philosopher, to be religious without superstition, warm in his faith and worship without fanaticism, a lover of his country and his countrymen without prejudice, valiant in war without rashness, generous and charitable without ostentation, grateful for favors without servility, candid and thankful for just censure as much as for praise, moderate and indulgent towards his rivals, answering their satires and invectives with good temper ; in fine, he never prostituted his pen through favor or interest, nor ever used it but for the good and happiness of his fellow men, and was always ready to praise to a degree that did more honor to the goodness of his heart than the correctness of his judgment.

'Such is the history of the life and writings of Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra; of that illustrious Spaniard, who, having shed his blood for his country in war, adorned it in peace with writings equally instructive and delightful, left a splendid example of virtue in his private relations, and finished his life with the tranquillity inspired by religion and Christian philosophy. If the mean passions of his contemporaries interrupted for a time the tribute of honor due to his elevated merit, the clouds which ignorance and envy raised have disappeared with the ignorant and the envious, and the judgment of impartial posterity has spread the fame of Cervantes wherever civilization and the love of letters are to be found; so that he is every where regarded as one of those remarkable men, whom Heaven sends on earth in favor to mankind, to console them for their sufferings, teach them the dignity of their nature, and enlighten and reform the world.'

Art. II.—*Education of the Deaf and Dumb.*

1. *De l'Education des Sourds-muets de naissance, par M. Degerando, Membre de l'Institut de France, Administrateur de l'Institut Royal des Sourds-muets, etc. etc.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1827.
2. *Troisième Circulaire de l'Institut Royal des Sourds-muets de Paris, à toutes les Institutions de Sourds-muets de l'Europe, de l'Amérique, et de l'Asie;*— Paris, Septembre, 1832.
3. *Reports of the American Asylum for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, first to seventeenth inclusive.* Hartford.
4. *Reports of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, fifth to fourteenth, inclusive.* New York.
5. *Encyclopædia Americana,* Vol. IV. Article, *Dumb and Deaf.* Philadelphia, 1830.

'France,' says the distinguished author of the work first cited above, 'we confess it with regret, with surprise,—has been last to see the public attention directed to the art of instructing the deaf and dumb.' With equal surprise, if not with equal regret, we may observe of our own country, that, while this interesting art has been actually in practice among us for nearly twenty years; in the hands, too, of men distinguished for their ability ; nothing has yet appeared to shed light upon its principles, or to gratify the public curiosity with regard to its processes. Hardly has, here and there, a feeble attempt been made to prepare a series of the simplest elementary school exercises ; and nowhere do we find even the shadow of a systematic course of instruction, or of a nomenclature reduced to logical method, having its foundation in the connexion between derivative ideas, and the primitive ones of which they are composed, or from which they are abstracted.

But if, in this respect, our own country be still deficient, the labors of foreign writers have been so assiduous and so well directed, as to leave nothing, at least in mere theory, to be desired. Prolific Germany has produced her fifty writers on this single subject, considered in one or another of its aspects. France has more than retrieved the ground which she had lost ; and from apathy, has passed almost to enthusiasm. Her rapid advances have left all competition far behind, and placed her decidedly at the head of the science and of the art. To her we owe the work of Degerando, the only complete treatise which the world has yet seen, on the education of the deaf and dumb,—a treatise, which, however particular systems may vary from it in their practical details, embraces those great fundamental principles, which, having their origin in the very nature of things, must lie at the foundation of all. Spain, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Prussia, Switzerland, England, have all contributed their share to the common stock of improvement.

Still, though we have in this country done nothing toward perfecting the theory of this noble art, and little toward reducing to system the details of its practice, we have done that which, to the eye of philanthropy, may seem of much higher importance. We have shown ourselves not insensible to the claim, which this remarkable portion of the human family have upon our sympathy and liberality. We have established institutions, which, though of less than twenty years' standing, occupy an elevated rank as well in character as in number. And though, in our extended country, the number of the deaf and dumb is great, and their wants inadequately supplied by the existing provision for their education, still the heart of the philanthropist is gladdened, whether he contemplates what has already been effected, or the disposition which manifests itself among our countrymen, to prosecute to its accomplishment whatever yet remains undone.

Lamentable as the natural condition of the deaf and dumb evidently is, we have no satisfactory evidence, that, so lately as the commencement of the sixteenth century, the idea had ever occurred to any individual in any country, that this condition might be ameliorated by education. To impart instruction to a person affected by constitutional deafness, seemed an undertaking so palpably impossible, that its practicability was never even proposed as a problem, much less was it made a subject of examination and discussion. The speaking world had all acquired language through the medium of sound, and knowledge through the medium of language. The belief was therefore universally prevalent, that language could only be acquired through the ear, and was, consequently, in the nature of things, beyond the reach of the deaf and dumb. This pernicious prejudice had its origin in the highest antiquity. It has the express sanction of Aristotle, who, at a stroke of the pen, condemns the deaf and dumb to total and irremediable ignorance.

Prejudices still more severe than this, of a kind, too, to bring down upon the heads of their unfortunate objects evils, which nature, unindulgent as in their sad case she evidently is, would have spared them, have extensively prevailed at different times and in different places; nor are we permitted to say, that they are even yet entirely dissipated. Among some nations of antiquity, the deaf and dumb were regarded as beings laboring under the curse of Heaven. By the Romans, they were considered, if not as affected by positive idiocy, as at least deficient in intellect; and were, consequently, by the code of Justinian, abridged of their civil rights. The Abbé de l'Epeé* asserts that, in some barbarous countries, the deaf and dumb are even now regarded as monsters, and put to death at three years old or later, probably as soon as the fact of their calamity can be satisfactorily ascertained. The benevolent Abbé further tells us, that very respectable ecclesiastics of his own time openly condemned his undertaking; and that, too, on theological grounds. Parents, he remarks again, hold themselves disgraced by the fact of having a deaf and dumb child, and therefore conceal it with care from the eyes of the world, and confine it in some obscure retreat. Condillac denies to the deaf and dumb the faculty of memory, and, as a necessary consequence, the power of reasoning. Even among ourselves, how often do we observe a species of contempt for this unhappy portion of our brethren, or an absolute aversion towards them, which neither philosophy will warrant, nor enlightened benevolence approve!

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* *Institution des sourds et muets.* Paris, 1776.

It is certainly remarkable, that the deaf and dumb should have been almost universally regarded, in every age, as beings placed, in respect to mental endowments, somewhere between man and the brute creation. Deafness, in itself, implies no deficiency of intellect. A man of education may become deaf; still his powers of mind will lose nothing of their vigor or activity. Blindness, in like manner, may supervene, without impairing, in the slightest degree, the mental faculties. The nerves which subserve these senses, and the mechanical apparatus with which they are connected, constitute only certain means of communication between the external world, and the intelligence within. They form no part of the intelligence itself. Let them be destroyed or paralyzed, and the communication is indeed cut off, or rendered imperfect; but the soul, the recipient of information through the channel of the sense impaired, suffers, in consequence, a merely negative loss,—a loss which consists in the failure, from that time forward, on the part of the sense impaired, to continue its usual observation upon external things, and to convey their results to the mind. To be deaf from birth, therefore, is not necessarily to belong to a class of beings of an inferior order of intellect, but only to be deficient in that species of information, which it is the province of the ear to collect without effort. It is to be ignorant, not weak, stupid, or savage. It is, indeed, to be ignorant in a very high and even fearful degree,—to be ignorant of history in its widest sense, of science, and of morality, save in its first instinctive glimmerings; to be ignorant of language, the great store-house of knowledge; and, above all, to be ignorant of religion,—to be, literally and strictly, 'without God in the world.' We are too apt to attribute ignorance to natural inferiority of intellect, even when the cause is palpable,—at least we too often associate these two accidents together. Thus have the deaf and dumb been judged deficient in intellect, because they were found to be so in that amount of information, which, in their circumstances, could only have been acquired by a miracle.

Still more surprising is the circumstance, that the education of these ignorant minds should so long have been regarded as a self-evident impossibility. To account for this, we must refer to another propensity of our nature, which is to believe, that things cannot easily exist otherwise than as we have known them. That order of events to which we have been long accustomed, or which, within our individual observation, has been invariably the same, seems at length to become the necessary order, and assumes the character and importance of a law, a departure from which would excite in us no less surprise, than to behold the sun rising in the west. Through the ear we have ourselves acquired our mother tongue. Through the ear we have learned the use of those visible characters, representing sounds, by means of which speech is depicted to the eye. Thus, through the ear, we have become possessed of all our means of accumulating knowledge, or of communicating with our fellow-men. And thus we conclude, that the ear must always be the channel, through which the mind is to acquire that species of knowledge, which this organ has been the means of conveying to us. But we conclude hastily.

Let us suppose society in its infancy, possessed of no language whatever. The eye and the ear equally present themselves, as instruments, through which a communication may be established between man and man. In the first instance, the eye offers the only means of intelligible intercourse. It is through the medium of signs addressed to this organ, that the value of other signs, more convenient in use, but infinitely more arbitrary, having sound as their basis, and addressing the intelligence through the eye, is gradually determined. This, which must necessarily take place in the circumstances supposed, is what does actually occur in the history of every infant, who learns his mother tongue, as is commonly supposed, entirely through the ear. It is what must take place in the case of a voyager, unexpectedly cast upon an unknown coast, and compelled to hold intercourse with a people, speaking an unknown language. For him articulate sounds assume their real character; they appear as the mere conventional representatives of ideas: and whether he desire to make known his wants, to recount the history of his misfortunes, to awaken compassion, to implore relief and protection, or to deprecate cruelty, he finds himself compelled to abandon signs which are merely arbitrary, and to resort to those which are the suggestion of nature,—to become, for the time being, dumb, and, with whatever art he may possess, to address the understandings of those whom he desires to influence, through the eye alone.

Ideas, then, may obviously associate themselves directly with visible signs, without regard to spoken language,—without regard, in short, to articulate and audible sounds. Hence it follows, that those who are naturally destitute of the sense of hearing are not to be considered as incapable of intellectual culture. The degree to which their improvement may be carried is a farther question, and for the purpose of solving it, it is of high importance, to an instructer of the deaf and dumb, to determine the intellectual and moral condition, previously to all instruction, of those to whom his labors are devoted. This, indeed, seems absolutely necessary, that he may acquaint himself with the magnitude of his task, and ascertain the point at which his labors are to commence. The natural history of the deaf and dumb has, accordingly, occupied the attention, to a greater or less degree, of every instructer. The conclusions to which the investigations of different men have led them, have, nevertheless, exhibited nothing like uniformity; and, in many instances, nothing like justice toward the unhappy objects upon which they were exercised. So severe, indeed, are the judgments emanating from men who rank among the most able, intelligent and humane of those who have devoted their lives to this subject, so humiliating a picture do they present us in their delineations of a being, possessing certainly a soul, if not a language, and so little do we find in our own observations to justify their opinions and statements, that we are led with astonishment to set them in contrast with the ordinary acuteness displayed by their authors, and to inquire if it be possible that such sentiments can proceed from such men. The Abbé de l'Epeé, whose name is synonymous with benevolence, ranks uneducated deaf and dumb persons with the brutes that perish.* The Abbé Sicard, his illustrious successor, declares that a 'deaf and dumb person is a perfect cypher in society, a living automaton, a statue, such as Condillac and Bonnet have represented him. He possesses not even that sure instinct, by which the animal creation are guided. He is alone in nature, with no possible exercise of his intellectual faculties, which remain without action, without life. As to morals, he does not even suspect their existence. The moral world has no being for him, and virtues and vices are without reality.'*

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* *La véritable manière d'instruire les sourds et muets.* Paris, 1784.

It would be an unprofitable labor, in this place, to cite the numerous conflicting opinions, which the history of the art abundantly supplies. We quote a few by way of specimen. The learned and estimable instructer, Mr. T. Guyot of Groningen, assures us that the deaf and dumb are by nature cut off from the exercise of reason; that they are in every respect like infants, and if left to themselves will be so always: only that they possess greater strength, and that their passions, unrestrained by rule or law, are more violent; assimilating them rather to beasts than man.' † M. Eschke of Berlin says, 'The deaf and dumb live only for themselves; they acknowledge no social bond; they have no notion of virtue. Whatever they may do, we can impute their conduct to them neither for good nor for evil.' ‡ M. Cæsar of Leipsic remarks, that the 'deaf and dumb indeed possess the human form, but this is almost all, which they have in common with other men. The perpetual sport of impressions made upon them by external things, and of the passions which spring up in their own souls, they comprehend neither law nor duty, neither justice nor injustice, neither good nor evil; virtue and vice are to them as if they were not.' §

Unfortunate as the condition of a deaf and dumb person without education obviously is, it is hard to suppose him so utterly degraded in the scale of being, as these extracts would warrant us in believing. We should hardly know how to estimate the opinions so confidently, in many instances so dogmatically, expressed, did we not bear in mind, that the world is not yet free from the disposition, first to theorize, and afterwards to compel facts into an accordance, however unwarranted, with *a priori* views. Nor can we forget, that most of these instructers have brought to their task the prejudices, which we have already enumerated as once universal, and not yet extinct. Nor can we overlook the tendency, inherent in human nature, to magnify the achievements of personal exertion, especially when a trivial coloring may impart to those achievements the character of the marvellous; when the world is sufficiently disposed to receive any statement, however extravagant; and when the known incompetency of the multitude to call such statement in question, renders the careful choice of expression a matter of little consequence. It is gratifying to observe that all have not yielded to this natural and seducing tendency, nor suffered themselves to be blinded by prejudice or deluded by speculative inquiry. M. Bébian, an accomplished colleague of Sicard, has given us his opinion in the following words: 'deaf and dumb persons only differ from other men in the privation of a single sense. They judge, they reason, they reflect. And if education exhibits them to us, in the full exercise of intelligence, it is because the instructer has received them at the hands of nature, endowed with all the intellectual faculties.'* M. Piroux, the accomplished teacher, now at the head of the institution at Nancy, in France, and formerly of the Royal Institution, expresses himself thus; 'Let us guard against believing, that the sole privation of speech deprives the deaf and dumb of every prerogative of moral life. Judgment and reason, memory and imagination, are faculties which spring up and form themselves by a natural impulse. The distinction of good and evil, and the moral sentiments, are a necessary consequence of the social relations.'† Peter Desloges, a deaf and dumb person, who lost his hearing at the age of seven years, having previously learned to read, asserts, with something perhaps of hyperbole, of the uninstructed deaf and dumb of his acquaintance, that 'there passes no event at Paris, in France, or in the four quarters of the globe, which does not afford matter of ordinary conversation among them.' Baron Degerando, whose conclusions are the result equally of philosophic inquiry, of personal observation, and of extensive intercourse and correspondence with practical men, uses the following language. 'The deaf and dumb, coming into the world with the intellectual faculties common to all men, though deprived of a sense and an organ, are capable of attention, of reflection, of imagination, of judgment and of memory.' Of the writers who have so greatly exaggerated a calamity, already sufficiently deplorable, he observes, 'It is worthy of remark that no one among them has cited a single fact in support of his opinion.' He supposes many of these writers to have been influenced by the notions of the Abbé Sicard, which he cannot contemplate without extreme surprise; but which he attributes to the exalted idea which the worthy Abbé had formed of his own success,—an idea, which rendered him desirous of making the contrast between the educated and the ignorant dumb as wide as possible.

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* *Cours d'instruction d'un sourd-muet de naissance.* 2d edition, Paris, 1803.

† Cited by the Abbé Montaigne, in his *Recherches sur les connoissances intellectuelles des sourds-muets: &c.* Paris, 1829.

‡ *Recherches sur les connoissances intellectuelles des sourds-muets, &c.*

§ Ibid.

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* *Journal de l'instruction des sourds-muets, et des aveugles.* No. 1. Paris, 1826.

† *Institut de sourds-muets des deux sexes, etabli à Nancy, &c.—Advertisement.*

We shall see, however, that the views of Sicard underwent a remarkable change. In the advertisement to his *Théorie des Signes** he says, 'It will be observed that I have somewhat exaggerated the sad condition of the deaf and dumb in their primitive state, when I assert that virtue and vice are to them without reality. I was conducted to these assertions, by the fact, that I had not yet possessed the means of interrogating them upon the ideas which they had before their education; or that they were not sufficiently instructed to understand, and reply to my questions. I have always taught that the law of nature is engraved, by the creating hand, upon the soul of man; that this law is anterior to all sensible impressions, which our organs receive; that it is nothing else than the light divine, which teaches man his duties; which awards him the meeds of approbation and happiness when he is faithful, and punishes him when he transgresses its dictates.'

Regarding, therefore, the deaf and dumb as beings possessed of an intelligence not wholly inactive; beings, not entirely shut out from communication with their fellows: not entirely without interest in that which is passing before them; not wholly unaccustomed to reason and to reflect; and not absolutely without ideas, appertaining to the intellectual and moral worlds; it becomes important to examine, how great a degree of development their mental powers are capable of attaining, and how far the circle of their ideas naturally extends. This inquiry has relation, of course, only to those dumb persons who have been deaf from birth. In every case in which deafness has supervened at a later period, the faculties of the mind may have received considerable cultivation before that event. Even language may have been preserved, as in the case of Desloges, after the power of utterance is gone. Cases of this kind are, evidently, widely different from that of an individual, who, never having heard a sound, has of course never attempted to articulate, and for whom language, whether written or spoken, has ever been a sealed book.

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* *Théorie des Signes, pour servir d'introduction à l'étude des langues, &c.*, 2 vols. Paris, 1818.

It is not to be supposed, that the intellectual faculties of the deaf and dumb will as frequently be called into exercise as those of other persons; it is not, indeed, possible that they should be. The development of those faculties will, therefore, be much less rapid; on account, at once, of this want of exercise, and of the greater labor requisite to conduct mental operations by the direct intuition of ideas, than by means of the signs which artificial languages afford to represent them. It is a consequence, also, of their calamity, that they are cut off from all that species of traditional knowledge, which naturally flows from generation to generation; which is imparted almost unconsciously, and treasured in the memory almost without effort. The experience of the human race in each succeeding age is constantly adding something to the floating wealth of mind; but of all this the unfortunate deaf and dumb know, and can know nothing,—nothing, at least, in comparison with the world which is to be known. In fact, it is, in their case, strictly true, as is remarked by M. Bébian, that 'the world, so to speak, commences with them. Still the very calamity which shuts them out even from the pale of that knowledge which is open to infancy, and familiar to the child of half a dozen years, is not without its favorable influence upon the originality of their conceptions, and the activity of their intellect. Their attainments, however humble, are at least the fruit of their own labor; and their opinions, however, at times, erroneous, are still the result of their own independent reasoning upon such data as are within their reach. Their ingenuity is continually awake, to supply the deficiency of their information, and to break down, or at least to weaken, the barrier between themselves and the speaking world.'

A strong inducement with the deaf and dumb to become close observers, is found in the nature of their language. This beautiful language is their own creation, and is a visible testimony to the activity of their intellect. It is a language of action, full of force, full of animation, full of figurative expression, oftentimes full of grace. In the province of pantomime they are themselves the masters, and those who hold intercourse with them, must be content to receive the instrument at their hands. The elements of this language, the words, so to speak, which compose it, consisting, within the domain of sense, strictly of imitations, whether of objects or of actions, and beyond that limit, first of those universally intelligible signs, by which the mind involuntarily betrays its emotions, and secondly of metaphoric expressions, founded upon the analogies which exist between objects and actions in the physical world and intellectual and moral notions, require an accurate eye, and a constant exercise of ingenuity on the part of its inventor.

A language, the work of a single individual, and that one laboring under the painful privation to which the deaf and dumb are subject, must necessarily suffer in comparison with those, which, in the lapse of ages, have been approaching perfection, and on which a multitude of minds have left the traces of their labors. Still, imperfect as it is, it has its advantages; it employs no expletives merely to fill a place; its signs are not rendered uncertain by being made to represent a multiplicity of ideas; it is unencumbered by the forms of artificial grammar, with their exceptions and anomalies; and, above all, resting upon analogy and description as its basis, it interprets itself. If, therefore, it is less the language of philosophy, it is more that of nature. Its copiousness is found to vary with different individuals, and with different ages. Those deaf and dumb persons, on whom particular attention is bestowed by their parents and friends, who have been, in short, willing learners, will prove themselves ready inventors, and delighted teachers. Those, on the contrary, who are neglected and thrust out of society, will hardly extend their dictionary of signs beyond the limit to which their physical wants compel them. Still it would be unjust to conclude that this is likewise the limit of their ideas. Signs are primarily instituted, whatever uses they may afterwards subserve, as instruments of communication. He, with whom none will hold intercourse, will hardly busy himself in perfecting a language, which he will never have occasion to use. This is not, however, to suppose him without ideas, wherever signs are wanting. It is only to suppose, that the mind employs itself with ideas, directly, rather than with their representatives. In like manner as a draughtsman, in copying a design, fixes in his mind the image of a particular line, which he is about to transfer into his work, without being conscious of giving it a name ; so the deaf and dumb conceive ideas, for which they have no visible representative.

To persons not familiar with the language of action, it will hardly be found comprehensible, in its present state. However accurate originally may be its imitations, however striking its analogies, it invariably undergoes, in the hands of the dumb, a species of abbreviation, which leaves it little title to the character which has been claimed for it, of constituting a natural and universal language. Thought continually outstrips the slowness of pantomime ; and the mind, impatient of delay, rejects the details of description, and seizing the characteristic, which, in each object, stands most prominently forth, substitutes it, at once, for the object itself. The same is true of ideas purely intellectual. The metaphor which supplies them with a visible representative, is reduced to a single sign ; which, to be intelligible, must presuppose a knowledge of the subordinate portion of the picture, and which is, consequently, always more or less arbitrary. By the institution of these abbreviated signs, usually denominated *signs of reduction*, the language of action becomes singularly elliptical, as well as figurative. The ellipses will readily be supplied by one in frequent intercourse with the deaf and dumb, even when they occur in cases entirely new. But to a stranger, it will be necessary to exhibit the language as it is in its infancy, before the process of reduction has commenced; and to sacrifice rapidity for the sake of clearness. This necessity will be instantly perceived by the dumb, and cheerfully complied with. And if one form of expression is found to fail, another and another will be supplied, with an almost exhaustless fertility of invention. Here will be apparent the fruit of that minute observation, which omits to treasure up no circumstance, likely afterwards to be of use in recounting past events, in describing absent objects, or in assisting those inquiries, by which the observer desires to obtain information from others.

As, on the one hand, the dialects invented by deaf and dumb persons, living separately, are seldom extensively similar ; so, on the other, they are rarely, if ever, without some resemblance. But that which they have in common is but a small portion of the whole. Degerando remarks, that the signs which usually differ are those denoting the very numerous class of material objects; while those which indicate the affections of the soul, the few intellectual ideas in possession of the individuals, the common wants and ordinary usages of life, and objects of immediate personal use, are often identical.

It cannot be doubted, that, under ordinary circumstances, the uninstructed deaf and dumb possess a certain power of discrimination on moral subjects. They are certainly capable of distinguishing between good and evil, justice and injustice, for they spontaneously express their indignation against the perpetrator of any enormity, though by no means affecting them directly or indirectly. They are conscious of possessing certain rights, and they cannot but infer the existence of such rights in others. Thus, they have a notion of the right of property, which is not the less real, that it does not always prevent them from invading that right. What is there wonderful in this? How many, with the light of revelation to guide them, and with the denunciations of the civil and the divine laws equally hanging over their heads, are guilty of similar violence to their consciences! But it would little avail the culprit to plead his crime in extenuation of his criminality. We moreover believe that the deaf and dumb have, in this respect, been severely judged. When M. Paulmier, a gentleman associated with Sicard, asserts that newly arrived pupils usually plunder each other, he says that, which our own observation, at least, will not bear him out in asserting.

That the notions of every individual should attain, without instruction, the same degree of distinctness, is not to be supposed. Much depends upon the early situation of the dumb, within the family or social circle. Some are indeed alone in the world, neglected and despised by all around them; others are regarded as objects of high interest, not only by their connexions, but also by all the intelligent and the humane in their vicinity. These latter partake, in some degree, the blessings of social intercourse, and experience its beneficial effects in the multiplication of their ideas, and the expansion of their minds. Hence may arise a diversity almost infinite. Cases may, doubtless, occur, in which the mental faculties will remain buried in a deathlike slumber for years. If, as the Abbé de l'Epeé asserts, 'some parents, holding themselves disgraced by the birth of a deaf child, confine it in a cloister,' what can we expect of such a being, but that he should strictly correspond to Sicard's description,—that he should, in fact, remain for life 'a living automaton, a walking statue?

Two things seem to be necessary to intellectual development, viz. the observation of objects, actions, facts and phenomena, and the intercourse of mind with mind. If neither of these conditions exist, the human being remains a mere animal. To the truth of this position, we have the melancholy testimony of experiment, in the case of the injured Caspar Hauser. If either exist singly, the expansion of the mind will proceed but slowly. Thus, we shall deceive ourselves, if, from the absence or the obtuseness of the moral sense, in the case of a dumb person who has, all his life, been treated like a brute, and has, therefore, been dependent almost wholly upon observation and solitary reflection for the ideas he possesses, we hastily infer a similar deficiency in all his companions in misfortune.

The view here taken of this question, is far from having received the unanimous suffrage of those, who have published their opinions regarding it to the world. The Abbé Montaigne, a French ecclesiastic, formerly connected with the school at Paris in the capacity of chaplain, has endeavored to establish a contrary position; as well by argument, as by collecting the testimony of eminent teachers.* The Abbé seems fully to have entered into the views of his favorite author, M. De Bonald, 'that language is the necessary instrument of every intellectual operation, and the *means* of every moral existence;' and that, 'to consider moral notions, words are indispensable.' The conclusions of such a writer need not be detailed. They are discoverable in his premises.

The particular reference of the Abbé Montaigne's inquiry is to the subject of Religion. In this respect, his views are not widely different from our own. But when, in his argument, he includes the whole field of morals, we are compelled to enter our dissent. And when, in his array of testimony, he cites the names of Sicard, Bébian, and Berthier, we are forced to believe, that excess of zeal has blinded him, either to the meaning of language, or to the exercise of candor. We have already cited the explicit recantation, made by the first of these men, of his early views. The second affords us so many instances of opposition to the positions of Montaigne, that it is hardly worth our while to quote. The opinion of the third, being that of one dumb from birth, deserves attention; and we accordingly give it a place. It relates to the religious notions of the deaf and dumb. 'It is possible,' he says, 'that some deaf and dumb persons may attribute certain effects, as storms, wind and hail, to a certain cause; and may figure to themselves one or more extraordinary beings commanding the rain, the lightning and other natural phenomena; but a deaf and dumb person, without instruction, will never have a notion, even vague and confused, of a superior existence, whom it is his duty to love, revere and obey, and to whom he must give an account of his thoughts, and of his actions.' Such is our own belief. We are acquainted with no instance of a deaf and dumb person, who has arrived, without instruction, at the idea of a God. Nor can we believe with Degerando, that a mind possessing so few resources, can ever attain, by its unaided reflections, to a notion of a supreme power, possessing a right to our worship and gratitude. Yet we are very far from believing language, whether written or spoken, necessary to communicate this notion; and we know, in fact, that, in all our American Institutions, religious knowledge is, to a great extent, imparted to the pupils, through the medium of signs of action, long before words are available to them as an instrument of communication.

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* Recherches sur les connoissances intellectuelles des sourds-muets, considérés par rapport à l'administration des sacrémens. Paris, 1829.

From this sketch of the natural condition of the deaf and dumb, we pass to consider the means, by which they may be relieved. The first essential to all instruction is, evidently, that a medium of reciprocal communication shall exist between the instructer and the instructed. To the former, we suppose pantomime a novel language. He is incapable of holding a connected conversation with his pupil; for he can neither understand nor can he make himself understood. The parties must, therefore, for the time, change places. The first requisite to his own instruction, must be supplied by the pupil himself. He must give lessons, and the master must become the learner.

A short time will suffice for the establishment of a common language, sufficiently extensive for the first exigencies of the teacher's task. But this extent will soon be found too restricted. Yet it can hardly be enlarged, except as the circle of ideas, common to the teacher and the pupil, expands itself.

For, beside identity of signs, a second condition is essential to intelligent intercourse, viz. identity of ideas.

When two natives of different countries meet, each unacquainted with the language of the other, they find themselves possessed of a vast multitude of ideas in common, while the audible or written signs, representing those ideas, differ, for the two, as widely as caprice can make them. These two individuals fulfil the second condition, but not the first,—they possess identity of ideas without identity of signs. Between them, the establishment of a common language resolves itself into a series of conventions.

Vastly different is the case with the deaf and dumb, and their instructers; where the number of common ideas is small, and even those not presenting themselves always under the same aspect to the minds of both. Between the ignorant and the learned in any country, there certainly exists a wide difference, as respects their habits of reflection, and the extent of their information; and consequently as respects the number of well-defined ideas which they possess. But this difference is not greater, than that which divides uneducated deaf and dumb persons even from the inferior order of those who speak.

So far as there is an actual community of ideas between the deaf and dumb and their instructers, the value of words may be communicated by the simple process of translation. But this limit must soon be passed, and we must then enter upon that labor, which constitutes, whatever be the particular system pursued, the real peculiarity, and, it may be added, the real difficulty of the art, viz. that of leading the pupil, by judicious methods, to the formation of a system of ideas, corresponding with the words of spoken language. Here, indeed, is a task of no trifling magnitude. But the learner, though not yet possessed of the ideas themselves, possesses, nevertheless, the materials of which they are to be formed. The whole circle of ideas, which make up the sum of human knowledge, pertain, of necessity, to the world of matter, or to that of mind. The one lies open before the deaf and dumb,—it is our part only to teach him system in conducting his observations. For the other, he possesses the same faculties as we, and it is only necessary to bring them into operation.

We should remember, that it is no creative power, which we are called upon to exercise. We neither fabricate minds, nor the material on which they are to be employed. We cannot even be said to *impart ideas*, according to the vulgar notion of such a process. What is more common than the remark, that while there seems to be nothing wonderful or mysterious in the fact that the deaf and dumb may be taught the nomenclature of visible objects, it is impossible to conceive how notions, purely abstract, can, for the first time, be communicated to them? The difficulty, however, is in a great degree created by the manner of considering it. It is, indeed, hard to imagine, how, by means of any *a priori* description, such an idea as that to which we apply the name *justice*, could be conveyed to an intelligence, to which it should be new. It is not by such means that it is conveyed. Nor has it been by such means, that we ourselves have learned to associate this and similar words with their corresponding ideas. The deaf and dumb are not to be placed on the pinnacle of the temple of science in a day. They cannot plant their feet upon the last step of the ascent, but by passing the intermediate points. There is no great gulf fixed between the extremes of simplicity and difficulty in language, which it is necessary with one mighty effort to overleap, or to abandon in despair the hope of those advantages, which artificial nomenclatures afford to mankind. From the highest to the lowest point, the chain of association is unbroken, and, if strictly followed, will lead, through every maze, into the clear light of day.

From the remarks just made, result the four propositions (with the exception of the last of which the reason is obvious,) which follow; and which may be regarded as fundamental in the instruction of the deaf and dumb.

I. Instruction should commence, with borrowing from the deaf and dumb themselves their own natural language of pantomime, in its full extent.

II. The instructer should carefully ascertain how far the ideas of his pupils extend before instruction, and how far they are just: he should know the extent, that he may build upon it, and the limit, that he may not exceed it.

III. He should avail himself of those materials, possessed by the deaf and dumb in common with us, to aid in the formation of a system of ideas, corresponding to that represented by the words of our language.

IV. He must present to the eye of his pupil, language under a visible form, and under this form must teach him to associate its terms directly with their corresponding ideas.

To restore language merely to the deaf and dumb, is not however, the teacher's only task. Language, as written, must be made to subserve, for him, all the purposes, which speech fulfils in the case of other men. It is the office of spoken language, not only to afford an easy and universal means of communication among men, but also to aid the conception and arrangement of ideas; and to facilitate the operations of the intellect. Every instrument, it is true, which shall answer the first of these ends, must, necessarily, at least to some extent, assist the exercise of the intelligence. But it is not equally true, that whatever instrument shall supply the intellect with the means of activity, shall also enable the individual who employs it, freely to hold intercourse with other men: since the teacher may devise a language, whether of action or of writing, which may be intelligible only to himself and his pupil. In the present case, indeed, he might easily create one, much more easy of acquisition, than any which actually exists. Yet, as this would but partially fulfil the purposes of his education, the deaf and dumb must be content to take language as it is, encumbered with all its difficulties, its anomalies, its phrases and its idioms. Hence, in the words of Degerando, 'It is necessary to put the deaf and dumb in possession of the common language of his country, in so effectual a manner, that he may, first, find in this instrument the means of obtaining, in the highest possible degree, the intellectual culture, in which he is deficient; and, secondly, that it may afford him the means of communication, the most constant and general, with his fellow-men. Whence it follows, that to enable him to use this language, we must afford him the material means, which is, itself, of most universal and familiar use.'

Here are presented two different species of labor in the field of instruction; the one relating simply to the material or mechanical means, by which language is to be employed in practice; the other, to the value of language itself. Thus early does the art begin to ramify; and, from this point, the systems of instruction, most widely differing, date their divergence.

By adopting the material form under which language appears to the deaf and dumb most simple, and under which it may be most easily acquired by one incapable of distinguishing between articulate sounds, time is gained for the more accurate study of language itself; while, as respects ease and rapidity of communication with the world, something is necessarily lost. By cultivating, on the other hand, a more rapid means of communication, time is wasted in an employment almost wholly mechanical; while the ease of intercourse, consequent on such an attainment, will render it a valuable auxiliary to the pupil, in rectifying his knowledge of words, and of the forms of speech in ordinary use among his more favored fellow beings.

The material instrument which first suggests itself, as adapted to the wants of the deaf and dumb, is writing. Being already in use, and generally understood in society, it affords all the means absolutely necessary to the purposes of communication between man and man. Still it is a process always laborious, often exceedingly inconvenient; it exacts a great consumption of time, and requires him who is dependent on it to be always furnished with the materials which its employment renders indispensable. It is, therefore, certainly desirable, that the deaf and dumb should acquire, if such an acquisition be possible, some method more rapid than this, for the purposes of colloquial intercourse. Still, the nature of things confines our choice within narrow limits. Writing and artificial articulation are the only means which present themselves, available to the deaf and dumb, and, at the same time, universally intelligible among men.

The field is less circumscribed, when we address ourselves to the second part of our task, which is that of teaching language itself. We may here pursue the course, which nature has made necessary in ordinary education; to give the learner, first a practical knowledge of language, and afterwards methodical instruction in its principles; or we may combine these two branches of instruction into one. The latter is evidently the most cumbrous method, and the most tardy in its results; yet it is the plan of Sicard in his *Cours d'Instruction*, and it has the authority of other respectable names.

Either plan subdivides itself into two branches, of which the one is logical, the other grammatical. It will be the province of the former to acquaint the pupil with the value of language in discourse, and of the other to develope its principles.

Each of these ramifications will have two subordinate divisions: the former embracing the significations of isolated words, and the consideration of their combined value in propositions; the latter, the elements of language on the one hand, and the principles of construction on the other. Thus in this second, and more difficult part of the undertaking, four distinct objects present themselves.

Whichever route, of those distinguished above, it is determined to pursue, the teacher will be more or less at liberty to make his selection from among all the different combinations of means, which have received the name of methods of instruction. He should not, however, forget the influence of methods upon the development of the intellectual faculties; but, bearing in mind that it will belong to him, as much to supply the pupil with means for self-education, after he is removed from the eye of the master, as to convey positive knowledge to his mind, he should rather choose those methods, which call the mental faculties into most active, continued and beneficial exercise.

We have now, in general terms, stated that which is to be accomplished in the education of the deaf and dumb. Methods must next occupy our attention, together with the material instruments which they employ, and by the combination of which they are distinguished from one another. Since, however, all methods equally propose to teach, or rather to create for the deaf and dumb a language, we will first present some preliminary considerations, peculiar to no individual system.

'There is,' says Degerando, 'in the operations of the human mind, a primitive and principal phenomenon, to which all others attach themselves, and upon which the creation and the use of our languages exercise a considerable influence. This phenomenon, which we will denominate intuition, is properly the act by which the mind beholds the objects of its knowledge. Intuition is, to the human intelligence, the sole fountain of all light.'

Intuition is of two kinds, distinguished by Degerando as real, and rational. The mind, by means of the former, immediately and directly perceives whatever actually exists. This is the intuition of things and their images. The other is the perception of conditions and relations, which subsist among notions previously formed. It is the intuition of reflection and reasoning. It is the immediate act of judging. The objects of real intuition pertain alike to the physical, the intellectual and the moral worlds. It is by rational intuition that we seize the results of comparison, perceive the connexion between truths, and foresee consequences in principles. It presides, therefore, in every mental operation.

The exercise of rational intuition implies the presence of objects, with respect to which it may be exerted. Wherever real intuition exists, rational intuition follows as a consequence. It is involuntary ; and were we able, by a single effort, to grasp every subject of thought in all its minute particulars, could we hold them up at once to the immediate vision of the mind, truths, which are now the deductions of laborious reasoning, would become axioms. But the power which we possess, of thus directly contemplating objects, is inadequate to such an effort. It is restricted in its operation within a narrow compass : and were the total of our knowledge limited to that which is strictly intuitive, we should be condemned to a lamentable degree of intellectual poverty. It is by the aid of the signs which language affords, that we are enabled to exercise rational intuition, when the real view of its objects is no longer possible.

To obtain a clear idea of a new and complicated machine, we observe carefully all its parts. When we recall the same machine to mind, we rapidly retrace the image, not at once of the whole, but of the individual parts successively. The idea of this machine cannot be perfect, until the detail of particulars is filled up. This, which is the process of real intuition, is at once tardy and laborious. Were it necessary that the elements of every complex idea should be thus set in array before the mind, as often as that idea is recalled, it is evident that no room would remain for the exercise of rational intuition ; in short, that our reasonings must sink under their own weight, and that the extension of our sphere of knowledge, beyond the list of truths which receive the name of axioms, would be impossible. But happily this is not necessary. A single brief sign takes the place of a load of details, and, like the light and portable representative of a metallic currency, enables us to use our wealth, without being encumbered by its weight.

Names, further, enable us not merely to dispense with this mass of particulars ; but they afford us the means, also, of operating upon objects, which cannot be submitted to real intuition. Take, for example, the word *man*. To form a general idea of man, embracing all those properties, whether of mind or of body, in which the individuals of the human race constantly resemble each other, and rejecting every particular, not appertaining to the whole family, is an acknowledged impossibility. Considering *man* as a collective, rather than an abstract term, the difficulty is equally great. It is too high an effort for the mind, really and at once to conceive a clear and distinct image of the various races, ages and sexes, which go to make up the world of mankind. Thus we perceive, that, though the terms of our language may not always be the names of images, which the mind can directly and immediately behold, they still represent objects of positive knowledge.

Signs, from their simplicity, may be immediately contemplated. The conditions, which were obscured by a mass of details, so long as real objects were kept laboriously in view, now stand prominently forth. The mind employs itself with signs simply, it is true; but in so doing, in effect, it operates upon the ideas themselves. In this manner it advances gradually to the formation of notions, which, like the example above, are beyond the limit of real intuition.

To pursue this subject farther, would draw us aside from our main design, which is to introduce the principle, that instruction in language should be founded upon the observation and study of real objects,—that words should only appear, when the real acquisition of knowledge renders them necessary. This principle is a simple one, but its reason lies deeper than would at first be imagined. It is, that from this very primitive observation, by refinements more or less extended, have sprung all the terms of language. They are the landmarks established by the mind, to note its progress, and assist in directing its course, as it advances beyond the boundary of real intuition. As ideas without words are a possession of little value; so words without ideas are worse than useless, yet how many words do children acquire by rote, which, because they utter, they are presumed to understand.

A method of instruction, resting strictly upon the principle of intuition, is by no means as easy in practice, as it appears in theory. There is so great a tendency in the human mind to overleap details, especially when they are familiar and simple, that the teacher will often find himself involuntarily leading his pupil, by strides too rapid for his unpractised steps.

But, much more frequently, this principle fails to receive due attention in the school-room, from ignorance or wilful neglect. It is to restore it to its rightful preëminence, and to compel a universal and practical acknowledgement of its paramount importance, that the efforts of modern reformers in education are chiefly exerted.

In applying the principle of intuition to the instruction of the deaf and dumb, we perceive at once the importance, the necessity even, of some system of nomenclature, which shall follow, as nearly as possible, the genealogical succession of ideas; that order, in which each idea naturally suggests its succession, and hence, also, of course, explains it. To say nothing of the clearness, which such an arrangement is adapted to create in the ideas of the learner, the labor of instruction, by means of it, is very materially economized. We have a measure of the pupil's attainments in the number of words which he has acquired; and thus we know where to avoid the repetition of details, which have already been made familiar. The words, which the learner successively adds to his vocabulary, constitute a kind of mechanical power, to aid in extending the circle of his knowledge. It is far otherwise, where words are taught as chance may direct. The same series of particulars must be actually presented to the mind in repeated instances, and without the pauses and points of repose, presented by the successive steps of a judiciously arranged system. The mind is, in consequence, encumbered by its burthen; its ultimate ideas are indistinct and vague; and it can hardly be said to possess the knowledge which it has acquired, since, in too many instances, it will be diffident of the truth of its conceptions. Still, a system of nomenclature, arranged on the principle above suggested, is perhaps an impracticable creation; at least if it is designed to embrace the great body of words, which compose a language. It is an ideal perfection, to which we can only approximate. Particular sciences afford an illustration of the desideratum; but it is perhaps too much to expect that this can ever be attained in that portion of a language, which does not admit of the exactness of mathematical definition.

Systems classify themselves according to the different degrees of importance which they attach, respectively, to the different instruments, which may be made to fulfil the office of speech. These instruments are five in number; viz. design, the language of action, dactylology, alphabetic writing, and the labial alphabet, accompanied by artificial pronunciation. The principle of classification will be more readily comprehended, after a brief examination of each of these particulars, and of the extent to which it can be beneficially employed.

A radical distinction must here be noticed, according to which the instruments, just enumerated, arrange themselves under two heads; to wit, those which more properly represent ideas, and those which represent words merely. To the former description belong design and the language of action; to the latter, writing, dactylology, and the oral and labial alphabets.

The utility of design would, at first view, seem to be confined to the simple interpretation of the nomenclature of visible objects. A little consideration will show, however, that the resources, which it offers to the teacher, are much more extended. Actions, conditions, qualities, relations, are all capable of being depicted; and hence verbs, adjectives and prepositions are within its province.

M. Bébian has availed himself of its facilities to explain the use of the articles, the formation of abstract nouns, and the degrees of comparison. It is easily applicable to the exhibition of passions and emotions, by imitating the traces of their effects in the countenance and attitude. By means of allegory, it may be applied to the illustration of notions still more refined. There exists no subject, however removed from the domain of sense, to the elucidation of which its aid may not be invoked. Systems have been built upon the use of this instrument alone. It has been made the basis even of religious instruction. It was by means of pictures and diagrams, that Father Vanin, an instructer at Paris before the time of De l'Epeé, attempted even to expound the mysterious doctrines of the Incarnation, and of a Triune God. The result of his efforts was, however, very unsatisfactory. M. Saboureux de Fontenay, one of his pupils, afterwards highly distinguished under the tutelage of Pereiré, speaks thus of the effect produced upon his own mind. 'I believed that God the Father was a venerable old man, residing in the heavens; that the Holy Ghost was a dove, surrounded with light; that the Devil was a hideous monster, dwelling in the depths of the earth, &c. Thus I possessed sensible, material, mechanical ideas of religion.'

Such a recital might shake our faith in the utility of emblematic explanations, as applied to moral or religious notions, did we not perceive that the result in this case was the natural consequence of the original error, which made design the great instrument of instruction. A proper distinction must be observed in the mode of its use; according to the nature of the subject, with regard to which it is employed. Whatever is material may be directly explained by design; and this instrument may, here, be implicitly relied on with security. That which pertains to the intellectual and moral world, can only be *illustrated* by visible metaphorical representations; which though liable to mislead when made the principal dependence, impart, nevertheless, a very happy light to difficult notions, when used as accessory to other more certain means.

The great utility of design consists in the economy of time, which it introduces into the system of instruction; and in the certainty and precision, which (whenever employed not in an emblematic, but an absolute sense) it imparts to the ideas conveyed. A picture is not necessarily limited to the definition of a single word. It may represent a proposition. It may be made to explain the different usages of language; and here is one of the great advantages, which this instrument possesses, for the instructer.

The use of design in the education of the deaf and dumb, is a subject which has not yet received from teachers the attention which it merits. The resources, afforded by this instrument, have not been fully developed, nor well understood, even by those who have employed it most in practice.* The Abbé de l'Epée rejected it entirely. In this country it has been principally employed, in defining the nomenclature of visible objects. A system of designs, judiciously chosen and judiciously arranged, is exceedingly to be desired. The task of preparing such a series, is not indeed one of small magnitude. Of all the attempts which have been made, and the plans which have been proposed in Europe, no one seems to have met with universal approbation. Hardly has any one found an advocate beyond the original proposer. Still an imperfect system is better than none, and we cannot refrain, here, from recommending to the instructers in America an effort in concert, to supply the deficiency.

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* In these remarks we have, perhaps, done injustice to M. Piroux, the able director of the Institution at Nancy. A series of designs has been projected by that gentleman, intended to exhibit objects. qualities, relations, actions and states of being; and to afford visible illustrations of formulas of language, considerably involved. Thus, sentences like the following are explained by single pictures: 'A woman who is carrying a child in her arms,' 'A dog, which is chasing a hare across a plain.' The object of M. Piroux is, chiefly, to diminish the expense of education, by furnishing the means for primary instruction, in the common schools or within the family circle, before admission into a special institution. He would have his books universally distributed, at the public expense. But one number, we believe, has yet appeared.

The language of action is of essential importance in the education of the deaf and dumb. No system can dispense with the employment of this instrument. Its necessity, as a first means of communication, between the master and the pupil, is an axiom ; and is the substance of the first fundamental principle of the art. Still no question has been more vigorously discussed, than that of the extent to which this means should be employed in instruction, and of the degree of development which should be given to it as a language.

That the language of action is capable of being reduced to system, and advanced to the perfection of spoken language, is a truth self-evident, at least to those, who have been accustomed to its use.

No one can doubt, that, were a whole people of deaf and dumb persons to exist together from generation to generation, they would construct a visible language, equally copious, and equally perfect with the languages now in use ; nor that they would add to this a corresponding system of ideographic writing. But this perfection could only exist in a state of high intellectual cultivation. Language being simply the nomenclature of ideas, its copiousness must always be the measure of their multiplication. Supposing the language of action, therefore, to have attained an extent comparable to that of speech ; we must suppose also a corresponding development of intellect, and a corresponding accumulation of knowledge in those with whom it originates.

Such a language would, of course, be far from being adapted to the circumstances of the deaf and dumb as they exist. Its signs, to them, would be without meaning ; except so far as the limited circle of their ideas extends. It was, nevertheless, the notion of De l'Epeé, a notion adopted by his illustrious successor, that to extend the vocabulary of signs, until it is made to correspond with that of spoken language, is all that is wanting, to reduce the labor of instruction to a mere process of translation. He conceived that the deaf and dumb might acquire a first language, by the same process which enables us to acquire a second and a third. But in this view of the subject, plausible as it appears, there is a radical error. We have already seen, that what is peculiar in this art consists, not in the imposition of signs upon ideas, but in conducting the pupil to the formation of the ideas themselves. A language of action may be, indeed, devised and taught, which, in conformity with the views of De l'Epée and Sicard, shall strictly correspond, even in its grammatical forms, with that of speech. This language may be translated into that of speech or writing; yet, after all, the process may prove merely mechanical; and we shall have accomplished nothing toward the removal of the real difficulty. From personal observation, we can, in fact, bear witness to the possibility of dictating to deaf and dumb persons complicated sentences, embracing the most serious grammatical difficulties, and of obtaining from them the corresponding words, properly arranged; while they, themselves, are utterly incapable of comprehending that which they have produced.

Let us look at this subject in the light of reason. The deaf and dumb present themselves before us, with a stock of ideas comprised within narrow limits; and for these they have usually corresponding signs. Our task is to multiply these ideas. It will not suffice merely to extend the vocabulary. Each addition to the list of signs must represent some reality, now, for the first time, made a part of the pupil's knowledge. Let us suppose our efforts successful in extending the circle of that knowledge but a single step. We have communicated one notion, to which the learner was previously a stranger. It remains to impose a sign upon this notion. Whether this sign shall be a word or an action is for us to choose. If an action, then translation must follow. Why this circuitous route? Is any thing gained by it? On the contrary, is there not something lost? We desire to make our own language the medium, to the deaf and dumb, not only of communication but of thought. This is among our fundamental principles. How can we more successfully attain this end, than by giving him but a single sign for each new idea; and that sign, one appertaining to the class which we desire him to adopt?

But, again, the imposition of signs upon words, if the principle of the Abbé de l'Epée be adopted, must take place, in many instances, without a careful determination of the corresponding idea. Otherwise there can be no translation, worthy of the name; but only a double imposition of signs upon the same idea, constituting a load cumbrous to the memory, and dividing the attention between synonymous terms. If signs of action on the other hand be instituted, which are in themselves insignificant, they may be productive of very bad consequences. The deaf and dumb person is accustomed to recognise nothing in his language which has not meaning. He does not, and he cannot, suspect insignificancy in any sign. To that, therefore, which is intended to represent an idea above his capacity, he attaches an idea of his own ; an idea in the nature of things erroneous. By giving, then, to his language the degree of development aimed at by De l'Epée, the master is sure to encumber him with a mass, either of useless, or of unintelligible signs,—useless, in the first instance, when we consider that it is in words, and not in pantomime, that we desire him to think ; unintelligible, in the second, when we remember that these signs are imposed upon no real basis. In the one case, we thwart our own principal design ; in the other, we, at best, bewilder the learner.

Signs, established in the manner considered above, have received the appellation *methodical.* It was the favorite labor of Sicard to systematize and perfect them. In spite of the disadvantage inseparable from their use, pupils, distinguished for their attainments, have been produced by the masters who have employed them ; but this circumstance serves only to demonstrate the ability of the masters themselves.

In determining how far the language of action may be really useful in facilitating instruction, we must consider it in the several stages in which it is intelligible to the pupil ; in which, in fact, it is his own work ; guided, it may be, by the teacher ; but not reduced, as the theory of methodical signs presumes, to conformity with a language, which must be understood before the conformity can be comprehended. Great imperfection must be expected in the signs which are the creation of the deaf and dumb person himself. These signs may be submitted to the correction of the master. In fact, in an institution where numbers are collected together, a more philosophical system, the joint production of teachers and pupils will be early established ; and will be adopted by each pupil on his arrival. It is hardly possible, with every individual, to follow out a series of lessons, by which he may be guided, from a more accurate understanding of things, to a more correct mode of expression concerning them. He abandons his own signs for those which he finds actually in use, not because they appear to him more appropriate, but because they are universally intelligible. Still his own individual signs will be carefully observed by the instructer; since they afford a valuable means of penetrating the extent of his knowledge, of discovering how far his ideas of things are just, of determining the degree of his intellectual development, and of ascertaining the limit of his capacity.

The language of action, rectified as above by the care of the teacher, will be useful to a certain extent, as affording the means of instruction by translation. But, by the freedom of communication which it establishes, it will also render the pupil, in a measure, the architect of his own intellectual edifice; for it will enable him to profit by his own independent reflection. He possesses the means of interrogating his master,—a means which he will not fail to employ.

Still this language has its disadvantages, which, so long as it aspires to the character of a self-interpreting instrument of thought, are inseparable from the nature of its elements. These elements are threefold; consisting, first, in the copies of those spontaneous expressions, by which the emotions of the soul manifest themselves to sight; secondly, in imitations of external nature, whether of objects or of actions; and, thirdly, in that species of figurative descriptions, by which, alone, that which is ideal can be made to assume a material form. These will evidently be intelligible, in the order in which they are here arranged. With regard to the first, there can be no mistake. The second, less self-explanatory, may still be rendered sufficiently complete to be comprehended. The third, however, are liable to greater uncertainty; and, in more cases than one, when in practice they introduce no obscurity, may be presumed to borrow something of their significancy from tacit convention.

It is in conformity with our first fundamental principle, to employ, for purposes of instruction, the entire language of the deaf and dumb; embracing all signs whatever, which have a meaning for him, and which, whether natural or not, may be denominated colloquial. Still it is the suggestion of reason, that, when these have fulfilled their purpose, and have found, by translation, their equivalents in spoken language, they should thenceforth yield their places to words. To continue their use is practically to deny another of our fundamental principles, and one of the highest importance, viz. that language should be made to the deaf and dumb what it is to other men, —the instrument of thought; for it is to render language subordinate to pantomime, to make it the representative of a representative, and cause it to remain for the dumb what the learned languages are to us. In that case he will continue, perhaps for life, to be a mere translator, whether in conversation he occupy the place of the speaker, or of the person addressed. If we would, in any case, admit a departure from the strictness of the rule here laid down, it should be only in the application of signs to the exercises of religious worship; which, in a large institution, cannot otherwise be rendered universally intelligible.

Of the class of instruments, the office of which is merely to exhibit *words* under a material form, writing first demands consideration; since this is indispensable, and this, alone, is sufficient to fulfil all the purposes for which such an instrument is desired. From the latter part of the proposition here laid down, however, many respectable instructers have withheld their assent. Written language, in their estimation, must always occupy a secondary rank. It must constitute the representative of some more privileged instrument, standing between it and the ideas, with which it is presumed unsuited to be directly associated. This instrument is found in methodical signs, or artificial pronunciation and the labial alphabet, according to the peculiar notions of the instructer.

The reasoning intended to depreciate writing as an instrument of thought, seems hardly to afford anything sufficiently tangible to merit a very labored reply. It is nothing to say, that we ourselves are unaccustomed to employ the images of written signs, in conducting mental operations. We employ such signs as habit has rendered familiar; but they are signs, of which the deaf and dumb can never avail themselves. For we must remember, that, with whatever labor and success we may bring the deaf and dumb to imitate sounds, and read the fleeting characters which appear in succession upon the lips of a speaker, speech, to them, can never be what speech is to us. Hearing is not restored with articulation, or with the power of reading on the lips. The deaf and dumb, then, can never possess that species of signs, intermediate between ideas and written words, with which our ideas are associated. The movements of the lips are to them visible, not audible signs; and written words are nothing more. But argument is unnecessary, where the evidence of facts is at hand.

The ideographic portion of the Chinese writing is a case in point. And it is matter of daily observation, that deaf and dumb persons associate ideas with words for which they have no determinate sign. For them writing is truly ideographic.

Alphabetic writing is, indeed, sufficiently ill adapted to the wants of the unfortunate deaf and dumb. Constructed originally for a purpose altogether aside from their instruction, and without regard to their convenience,—founded on no analogy, which they can comprehend,—it imposes a severe burthen upon their memory. Still it is the sole instrument, common to them with other men, which presents itself to both parties, under the same aspect.

It has the advantage over articulation, of requiring little effort for its acquisition, and of being immediately available in the earliest stages of instruction. The language of the visible alphabet is also the language of study. It is the store-house of all human knowledge. It may be perused, and it may be composed with deliberation. It affords room for the mind to rest, to resume its train of thought, to modify, to correct and to improve. If it interpose inconvenience in the way of familiar conversation, it will, for the same reason, retrench superfluities, compel conciseness and precision of expression, and force the dumb to think with greater clearness, that they may express themselves with greater accuracy.

From the importance of writing in this art, has resulted a wish, almost, if not entirely, universal, that some means might be devised to diminish the labor, which its employment exacts; and to render it a more rapid instrument of communication. He who shall devise a system of stenography, applicable to the circumstances of the deaf and dumb, will confer upon them an inappreciable benefit. Space will not permit us, here, to point out at length the principles, which might serve as guides in the construction of such a system. It is, nevertheless, sufficiently evident, that the stenography of reporters, in our courts and public assemblies, will not answer the purpose. To the deaf and dumb, there are neither vowels, consonants, nor silent letters. If articulation be taught, the principles of syllabification may profitably receive attention; but if otherwise, these may be neglected. We are aware but of a single attempt to adapt a system especially to the use of deaf and dumb persons, that of M. Recoing, author of "*Le sourd-muet entendant par les yeux.*"* We are not aware that this system, which is intended to accompany articulation and syllabic dactylology, has ever been tested in practice. The stenography of M. Recoing, being adapted to the French language, could not, of course, be transplanted into ours. It remains for the ingenuity of instructers in our own country, to devise a plan fitted to our circumstances; and we cannot but hope that this ingenuity will be called into speedy and successful exercise.

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* Le sourd-muet entendant par les yeux, ou triple moyen de com-

Dactylology, or the manual alphabet, has, with hardly an exception, been admitted as an auxiliary in the instruction of the deaf and dumb. It consists in a set of signs, formed by the fingers, in partial imitation of alphabetic characters; and it is employed simply as a means of spelling words. As an instrument of instruction, common consent has assigned it a subordinate rank; but as a means of communication with society, or at least with those persons who will devote half an hour to its acquisition, it is very useful. The rapidity with which deaf and dumb persons employ it in their mutual conversations, and the readiness with which they will often seize a word, even from its initial letter, are astonishing.

Under the head of dactylology may be classed alphabetic signs, executed with one or with two hands, syllabic signs, and writing in the air. The two-handed alphabet is peculiar to England. Syllabic signs have been employed only by particular instructers. It is here that there remains a chasm, yet to be supplied. M. Recoing, by means of a system of his own invention, was able to interpret to his son a continued discourse, as a sermon or an oration, as rapidly as it was pronounced. Much of the success of the celebrated Pereiré, is supposed to have been due to a system of syllabic dactylology which he refused to divulge, and which perished with him. In proportion as the manual alphabet is made to represent syllables, the number of its signs is, of necessity, multiplied. The advantage, therefore, which it thus gains, is accompanied by an inconvenience;—an inconvenience, however, not serious, if the abbreviation be not extended too far. Stenography and syllabic dactylology seem naturally to associate themselves together. He who shall devote his attention to the one, may

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munication avec ces infortunés, par des procédés abreviatifs de l'écriture; suivi d'un projet d'imprimerie syllabique; par le père d'un sourd-muet.—Paris, 1829.

with propriety make both the subject of his labors. Should the pupil, however, acquire a facility of articulation and reading on the lips, he may dispense with dactylology altogether.

A question now presents itself, of the highest moment in the practice of this art; and one on which the opinions of instructers have been most widely at variance. This question relates to the expediency of making the oral and labial alphabets a prominent part of the instruction of deaf and dumb persons. Entire systems derive their character from the view which is taken of this subject in detail.

Before entering upon the discussion of the question, two propositions may be laid down, with regard to which there can be no possibility of dispute. It is evident from what has already been said, that the instrument we are now considering is not essential in the instruction of the deaf and dumb. Articulation is not necessary to the operations of the intellect, nor to the purposes of communication with society. On the other hand, it affords facilities, in the latter respect, too important to be disregarded. Hence results the second principle, that, if its acquisition be *really practicable*, no consideration should induce us to neglect it.

We must be careful to remark, nevertheless, an important distinction among deaf and dumb persons, which renders the instrument we are considering, much more easy of acquisition to one class than to another. With those, who in early age have been possessed of hearing, who have become dumb after possessing the faculty of speech, this faculty may be revived, more easily than it can be created in others. Certain reminiscences of articulate sounds will remain, long after their use has been discontinued. The power will not always be wholly lost, of supplying in the sentence, as pronounced, those subordinate parts which may not be distinctly observed. This is not, however, to deny to the deaf and dumb from birth, the power of acquiring the oral and labial alphabets. Experience has demonstrated the practicability of such an acquisition, in a multitude of instances. A person who is deaf and dumb from birth is dumb only because he is deaf. For him, indeed, the oral alphabet has no basis, either in the perception, or the recollection of sounds. Its foundation, its material, is in the sense of touch alone. His sole dependence is upon a circumstance, so entirely accidental to speech, that we ourselves only perceive its existence, by a special effort of attention. Heinicke, it is true, pretended to have discovered an auxiliary in the sense of taste. But between this sense and articulation, no connexion exists in nature; nor can we perceive how it can be created by art. Yet, under all these disadvantages, articulation is certainly available to the deaf and dumb.

Another circumstance here demands attention. To us, the language of utterance and that of hearing are identical. They are the language of sound. We give no attention to the play of our vocal organs, nor to the movements which accompany articulation in others. Whether we speak, or whether we listen, we recognise but a single instrument of communication. It is otherwise with the deaf and dumb. To them the labial alphabet presents a system of signs, addressing itself to sight; a system having its parallel in dactylology or in writing. Articulation, or the guttural alphabet, as it is denominated by Degerando, on the other hand, employs a different sense. Its elements are sensations of contact, resembling, remotely, those which the blind experience when they pass their fingers over the raised letters, which afford them the means of reading. There consequently exists for the deaf and dumb in conversation, the necessity of making an abrupt transition from one instrument to another; a necessity, which renders, for them, the employment of the oral and labial alphabets less simple than speech is to us.

To the disadvantages already enumerated, others still remain to be added. The labial alphabet exacts proximity, and usually a direct view of the countenance. In darkness its use is entirely lost. It distracts the attention of the observer from his employment. One or other of these evils, however, is common to it with writing, with dactylology, or with the language of action. To say that they exist, therefore, is only to say, that they must exist for the deaf and dumb, under all circumstances.

But further, both the oral and labial alphabets require time and labor for their acquisition. They exhaust a vast portion of the space allotted to instruction; and take the place of those exercises, which have for their object the cultivation of the intellectual powers, and the enlargement of the sphere of knowledge. Worse than all, they exact individual lessons, and thus compel the instructer of a class to neglect the many while he occupies himself with a few. It must finally be said, that there are those, who, by reason of early neglect, or the late period at which their education commences, do not possess the docility or flexibility of muscle, requisite for the attainment of artificial speech.

Under all these disadvantages, is it desirable, that the deaf and dumb pupil should be taught to speak, and to read upon the lips? Most unquestionably it is. What labor, what study, what patient and unremitted exercise of the attention, can be weighed in the balance with the immense benefit which these instruments afford, in restoring him, absolutely and really, to the ordinary intercourse of society! How broad a channel do they lay open, for the expansion of his views, the development of his intellect, the increase of his actual knowledge! What an amount of information purely traditional, information in possession of all who hear, but nowhere to be found in books, will thus be placed within his reach! How will his moral perceptions be refined, his affections purified, his character, as a whole, exalted! How will his acquaintance with language be extended! What a variety of phrases, idioms, proverbial and colloquial expressions, will be added to the treasury of his knowledge! With how much greater certainty will that important end of his education be answered, which requires that he shall be weaned from his favorite language of pantomime, and induced to adopt words as the instruments of his intellectual operations!

Articulation is an instrument available under all circumstances, and with all classes of persons. It exacts not even an acquaintance with writing in those with whom the deaf and dumb may be associated. It will serve the purposes of communication, on one part, at least, in darkness. This instrument has received the united suffrage of the great body of teachers, in all countries. Even De l'Epée and Sicard, the very authors of that system, which has led, in many instances, to the exclusion of the oral and labial alphabets, have testified in favor of their use, both in precept and practice. The former has given to the world, as a part of his work entitled '*La véritable manière d'instruire les sourds-muets,*' a treatise on the means of restoring articulation to deaf and dumb persons, which, so late as the year 1819, was republished at Paris, with a preface by the latter. In the course of this preface, the Abbé Sicard thus expresses himself. 'The deaf and dumb man is not completely restored to society, until he has been taught to express himself *vivâ voce*, and to read speech in the movement of the lips. It is only then that we can say that his education is entirely finished!'

We are now in a situation to consider the distinctive characteristics of different systems, and to determine, if we please, that which appears, to the eye of reason, the most judicious. One essential difference we have already remarked, viz. that which exists between the instructers, who have chosen to separate practical and methodical, or, to use the words of Degerando, ordinary and classical instruction, and those, who prefer to unite these two branches into one. This principle of distinction by no means interferes with another, which we are about to lay down.

We have noticed a classification of the instruments, employed to replace speech. We have seen that it is the province of one of these classes, more directly to represent ideas; of the other, words. The superior prominence which different systems assign, in practice, to one or the other of these classes, constitutes the basis of their widest differences. On the one side, therefore, stand the advocates of methodical signs; on the other, those of articulation.

Two other species of systems remain, of which the one rejects both the above instruments, and presents, in the use of writing alone, the simplest form of the art; the other, adopting both, the most complex.

After what we have said, it is hardly necessary to declare our preference. In adopting the views of those who are in favor of articulation, however, we are admonished, by the extent to which our remarks have been protracted, that it is impossible in this place to discuss the merits, or even unfold all the peculiarities of the different systems. A brief recapitulation will nevertheless show, that the difference of opinion, presumed to exist among instructers, is vastly wider in imagination than in reality. The controversies, in which De l'Epée was engaged, have had their effect in magnifying the distinctions, which really exist. They have created parties among men who should have been united in the inquiry after truth. Had our notions of the art been derived from the writings and the experiments of those who preceded that distinguished philanthropist in the same field, we should have avoided those prejudices, under the influence of which we have acquired the information we possess; and we should have learned to regard all instructers of the deaf and dumb, rather as our coadjutors, than our opponents. In what respect are the opinions of different masters really at variance? In questions merely of secondary importance. Perfect unanimity prevails in the employment of writing. No individual is so absurd as to reject the language of action. No one will deny the utility of design. Hardly a school rejects the manual alphabet. None question the expediency of employing the oral and labial alphabets, if it be practicable; and few deny its practicability, at least in many cases, where deafness is not profound. Methodical signs are continually losing ground. Minor differences of opinion are continually vanishing, before the light of knowledge. Systems are amalgamating; and the time may be anticipated, as not far distant, when this art shall, like other arts, upon which the light of reason has been permitted freely to play, possess the character of unity which belongs to them. Why should the views of instructers differ? Truth is every where the same. Experience is every where multiplying its results. Whether we live to witness the happy consummation, or whether it shall be reserved for another generation, perfect unanimity will, nay, must ultimately prevail.

To this result, the plan of correspondence, established a few years since by the Institution at Paris, will materially contribute. The object of this correspondence is to bring about an interchange of views among instructers, by the publication of their letters, either in full or in substance, in a biennial circular. But three publications of this nature have yet appeared, of which we have affixed the title of the third to this article. It is drawn up, we understand, as was also the second, by the able Professor Morel, and embraces memoirs from various instructers, among which we look in vain for any from an American hand. In a country, which embraces within its limits at least three institutions, in numbers surpassing any three in any other, we cannot view this circumstance without mortification. It would seem that a moral obligation should be felt among all those, who have devoted themselves to this enterprise, to contribute, if it be but their mite, to the common stock of improvement.

Cursory as is the view which we have taken of our subject, it is exceedingly incomplete. To those, who would pursue inquiries respecting it with greater minuteness, we recommend a careful perusal of the work of Degerando; a work, of which we do not pretend, here, to have offered even an imperfect analysis. What we have further to say, relates to the history of the art.

This history, for the sake of convenience, is divided by Degerando into two distinct periods; of which the first extends from the earliest essays attempted in the instruction of the deaf and dumb, to the time of De l'Epée; the second, commencing from that era, reaches our own time. The first period comprehends a space of nearly two centuries,—the second, little more than sixty years. During the first, instructers were few and scattered; in the second, comparatively numerous, contemporaneous, and frequently uniting their efforts in the same field of labor. The first is the period of invention; the second of improvement. The instructers of the first period were occupied, chiefly, upon the mechanical means of replacing speech; those of the second, upon the logical teaching of language, and the cultivation of the intellect. During the first, the oral and labial alphabets were the instruments most generally employed; with the second, methodical signs make their appearance, to the exclusion, in some instances, of articulation. The first period is that, in which instruction is principally individual; the second is the period of institutions. During the first, the art seems to have constituted a species of masonry; its processes were a mystery, and each instructer seems to have guarded his secret knowledge with peculiar jealousy. Since the commencement of the second, the veil has been torn away, systems have been opened to the light, and the discussion of their merits invited. The early instructers generally followed their art as an instrument of gain. The later, have, in many instances, pursued it at great personal sacrifice. They have regarded the education of the deaf and dumb as a part of the great cause of humanity; and have been stimulated to put forth exertion, by a sense of duty. The former seem, in most instances, to have been ignorant that others were, or had been, laboring in the same field; they have known little or nothing of their predecessors or contemporaries. The same processes have, therefore, been a first and a second time invented; and the art has, consequently, for years, made little progress. It is the endeavor of modern times to promote improvement by a union of effort, and, for this purpose, to render the intercourse of instructers as frequent and as familiar as possible. The first period may, consequently, afford more interest to the curious inquirer; the second to the professor, who is eager for practical information.

Spain may be called the cradle of this art. The first instructer, of whom we have any authentic account, is Peter Ponce, a monk of the order of St. Benedict at Oña. He published no account of his methods, and left behind him no manuscript. Our knowledge of him is principally derived from the brief notices of Francis Vallés, and Ambrose Morales, two of his contemporaries. From these, we learn that he taught his pupils to speak ; and it is added by the former (what is very improbable) that, for this purpose, he employed only indicative signs. Another writer tells us that, in the archives of the convent at Oña, is found a paper which attests, that the pupils of Ponce 'spoke, wrote, prayed aloud, attended mass, confessed, spoke Greek, Latin, Italian, (as well as Spanish) and reasoned remarkably well upon physics and astronomy.' 'They were,' said Ponce himself, 'so distinguished in the sciences, that they would have passed for men of talent, in the eyes of Aristotle.' If this extravagant use of the hyperbole excite a smile, it still affords evidence that Ponce was decidedly successful.

Second in point of time, and the earliest author of a practical treatise on the art, was a countryman of the last, John Paul Bonet. Urged, as he says, by sentiments of personal affection, he undertook to instruct the brother of an officer of state, to whom he was secretary. He seems to have been ignorant of what his predecessor had accomplished ; though, with little reason, he has been accused of borrowing his processes and exhibiting them as his own. Bonet employed the language of action, writing, dactylology and the oral alphabet. His work presents the hasty outlines of a philosophic system. The labial alphabet appeared to him an unavailable instrument; one, at least, which could not be taught according to any fixed method.

We are told of another Spaniard, deaf and dumb himself from birth, but how instructed we know not, by name Ramirez de Carion, who taught one of his pupils, a person of rank, to speak and write four languages.

Beside Jerome Cardan, other writers of Italy early found their attention arrested by the art, which at present occupies us. Among these, we find the names of Affinaté, the author of a treatise not remarkable for its merit, of Fabrizio d'Aquapendente, and of the father Lana-Terzi, a jesuit of Brescia. The latter, being occupied with a variety of curious questions, such as the art of flying, the quadrature of the circle, and the philosopher's stone; of writing in cypher, of the means of teaching the blind to read and write, and of telegraphic communication, fell naturally upon the inquiry which forms the subject of this article. He examined the mechanism of speech, and the art of instructing the deaf in the knowledge of language.

England, in the seventeenth century, presents us with the names of Bulwer, Wallis, Holder, Dalgarno and Sibscota, all of whom directed their attention either to the theory or the practice of this art.

Wallis, by common consent, seems to occupy the first rank among the early English instructers. He was the author of a treatise on speech, and of other occasional papers, relating to our present subject. In a few instances he took the trouble to teach articulation; but this instrument he afterwards abandoned; not, however, because his views of its utility were altered. He avowed himself to be, as he believed, the original inventor of the art; a claim which was disputed by William Holder of Blechington. Holder had, in fact, taught articulation to a single deaf and dumb person, who, having afterwards lost the faculty, attained it a second time under Wallis. But of him little is known, except that his views were rather superficial than otherwise.

In passing to Holland, we meet with the name of Peter Montans, who is said to have offered some remarks upon the subject of teaching the deaf and dumb. Those, however, whose opinions are best known, and most remarkable, are Mercuré Van Helmont and John Conrad Amman. These men, both distinguished for the singularity of their views, appear, notwithstanding the wildness of their notions, to have been moved by a spirit of philanthropy. They agree in attributing to language a divine origin; in supposing the original language of man to have possessed properties, for which we search in vain in the degenerate dialects of modern days. They beheld in speech, not merely a conventional instrument of thought, but one possessing privileges, high, mysterious, inexplicable. Van Helmont held the opinion, that there exists a language natural to man;—a language more simple in its construction and in its pronunciation, than any now in use; that this language is the Hebrew, in the characters of which he seems to discover a resemblance to the positions of the vocal organs, requisite to give them utterance. The boldness of these assumptions is a little remarkable, when we recollect that the pronunciation of Hebrew is forever lost. 'Van Helmont,' says Degerando, 'pretended, in three weeks, to have put a deaf and dumb person in a condition to answer, (by articulation) questions addressed to him.' This person, if we believe Van Helmont, learned afterwards, in very brief space, the Hebrew language, by his unaided efforts, in comparing the Hebrew text with a German translation of the Bible. Of the probability of this statement we leave teachers to judge.

Conrad Amman undertook the education of the deaf and dumb, without being aware that others had preceded him. He became afterwards acquainted with their works, and engaged in a correspondence with Wallis. We cannot better convey an idea of his peculiar notions respecting the human voice, than by quoting his own words. 'There is in us,' he says, 'no faculty, which more strikingly bears the character of life, than speech. I repeat it, the voice is a living emanation of that immortal spirit, which God breathes into the body of man at his creation. Among the immense number of gifts from God to man, it is speech, in which eminently shines the imprint of Divinity. In like manner as the Almighty created all things by his word, so he gave to man, not only, in an appropriate language, to celebrate worthily his Author; but, farther, to produce by speech whatever he desires, in conformity with the laws of his existence. This divine mode of speaking almost disappeared from the earth, along with so many other perfections, at that unhappy epoch, the fall. Hardly, in the long course of ages since elapsed, has the precious prerogative been accorded to a few privileged individuals. These were no other than souls, sanctified and united to God by fervent and continual prayer; who, interrogating the very essences of things, have been endowed with the gift of miracles. These holy personages have exhibited to the view of other men traces of an empire, once common to all, but which most have suffered to escape.' *

If such notions excite surprise, we cannot but smile, when we find the same writer gravely questioning, whether the apostles, on the day of Pentecost, really spoke in different tongues; or attained by immediate inspiration that efficacious speech,

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* *Dissertation sur la Parole*, &c. a translation, printed at the close of the volume of Deschamps. Paris, 1779.

by means of which the well disposed of every kindred and people and tongue and nation, simultaneously comprehended their thoughts.

In Holland, as in Spain and England, the art fell during a long period into total disuse, after the time of its first inventors. Our attention is next attracted to Germany. Names here begin to multiply. We are presented with those of Kenger, Ettmuller, Wild, Niederoff, Raphel, Pascha, Pasch, Schulze, Conradi, Solrig, Lasius, Arnoldi, and Heinicke. Among such a multitude we can notice only individuals.

Kerger, assisted by his sister, undertook the task of instruction at Liegnitz in Silesia, early in the eighteenth century. He availed himself at once of design, of pantomime, of the oral and labial alphabets, and of writing. Of dactylology he makes no mention; but of the utility of the language of action, he expresses himself in the highest terms; entertaining, in this respect, views materially resembling those of De l'Epée at a later period.

Contemporary with Kerger, was George Raphel, the father of three deaf and dumb children. Led first by parental affection to become an instructer, and having subsequently succeeded even beyond his hopes, he committed to paper an account of his method, for the information of others. This work was first published at Lunenburg, in the year 1718.

Lasius confined himself to the teaching of language under a visible form. He made use neither of the manual alphabet nor of design. Arnoldi, on the other hand, gave to this latter instrument considerable expansion, and taught the use of the oral and labial alphabets. He employed also pantomime, but only so far as it is the work of the deaf and dumb themselves.

Samuel Heinicke was the director of the first institution for the deaf and dumb, established under the patronage of a government. This institution was founded at Leipzig in 1778. Heinicke had, before this time, announced in the public papers, that, in the course of six weeks, he had taught a deaf and dumb person to answer, by writing, whatever questions were proposed to him. Arnoldi, says Degerando, could not but declare, that such a result seemed to him incomprehensible. Still, Heinicke was a man of no common ability; and his success is attested by the reputation, which obtained for him the direction of a public institution. But he was, at the same time, a man of immeasurable self-conceit, irritable in his temper, rude, coarse and overbearing in his manners. In consequence of the existence of such traits in his character, though his pupils were the principal sufferers, all who had to do with him were subject to more or less annoyance. He attributed to himself the honor of invention, but so far as his processes have come to the light, they afford no justification of his claim. In some trifling particulars, his methods were indeed peculiar. He placed instruments in the mouths of his pupils, to regulate the positions of the vocal organs in emitting sounds. And he asserted (what is very improbable,) that he had made particular sensations of taste to correspond to particular articulations. Heinicke was a believer in the exclusive prerogative of the voice to serve as an instrument of thought. Otherwise, his views were eminently in accordance with sound philosophy.

France seems not only to have been behind other European nations in her efforts for the education of the deaf and dumb, but even in the knowledge of what had been accomplished abroad. Hence, when at length she saw the advocates of this unfortunate class spring up within her limits, she opposed to them all those prejudices, which had elsewhere found their refutation in actual experiment. Still there exists testimony, that the practice of the art had not been wholly unknown, even in France, before the time of Pereiré and Ernaud. In 1769, a man deaf and dumb from birth, named Guibal, is recorded to have made his will in writing; and from the evidence of his knowledge produced in court, the will was confirmed. We have also some further evidence that the deaf and dumb were instructed; but nothing satisfactory until the time of Father Vanin, who rested instruction, as we have seen, principally upon the use of design.

After him sprung up Pereiré, a Portuguese. Two of his pupils, whom he exhibited, at different times, before the Academy of Sciences, were remarkable for their attainments. These were Saboureux de Fontenay, and D'Azy d'Etavigny. Pereiré made a secret of his processes. He offered to disclose them for a suitable consideration; but this consideration being withheld, they perished with him. It is even said that he bound his pupils by an oath, not to discover his modes of instruction; and made them a secret even to his family. We know, nevertheless, that the grand instrument of his system was a method of syllabic dactylology; which, by its rapidity in exhibiting words, enabled him, to a great extent, to rely on usage to explain their meaning. He was, nevertheless, apprised of the advantage of a logical method, in the teaching of languages. Few, if any, have been more successful than Pereiré. Of his pupil Fontenay, De l'Epée records, that he translated foreign works, and himself composed a number of productions designed for the press.

Ernaud, as well as Pereiré, obtained the approbation of the Academy of Sciences. He employed himself very much in reviving the sense of hearing, where it was partially lost. He asserts, indeed, that he had met with no instance of entire deafness. Articulation was, of course, his principal instrument.

The Abbé Deschamps published, in 1779, a work on the instruction of the deaf and dumb. To this branch of education, he devoted, in practice, his fortune and his life. Acknowledging the practicability of instructing by means of signs, he still accorded the preference to articulation and the labial alphabet. He refused, therefore, though solicited, to unite himself with the Abbé de l'Epée. Shortly after the publication of his work, he was assailed by the deaf and dumb Desloges, who very earnestly vindicated the methods of De l'Epée, and spoke, in the most enthusiastic terms, of the language of action.

In glancing at the second period of this history, we have to regret that our notice of it must be but a glance. The Abbé de l'Epée commenced the labor, to which his entire life, and the whole of his pecuniary means were afterwards consecrated, with completing the education of two twin sisters, who had been pupils of Father Vanin. The grand feature of his system we have already noticed. It consisted in giving to the language of action the highest degree of expansion, and rendering it, by means of methodical signs, parallel to that of speech. He attempted also the task of teaching articulation; and, as we have seen, was the author of a treatise on this branch of the art. The actual success of the Abbé de l'Epée was far from being equal to that of his successors, or even his contemporaries. In a letter to Sicard, written in 1783, he says, 'Do not hope that your pupils can ever express their ideas by writing. Let it suffice that they translate our language into theirs, as we ourselves translate foreign languages, without being able to think or to express ourselves in those languages.' He has more to the same purpose. With the evidence of Pereiré's success, in the case of Fontenay, under his eyes, these views are certainly remarkable. De l'Epée commenced the preparation of a dictionary of signs, which was never published. He felt himself, from time to time, called upon to defend his views. He seems, voluntarily, to have thrown down the gauntlet to Pereiré. With Heinicke he held a controversial correspondence of some length, in which that instructer seems to have exhibited very little courtesy. A third time he came into collision with Nicolaï, an academician of Berlin. The Abbé Storck, a disciple of De l'Epée, had established a school in the latter city; and it was from the exercises of a public exhibition, held by the former, that Nicolaï took occasion to attack the system of instruction. The details of these controversies, though interesting, are too extensive to be exhibited here.

A few years after the death of De l'Epée, was established the Royal Institution of Paris, to the direction of which Sicard was summoned. It was the endeavor of this instructer, whose title to our veneration is beyond dispute, to perfect the views of his immediate predecessor and master; and to carry out fully in practice the theory, which makes the instruction of the deaf and dumb a process of translation. Of Sicard's success, we have living evidence in our own country, in the case of M. Clerc at Hartford; whose acquaintance at once with the French and the English languages leaves nothing to be desired. Massieu, also, whose education forms the subject of an entire work from the pen of his master, is an astonishing instance of the extent to which the intellectual faculties of deaf and dumb persons may be cultivated. We cannot refrain, in this place, from noticing a few of the answers of these pupils to questions, of the nature of which they could have had no previous intimation.

When Clerc was asked if he loved the Abbé Sicard, he replied in the following words. 'Deprived at birth of the sense of hearing, and, by a necessary consequence, of speech, the deaf and dumb were condemned to a most melancholy vegetation; the Abbé de l'Epée and the Abbé Sicard were born, and these unfortunate persons, confided to their regenerating care, passed from the class of brutes to that of men: whence you may judge how much I must love the Abbé Sicard.'

Massieu, being once asked the difference between God and nature, replied, 'God is the first Framer, the Creator of all things. The first beings all sprang from his divine bosom. He said to the first, '*you shall produce the second*;' his wishes are laws,—these laws are nature.'

'Eternity,' he said, 'is a day without yesterday or to-morrow.'

'Hope is the flower of happiness.'

'Gratitude is the memory of the heart.'

In this second period of the history, it is impossible that we should proceed further, with any thing like particularity. Germany affords us the names of Neumann, Eschke, Cæsar, Petschke, Venus, Wolke, Daniel, Stephani, Ernsdorffer, Scherr, Neumaier, Gæger, Siemon, Grasshoff, and a multitude of others; Switzerland those of Ulrich and Naëf; Holland of Peerlkamp and the Messrs. Guyot; England of Watson, Arrowsmith, and Roget; Scotland of Braidwood and Kinniburgh; Spain of D'Alea and Hernandez, and Italy of Scagliotti. France also presents us with many names, among which we notice those of Bébian, Piroux, Périer Jamet, Dudésert, Gondelin, Ordinaire, Valade, and Morel; to the last, we understand, was intrusted, at the Royal Institution, the preparation of the second and third circulars. It would afford us pleasure, here, to examine, specifically, such of the productions of these individuals as have reached us; but our own country exacts of us the space which yet remains.

In April 1815, were taken the first steps toward the erection of an institution for the deaf and dumb in America. A feeble beginning, in the establishment of a small private school, had been previously made in Virginia. But of this nothing was known, at least no account was taken in Hartford. An interesting girl, the daughter of a highly-respected physician in that city, had lost her hearing at the age of two years. The Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, having become interested in her case, visited Paris, for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the system, employed in the Royal Institution. Returning, he brought with him M. Laurent Clerc, whose name has been already mentioned, and with whose assistance he laid the foundation of the Connecticut Asylum. This institution, which, having since experienced the fostering care of the Federal Government, has assumed the more exclusive epithet American, has always maintained a very high reputation. It has produced, at least while under the direction of Mr. Gallaudet, pupils remarkably distinguished for their attainments. Of these, George H. Loring of Boston, who was retained for some years as an assistant instructer, after the completion of his education, acquired so great a facility in the use of the French language, as to astonish native Frenchmen with whom he conversed. Articulation never formed a part of Mr. Gallaudet's system. He employed methodical signs, to a great extent, in his practice, but not without a careful previous determination of their corresponding ideas. He made it an important part of his plan, to lead his pupils to the formation of habits of reflection upon the operations of their own minds; believing, very justly, that intellectual expansion will be more rapid, as the power of discrimination, between ideas having no palpable representatives, is increased. Mr. W. C. Woodbridge, editor of the American Annals of Education, was an early associate of Mr. Gallaudet. From this school, also, proceeded Mr. Peet, principal of the institution in the city of New York.

The American Asylum likewise lent its aid to the establishment of the Pennsylvania Institution upon a secure basis. This school, first a private seminary commenced by David G. Seixas, was erected into a public institution, by an act of the State Legislature, passed in February, 1821. Soon after, Mr. Seixas having been removed, Mr. Clerc spent some time at Philadelphia, and was succeeded, on his return to Hartford, by Mr. Lewis Weld, an instructer of the same school. Mr. Weld was, in 1830, recalled to Hartford, to supply the place of Mr. Gallaudet; who, to the deep regret of every friend to the deaf and dumb, ceased, in the autumn of that year, to direct the American Asylum, and retired from the employment. The Pennsylvania Institution, under the direction of Mr. Abraham B. Hutton, has from that time continued to proceed with distinguished success.

The first movements made toward the establishment of an institution in the city of New York, originated in 1816, 'in consequence,' as we are informed by Dr. Akerly, its first director, 'of a letter written by a dumb person in Bordeaux, offering to come to this country to establish a school.' In the beginning of 1817, a public meeting was held on the subject, at which many gentlemen, believing that two institutions were unnecessary, and could not be sustained, opposed the project. A better acquaintance with the statistics of our population soon rendered the necessity of another establishment self-evident. More than sixty deaf and dumb persons were ascertained to exist in the city of New York alone, and the returns were still incomplete. An act of incorporation was obtained in April 1817. Under this act, a school was opened in the spring of 1818, which, struggling against many difficulties, principally self-created, it is true, continued for years to languish on, but seemed to hold its existence by a very uncertain tenure. It was the early error of this institution, to employ men entirely inadequate to the task they had undertaken. Its results were consequently so unsatisfactory as to shake the confidence of its friends, and ultimately even of the Legislature, on which it was dependent, in the capacity of its conductors. They afforded also ample ground for the strictures which occasionally appeared, aimed directly or indirectly at the institution, and which were believed at New York to originate in a spirit of hostility to its interests. It was further believed, upon no reasonable ground whatever, that this spirit was cherished in the American Asylum and industriously propagated by its friends. The utmost forbearance was certainly exhibited by that institution, under imputations the most uncharitable, and most directly suited to excite indignant feeling ; and any one who knows Mr. Gallaudet, knows also that he is incapable of being influenced, even for a moment, by any unworthy motive. Something like a controversy seemed, notwithstanding, to spring up between the schools of New York and Hartford. We remark with some surprise, that this controversy embraces very little that is essential, in the art of instruction. It seems to relate entirely to the language of action ; and not even here to involve the question commonly agitated on this topic, viz. how far this language should be employed in practice ; but only to concern the visible form of the signs used in the two institutions.

It is asserted in the Encyclopædia Americana, that the New York Institution originated its own system of instruction. This statement, here first made in a standard work, is not indeed novel, neither is it true. The teachers at New York endeavored, to the best of their ability, to walk in the footsteps of Sicard. If, in the mere form of their signs of reduction, they differed from the school of Paris, nothing more was true of them, than is true of half the European institutions at the present day. Uniformity among many institutions, however desirable, is not essential within the walls of one.

It has been asserted that signs do not admit of description, and that those employed by Sicard cannot be gathered from his works. His *Théorie des Signes*, it is true, is far from being a dictionary of such as deserve to be called methodical; or such as were used by him to abbreviate the indication of words in practice. But this reasoning, as applied to the New York Institution in its infancy, rests upon a false basis. The pupil is the book in which the teacher must read. He brings with him all the signs which are available to him, in the commencement of his education. The number of these may be increased as the circle of his ideas expands; but their particular form is far from being essential to the purposes which they are to fulfil. The Abbé Jamet, at Caen, has instituted his own system of methodical signs, rejecting those of Sicard. In like manner, the instructers at New York had theirs, many of which are still held in recollection among the pupils, and are still intelligible.

But the real evils under which the New York Institution labored, the real points of difference between it and the institution at Hartford, were the incompetency of its teachers, in the artificial nature of the instrument on which they chiefly relied, or their neglect to avail themselves of any thing like logical method in the teaching of language. They erred, in encumbering the memory of the pupil with isolated words, designated, each by its methodical sign, while the proper use of those words, in connected discourse, was yet but imperfectly understood. We have had visible evidence, in a multitude of instances, that their pupils were accustomed to regard written language, not as a *practical* instrument of communication, available under all circumstances, but as a *possible* means of exhibiting particular propositions.

We must admit, therefore, that the New York Institution did not early fulfil the purposes of its charitable founders. The year 1830 was, however, the era of a radical reformation. It was during this year that Mr. Vaysse, from the Institution of Paris, entered upon his duties at New York; and that Mr. Peet, the principal, previously for nine years an instructer in the American Asylum, concluded to accept the situation, which he has since continued to fill.

Mr. Vaysse and Mr. Peet brought with them the methods and the signs, in use at Paris and at Hartford. As a natural consequence, the institution at once assumed a character, which it had never before possessed; and which immediately won for it anew the confidence, which had before been partially withdrawn. Uniformity, too, in the sign language, if that be considered an advantage worth mentioning, was, by means of this revolution, rendered universal among American institutions. There now exists but a single sign dialect, in the schools for the deaf and dumb on this continent.

The system of methodical signs, early, as we have seen, in use at New York, was, after the arrival of Mr. Vaysse, gradually abandoned. The advantages, consequent upon thus shaking off the yoke of an artificial system, have been strikingly perceptible. Thus France, at whose hands our country first received the art, has furnished us with its most decided improvement here, in the correction of her own great original error.

The New York Institution, on its new basis, is now proceeding with remarkable success. In addition to the methods already employed, it is seriously considering the expediency of introducing articulation; the number of its pupils, capable of acquiring such a means of communication in some degree through the ear, being sufficient to warrant the attempt.

Beside the establishments already noticed as existing in America, there is a school for the deaf and dumb in Kentucky, another in Ohio, a third at Canajoharie, New York, and a fourth in Quebec. All these have derived their methods from the American Asylum. That at Canajoharie, having been established merely for temporary purposes, by the Legislature of the State of New York, will probably be discontinued in 1836.

In reviewing the labors of American teachers, we cannot but be surprised that so little has been done by them towards the preparation of books. It is an admitted fact, that the deaf and dumb need exercises, written expressly for their use. Yet, among us, nothing has been done, worthy of note. Seixas and Gallaudet published, indeed, some disjointed exercises, but upon these, we presume, they did not desire to stake their reputation. In the year 1821, there appeared, at New York, a course of lessons by Dr. Samuel Akerly, which from its extent might seem to challenge criticism. Had the doctor, in preparing his work, fully understood the nature of his undertaking, we should have been disposed to meet the challenge.

To do so under existing circumstances, however, since his book has neither been found practically useful in the New York Institution, for which it was originally designed, nor any where else, would be a mere waste of words.

The want of printed lessons is the disadvantage under which, at present, American institutions chiefly labor. To remedy this deficiency, along with that of a systematic series of designs, is the point, toward which the labors of instructers should, for the time, be principally directed. Cannot a congress of teachers be established? Cannot an union of effort be attempted? Cannot a division of labor be determined, which shall cause its advantages to be felt by the deaf and dumb now existing? We have, hitherto, had too little concert. We have been employed rather in creating, than in perfecting institutions. We have been struggling, as we still are, against pecuniary embarrassments. We have been laboring that the patronage of the Federal Government, already extended to two seminaries, might foster also our undertakings. We have toiled, not so much for celebrity, as for existence. Confident in the belief, that the claims of the deaf and dumb would ultimately be acknowledged in their fullest extent, we have sought to establish points, around which the public charity might rally, and pour out, upon its objects, its blessings in their most efficacious form. For the Northern United States, these points are determined. For the Southern, they remain to be designated. Virginia owes it to her character, and to the numerous deaf and dumb persons within her limits, speedily to create one.* Another, or it may be two, will be requisite for the South-western states. Regarding the promptitude of our countrymen to meet the calls of justice or of charity, in whatever form presented, we cannot doubt that the wants of the deaf and dumb will soon be supplied; and that the public beneficence, already extended to a portion, will, before the lapse of many years, be accorded to the whole.

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* By an act of the Legislature of Virginia, passed during the session of 1832–3, a charter was granted for an Institution to be situated at Staunton, a position nearly central in the State. This place was selected in compliance with the conditions of a very liberal donation, said to have been made by one of its inhabitants for the purposes contemplated by the law. It is not known that any measures have yet been taken to carry the provisions of the act into effect.

Art. III.—*Early Literature of France.*

Cours de Littérature Française: par M. Villemain, *Membre de l'Académie Française, Professeur d'Eloquence à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris.* Paris. 1828.

The Provençal school, to which we briefly adverted in a preceding article, may be viewed with propriety as the earliest development of French poetry, although the dialect of the Northern provinces had obtained a complete ascendency over that of the Southern before the period of good taste arrived. It is true, that while the Troubadours were flourishing at their best estate, there also existed in the North a race of bards and minstrels called *Trouvères*, who used the dialect of the Northern provinces, or the *Langue d'Oui*, and whose general style of poetry resembled precisely that of their brethren of the *gaie science.* They may, therefore, be considered as forming a branch of the same general school; but as they were less distinguished at the time than the Troubadours, it is of course the latter who must be regarded as at the head of it. Neither branch has left any works of real value except as antiquarian curiosities. Among those of the Northern poets or *Trouvères*, an allegorical poem, called the Romaunt of the Rose, and a collection of poetical tales under the title of *Fabliaux* are considered as the best. It does not come within the scope of the present article to examine in detail the merit of these productions. The language in which they are written is now obsolete, and they constitute no part of what is properly denominated French literature.

In passing from this antiquated form into its present one, the French language assumed and retained for a long time an intermediate shape, much more nearly resembling the latter than the former, but strongly marked with some peculiar characteristics, and possessing beauties which are now lost. It was also during the prevalence of this form that the first works of real merit made their appearance, and it is therefore on all accounts entitled to some degree of attention. It is exhibited in its rudest shape in the Chronicles of Froissart, the History of Philippe de Comines, and Rabelais. It is seen again in a somewhat purer taste in Montaigne's Essays. In Amyot and Brantôme it approaches still nearer to the modern style, but yet possesses a distinctly perceptible character. The works of Clement Marot, the best poet who preceded the era of good taste, are generally considered the most favorable specimens of this intermediate or transition dialect. It is sometimes called the *naif*, or simple style, but as this term indicates simplicity of thought and not of language, it seems to be in this instance improperly applied. Some of the principal writers who employ this peculiar dialect, as for instance Clement Marot and Montaigne, are remarkable for a frank and open expression of their personal feelings, and this intellectual quality of the writers may have connected itself in the imagination of the public with the form of the language in which they wrote. The principal peculiarities that distinguish this variety of the French from the modern form, are the occasional omission of the article before the noun, and of the personal pronoun before the verb; the more frequent use of inverted phrases, and the employment of a number of adjectives of diminution, and various other words that are now obsolete. None of these points appear to have any necessary connexion with the supposed moral expression of this dialect, but they all indicate a nearer approach to the Latin, and its immediate offspring the Spanish and Italian, than we see in the modern French. Hence it is natural to conclude, that of the two great ingredients which unite in the composition of the French, as of all the modern languages, the Teutonic was constantly gaining on the Latin until the form of the language was fixed. The difference between the French of Montaigne and Marot, and that of Pascal and Malherbe, the first classical writers in prose and verse, marks one stage in this progress, and has little or nothing to do with any supposed difference of moral expression. The *naiveté* of this style is therefore probably in a great measure an imaginary thing, but the association is now so completely established, that the employment of any of its peculiar forms, at the present day, immediately conveys to the mind of the reader the impressions that naturally correspond with this quality; and it is uniformly resorted to by modern writers for this purpose.

Clement Marot, the only good poet that appeared at this stage in the progress of the language, flourished at the Court of Francis I. and his successors, where he enjoyed a high degree of favor, solely on the recommendation of his literary talent, and without any adventitious aid of birth, fortune, or political services. He associated on the most familiar terms with the famous Diane de Poitiers, and with Margaret of Valois, afterwards Queen of Navarre, herself one of the best writers of the day. Some of her verses, addressed to Marot, are still extant. The works of this poet consist entirely of short compositions on familiar and amatory subjects, generally written in a gay and easy style. There are some in a different manner, among which is a translation of the Psalms into verse, for the use of the French Protestants of the time ; but the other mode was the one in which he excelled. He is commended by Boileau as an elegant writer, and was much studied and closely imitated by Lafontaine. He was also subsequently copied by J. B. Rousseau, but not with equal success. The example of this distinguished lyric poet, nevertheless, revived the public taste for his peculiar manner, which acquired at that time a temporary vogue, and received the name of *Marotisme.* The following pieces will at once give an idea of his merit as a writer, and of the form of the language at the time when he appeared. The first is a farewell address to his mistress, in a half-sentimental style.

Puisque de vous je n'ai d'autre visage,
Je m'en vais rendre hermite en un desert,
Pour prier Dieu, si un autre vous sert,
Qu' ainsi que moi en votre honneur soit sage.
Adieu amour, adieu gentil corsage,
Adieu ce teint, adieu ces friands yeux,
Je n'ai pas eu de vous grand avantage
Un moins amant aura peut-être mieux.

The following is a well known piece, called *Le Oui et le Nenni:* or Yes and No, and is written in a gayer mood.

Un doux *Nenni* avec un doux sourire
Est tant honnête ! Il vous le faut apprendre.
Quand est d'*Oui* si veniez à le dire,
D'avoir trop dit je voudrois vous reprendre.
Non que je sois ennuyé d'entreprendre
D'avoir le fruit dont le desir me point,
Mais je voudrois qu'en me le laissant prendre
Vous me disiez, Non, vous ne l'aurez point.

Marot was the author of a great number of epigrams, of which the following, considered as a *bona fide impromptu,* is rather happy. Francis I., surrounded as usual by a number of his courtiers, was one day surveying a favorite horse, which he appears to have held in high estimation. Being himself an *amateur* in poetry, he produced on this occasion the two first lines of a *quatrain* in praise of the animal, and challenged the company to complete it. The King's verses were as follows:

Joli cheval ! gentil cheval !
Bon à monter ! bon à descendre !

Marot, who was present, immediately supplied the two following, which make up in loyalty for what they want in strict accuracy of rhyme.

Si tu n'es pas Bucéphale,
Tu portes mieux qu'Alexandre.

Whatever may be the merit of Clement Marot, which is certainly far from inconsiderable as respects the style of his poems, although they belong substantially to a secondary class, his general literary reputation is much inferior to that of some of the prose writers, who employed the intermediate form of the French language. Without dwelling particularly on the works of Froissart, Comines, and Brantôme, all of which are principally valuable for the historical information they afford, or on those of Amyot, which present, perhaps, the most beautiful specimen extant of the early French prose, but being wholly translations from the Greek, can hardly be considered as giving the author an independent literary character, this period offers the names of Rabelais and Montaigne, which are among the first in the literature of France, and indeed of Europe. They belong, in fact, to the latter rather than the former, as they both preceded the formation of the proper French school of learning, and possess few or none of its peculiar characteristics. They were both original and powerful thinkers, and the reputation of their works rests at present upon the substantial merit of the matter, more than upon the beauty of the form, which was doubtless however very highly valued in their day. Although a detailed examination of their writings does not properly belong to our immediate subject, it would be wrong to pass them over without a cursory notice.

Rabelais and Montaigne were both somewhat posterior to the flourishing period of Clement Marot, but their style has a much more antiquated air than his, and it is therefore probable that they purposely affected to adhere to the old phraseology and forms of construction. This is more especially remarkable in Rabelais, whose writings, partly on account of this circumstance and partly from the peculiar character of their subjects, are now unintelligible without a commentary, and almost with one. It has been thought by some, that he made use of obsolete words and antique forms of expression in order to disguise his meaning and cover in some degree the obnoxious features of his matter, which were already pretty well concealed under a thick and almost impenetrable veil of allegory. His works are in substance a satire on the leading political personages of the day ; and although the author enjoyed the protection of the court, it was necessary to proceed in the management of such a subject with a great degree of caution. Their satirical character was probably at that time, as it is now, lost upon the public. In this respect they resemble Gulliver's Travels, of which they doubtless furnished the leading hint. The intelligent reader perceives in each a fine satire of the principal follies and vices of the world, while the same narrative is devoured with an eager appetite by children and their nurses, as a tale of wonders. This merit belongs in a greater or less degree to all really valuable works of fiction, which must be supposed to carry some useful instruction in an indirect form : but there are few in which the apparent object varies so much from the real one as in the productions of Rabelais and Swift. The former present in their external aspect the adventures of certain grotesque and monstrous beings in human shape, designated by the names of Pantagruel, Garagantua, and others not less strange and barbarous. The prevailing tone is that of grave irony, and the wit and humor are throughout gross, to a much greater extent even than in Swift. The taste for this sort of gaiety, of which there are so many unpleasant traces in the works of the great English wits of the time of Queen Anne, must doubtless be referred to this source. They were all habitual readers of Rabelais, and valued him highly. Gulliver and Martinus Scriblerus are direct imitations of his manner, and Pope occasionally alludes to him in strong terms of approbation. But the stream of his peculiar wit has been very much cleansed in passing through the channels of the British press. The original fountain, like the sable streams described in Pope's Dunciad, is, if one may use the expression without a blunder, pure filth. The author was curate of a village near Paris, and, as we intimated above, enjoyed the protection and personal friendship of Francis I. It is rather a singular coincidence, considering the very peculiar and extravagant style of the humor common to both, that Rabelais and Swift were both clergymen. Rabelais, as well as Clement Marot, is said to have been a great favorite with Lafontaine, but the latter has not, like his English admirers, imitated his peculiar defects. The gaiety of Lafontaine, though occasionally free and even loose, is never foul.

Montaigne, with an equally powerful and original mind, has a much more pleasing and popular manner than Rabelais. His language, though antiquated, is perfectly intelligible; and possesses a great degree of force, perspicuity, and often beauty. His only work is a collection of Moral Essays, suggested probably in form by a perusal of the ancient writers of this class, such as Plutarch, Seneca, and Cicero, whom he appears to have thoroughly studied, but wholly independent, as respects the substance, of any model or authority. The principal charm in fact of this work, is the complete freshness and truth of the observations on life and manners; and the secret of it appears to lie in the care with which the author studied the movements of his own heart and mind. He declares throughout his work, that he has made himself the exclusive object of his own study, and while other writers generally affect some degree of diffidence about entertaining the public with their personal concerns, he openly avows that he is ignorant and careless of every thing else. He has accordingly interwoven in his essays the principal events in his own history and that of his family, with a description of his dwelling-house and property, and his mode of life and study. He dwells with fondness upon the memory of his father, and the kindness with which he was educated in the midst of the domestic circle, to which cause he is disposed to attribute his own easy and cheerful disposition. He speaks of his travels in different countries,—mentions the facility with which he every where accommodated himself to the varying manners and customs of the different nations he visited, congratulates himself upon the success with which, though cast upon a most tumultuous and stormy period, and belonging to the class of society whose movements naturally attract observation, he had been able on the whole to steer clear of the troubles and agitations of the day, and even to secure in a high degree the approbation and favor of the public, He enlarges repeatedly on all the minute circumstances connected with his private pursuits, such as the state of his health, and his domestic habits and accommodations. He makes us acquainted with his associates, and particularly his dear and intimate friend Etienne de la Boëtie, for whom he seems to have entertained a warmth of attachment, inconsistent with the professed *nonchalance* and selfishness of his character. He gives an interesting description of the final scene of this apparently most amiable and deserving person, who died in the arms of Montaigne, at a little over thirty years of age, and at the opening of a most promising career of public honor and usefulness. These personal details are not given in one place, in the form of a regular narrative, but are interspersed in separate snatches through the Essays, and related in the most familiar way. Hence they give to the profound observations on life and manners with which they are mixed, a degree of popularity and attraction which they would not otherwise possess, and no doubt constitute the great charm of the work. It is in fact, under the form of a series of dissertations on general subjects, a sort of loose and irregular autobiography,—and books of that class, when written with truth and spirit, are among the most agreeable and instructive of all. This is the leading fact that serves to determine the peculiar character of Montaigne's Essays. The author was a gentleman of honorable birth and hereditary property. He resided on the estate from which he took his name, in the south of France, not far from Bordeaux. He seems not to have taken an active part in the religious and civil wars which desolated the kingdom at the period when he lived, but from several passages in his works it would seem that he was not friendly to the Reformation. He resided occasionally at Bordeaux, and was twice in succession chosen Mayor of that city, contrary to the usage which prevailed of not re-electing the same person. He mentions this fact as a proof of the favorable opinion entertained of him by his countrymen.

The philosophy of Montaigne seems at first view to incline to the Epicurean and skeptical schools; but though his tone varies from time to time, his doctrine is in the main reconcilable with the most correct views of moral science, and appears to be the natural effusion of a sound judgment and a warm and generous heart. He describes himself as fond of an easy life, and recommends tranquillity and independence of public opinion as among the most important ingredients of happiness. But this independence, as he explains it, is not a selfish indifference to the welfare of others, but rather a noble superiority to false and imaginary goods, and a correct estimate of the real value of the various objects of pursuit and ambition.

> 'Qui n'est homme de bien que parcequ'on le sçaura et parcequ'on l'en estimera mieulx aprèz l'avoir sçeu ; qui ne veult bien faire qu'en condition que sa vertu vienne à la cognaissance des hommes, celuy-là n'est pas personne de qui on puisse tirer beaucoup de service. Il fault aller à la guerre pour son debvoir ; et en attendre cette recompense qui ne peult faillir à toutes belles actions pour occultes qu'elles soient, non pas même aux *vertueuses pensées ;* c'est le contentement qu'une conscience bien reglée reçeoit en soy de bien faire. Il fault être vaillant pour soy-même et pour l'advantage que c'est d'avoir son courage logé en une assiette ferme et assurée contre les assaults de la fortune. Ce n'est pas pour la montre que nostre âme doibt jouer son roolle ; c'est chez nous, au dedans, ou nuls yeux ne donnent que les nostres, là elle nous couvre de la crainte de la mort, des douleurs et de la honte mêsme, elle nous asseure là de la perte de nos enfants, de nos amis, et de nos fortunes ; et quand l'opportunité se presente elle nous conduict aussi aux hasards de la guerre, non pour quelque emolument mais pour l'amour même de la vertu. Ce proufit est bien plus grand et bien plus digne d'estre souhaité et esperé que l'honneur et la gloire qui n'est qu'un favorable jugement qu'on porte de vous. Allons constamment après la raison: que l'approbation publicque nous suyve par là si elle veult; et comme elle despend toute de la fortune nous n'avons point loy de l'esperer plustôt par aultre voye que par celle là. Quand pour sa droiture je ne suyvrois le droit chemin, je le suyvrois pour avoir trouvé par experience qu'au bout du compte c'est communément le plus heureux et le plus utile. J'ai veu de mon temps mill' hommes soupples, mestis, ambigus, et que nul ne doubtoit plus prudents mondains que moy se perdre ou je me suis sauvé.'

In this passage (which affords a favorable specimen of the author's language as well as of his doctrine) the philosophy is pure and noble, and is not liable to the objections that are justly urged against the sordid sensualism, which has subsequently gained an extensive currency in France, and which has sometimes been defended on the authority of Montaigne. But here, as in most other parts of his essays, the author has not given quite so favorable a representation of his own doctrines as they would justly admit, or rather as properly belongs to them. His object is to elevate the mind above the seduction of merely sensual pleasure and the indiscriminate thirst for popular applause; but it is not the only, nor the best way of doing this to recommend an exclusive regard to our own opinions as a guide of action, and to self applause as the reward of virtue. We are so constituted, that the opinion and authority of others are often our best rules of conduct, and that the love and approbation of others are necessary to our happiness. A desire to obtain the affection and respect of those around us, and of the world, is natural to all; and to feel it in a high degree, instead of being, as Milton calls it, the infirmity of noble minds, is, on the contrary, the proof of their nobility. This desire is one of the safest and most virtuous motives to action, although it may, doubtless, when carried to excess, and ill directed, produce unfavorable results. Our own approbation, and the approbation of others, considered as the objects and rewards of good conduct, when pursued with a correct and enlightened judgment, coincide exactly in their recommendations. As respects the errors, into which we may possibly be led by both, they serve alike as mutual checks one upon the other. To represent either of them, absolutely speaking, as a proper object of pursuit, is therefore correct; but to represent one alone as such, to the omission or exclusion of the other, would be an error; and to give this preference to the selfish over the social principle, imparts to moral philosophy an unamiable and repulsive as well as false aspect. Montaigne would have doubtless admitted the propriety of the qualification of his doctrine, which we have here suggested; but the error which we have pointed out runs through his whole work, and is the more necessary to be noted, as it renders the system liable to perversion in the hands of the abject or malignant.

The apparent disposition of Montaigne to throw out of sight the social part of our nature, and to exalt the value of the selfish principle, is the more remarkable, because he appears to have possessed, himself, by nature an uncommonly kind and affectionate temper. It is easy to see from his works, which give us an epitome and picture of his life, that his heart overflowed with benevolent feelings in all their forms, as well as with a natural good humor, which presented every object to him under the most favorable point of view. He attributes the mildness and sweetness of his temper, as we remarked above, to the gentleness with which he had been educated in his father's house, and dwells with touching expressions of gratitude and tenderness upon the memory of his parents. His attachment to his friend, Stephen de la Béotie, seems to have been of a singularly warm and even romantic cast. There are few scenes in poetical description more affecting than his account of his friend's death, given in a letter to his father. It is also a strong proof of his amiable character, that in his old age he acquired the intimate friendship of a young lady of rank and fortune, Mademoiselle de Gournay, whom he often mentions in strong terms of attachment, and who after his death published an edition of his works. The letter to his wife, whom he addresses under the style of *Madamoiselle de Montaigne ma femme*, prefixed to a posthumous edition by himself of La Béotie's translation of Plutarch's letter of consolation to his wife, is strongly expressive of sincere and unaffected regard. It is evident, therefore, that Montaigne was led by accident or example, in expressing his opinions and feelings in the abstract, to make use of language which did not always correctly represent them, and as he took no pains to arrange his thoughts systematically, he was not reminded, as he would have been in that case, of the opposition between some of his principles and his habitual sentiments. But as the passages that describe and express the latter are those which make the most agreeable impression on the reader, the effect of the perusal of his works is on the whole highly favorable. There is a good deal of inequality between the essays, which were written at different and pretty remote periods of life, and the style of some of them is rather too free to suit the modern taste, but the work is on the whole of excellent tendency, and may be read with equal entertainment and instruction.

The language of Montaigne, although antiquated and incorrect, has great force and beauty. The best writers of the modern school, particularly Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Bernardin de St. Pierre, have been among his warmest admirers, and are probably indebted in part to their study of his works for the new power and richness which the language acquired under their hands. On the whole, his essays may be considered with justice as on every account one of the most curious and valuable portions of the literature of his country.

The poets who immediately succeeded Marot, some of whom enjoyed great celebrity during their lives, failed entirely in their attempts to carry the language beyond the point of improvement at which he left it, and are now considered as of no value. Ronsard particularly, whom even Montaigne extols as a sort of Phenix, approaches very nearly to the burlesque, and it appears wonderful that he could ever have been tolerated, not to say admired. The following verses, in which he praises extravagantly one of the wretched tragic poets of his time, will serve at once as a specimen of his taste and style.

> Jodelle, le prémier, d'une plainte hardie,
> Françoisement chanta la Grecque tragédie,
> Puis en changeant de ton chanta devant nos rois
> La jeune comédie en langage François ;
> Et si bien les sonna que Sophocle et Menandre,
> Tant fussent ils savans, y eussent pu apprendre.

Sophocles and Menander, as La Harpe very justly observes, could have learned nothing in the school of Jodelle, excepting that he had not sufficiently studied in theirs. No advances were therefore made in the formation of a pure and correct style from the time of Marot until that of Malherbe, who flourished in the reign of Louis XIII., and to whom is allowed by all the great merit of having first exhibited the language in the precise form which it has ever since worn, and of having settled the principles of versification. Boileau describes, in the following passage of his *Art Poétique*, the influence of this writer upon the language and literature of his country.

> Enfin Malherbe vint, et, le prémier en France,
> Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence,
> D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir,
> Et réduisit la muse aux regles du devoir.
> Par ce sage écrivain la langue réparée
> N'offrit plus rien de rude à l'oreille épurée ;
> Les stances avec grace apprirent à tomber,
> Et le vers sur le vers n'osa plus enjamber.
> Tout reconnut ses lois ; et ce guide fidèle
> Aux auteurs de ce temps sert encor de modèle.

To exercise an authority of this kind in the world of letters, argues an extraordinary talent, greater perhaps than we should now be disposed to allow to Malherbe, judging of him, as we do, by comparison with the multitude of powerful and classical writers who have since appeared; and who, though more or less indebted to him as the first model of the modern French style, have gone beyond him in strength and beauty of expression. Nevertheless, his works, which consist entirely of lyric poems, though unequal, and eclipsed on the whole by some others of the same class, particularly those of Racine and J. B. Rousseau, contain passages hardly inferior to the best in theirs; and when his style is compared with that of any preceding poet, it is easy to recognise his immense superiority, and to understand the secret of his prodigious effect and reputation. Compare, for example, with the above specimen of the manner of Ronsard, the following extract from an ode by Malherbe, imitated from Scripture, in which he describes the vanity of earthly greatness.

> Ont-ils rendu l'esprit? Ce n'est plus que poussière,
> Que cette majesté si pompeuse et si fière,
> Dont l'éclat orgueilleux étonnoit l'univers;
> Et dans ces grands tombeaux ou leurs âmes hautaines
> Font encore les vaines,
> Ils sont rongés de vers.
>
> Là se perdent ces noms de maîstres de la terre,
> D'arbitres de la paix,—de foudres de la guerre;
> Comme ils n'ont plus de sceptre ils n'ont plus de flatteurs;
> Et tombent avec eux d'une chûte commune
> Touts ceux que la fortune
> Faisoient leurs serviteurs.

What a contrast between the full, natural flow of these verses, and the awkward halting gait of the others! The dignity of the thoughts corresponds with the superiority of the style, and we recognise in both the expression of a master mind. When we take into view, in connexion with these absolute indications of talent, the peculiar merit that belongs to the first discoverers in any art or science, we shall feel no difficulty in ranking the name of Malherbe among the very highest that distinguish the literature of his country.

Nearly contemporary with Malherbe, but a little later in the reign of Louis XIII., appears Voiture, a writer of high reputation in his day, and one who probably contributed a good deal to improve and confirm the public taste, although his merit is of a much lower order than that of his distinguished predecessor. His poems are all of a light and familiar character, and in that respect resemble very much those of Clement

Marot. But though superior to the latter in power of language, Voiture falls below him in grace and beauty of expression, qualities which form the great and only charm of this kind of poetry. The following verses, which were not printed by himself in the collection of his works, but are preserved in the memoirs of Madame de Motteville, are reckoned the best that he has written. They show at once the character of his poetical talent, and the familiar terms on which he stood with the Court. They were addressed to Anne of Austria, the Queen Regent of the kingdom, who had seen him walking in the gardens of one of her country residences, apparently deep in thought, and sent to ask him what he was thinking of. A few moments after, he carried these verses to her Majesty. It will be recollected that she had been persecuted by the Cardinal de Richelieu, and at a preceding period courted by the Duke of Buckingham. Father Vincent was her confessor.

Je pensais si le Cardinal
(J'entends celui de la Valette)
Pouvait voir l'éclat sans égal
Dans lequel maintenant vous êtes ;
J'entends celui de la beauté,
Car auprès je n'estime guère
(Cela soit dit sans vous deplaire)
Tout l'éclat de la Majesté.

Je pensais que la destinée,
Après tant d'injustes malheurs,
Vous a justement couronnée
De gloire, d' éclat et d' honneurs,
Mais que vous étiez plus heureuse
Lorsque vous étiez autrefois,
Je ne veux pas dire amoureuse,
La rime le veut toutefois.

Je pensais que ce pauvre amour,
Qui toujours vous prête ses charmes,
Est banni loin de votre cour
Sans ses traits, son arc et ses armes;
Et ce que je puis profiter,
En passant près de vous ma vie,
Si vous pouvez si maltraiter
Ceux qui vous ont si bien servie.

Je pensais, (nous autres poëtes
Nous pensons extravagamment)
Ce que dans l'humeur ou vous êtes
Vous feriez si dans ce moment
Vous avisiez en cette place
Venir le Duc de Buckingham,
Et lequel serait en disgrace
De lui ou du père Vincent.

Such were the principal steps that had been taken in the formation of the French language and literature, and the principal writers who had cultivated them with success before the appearance of the Cid of Corneille, which opens the brilliant period of Louis XIV. It is curious to compare the power and richness, with which almost every department of polite learning then burst out into sudden maturity, with the meagre and rude condition of all for centuries preceding, up to this moment. No correct and pure prose had yet been seen. One poet of real first rate merit, and he not very generally known or valued in his day, together with one or two others of a secondary order, who had exhibited models of a classical style, enlighten the close of this long night of barbarism, and serve to announce the following epoch. The drama had been cultivated with as much industry as in England or Spain, but not with the same success. For while in the latter countries the greatest exhibition of talent took place before the formation of a pure and correct taste in style, nothing of the least value under any point of view seems to have been brought out in France under the corresponding circumstances. The *Mysteries* and *Moralities* of the middle ages, and the subsequent attempts on the Greek model for a hundred years before Corneille, are universally allowed by natives and foreigners to be wholly worthless. There was the same abundance of products as in other countries. Some of the dramatic poets of this period, whose very names are now strange to the public ear, were the authors of eight or nine hundred plays. It would be worth inquiry why, under the same circumstances, the dramatic poets of France should have failed so completely, when those of the Peninsula and of England wrought with such brilliant success; but we have not room here to enter on the subject. No sooner, however, had the example of Malherbe and the study of the Spanish models, together with the innate vigor of his own genius, inspired the great Corneille, than talent and taste seemed to spread through the capital of France by a sort of contagion, and there appeared such a cluster of really great writers as has never perhaps existed together at any other epoch. It may well be supposed, that a sudden effect of this description could hardly be independent of political causes; and before we proceed to a more detailed examination of the character and value of the learning of this age, it may be proper to take a rapid review of the circumstances of the country, with which it was so intimately connected. It will be found that the concurrent influence of two individuals, both extraordinary, though in very different ways, was among the most effective causes of its existence and peculiar character. These persons were the Cardinal de Richelieu and Lewis XIV.

We have remarked, in a preceding article, that the progress of the Provençal literature, the earliest form under which the genius of France displayed itself, had been checked by adverse political events before it reached the period of maturity. Its flourishing epoch was that of the Crusades, and it seems to have been indebted to the free and frequent communication which existed at that time (though in a hostile shape) between Europe and Asia, for some of its peculiar characteristics. The Saracens were the most polite and cultivated people in the Western world, and they infused into the manners and literature of their ruder Christian neighbors, something of the wild grace and voluptuous gallantry which belonged to their own. With the close of the Crusades this communication ceased, and there ensued in France, and indeed throughout Europe, a period of political confusion and uproar almost unparalleled in the history of any other part of the world. The long struggles, between the different pretenders to the crown of France, were of the nature of civil wars, and carried desolation through the heart of that fine country. This fatal quarrel had scarcely been settled, and the kingdom, under the politic administration of Louis XI., begun to assume a consolidated shape, when the Reformation came on, and threw this unhappy people again into two adverse parties, embittered against each other by the most violent principles of hatred that can agitate the human mind. Humanity sickens at the series of crimes and horrors, that form the history of this period. But what could be expected of the people, when the king himself set the example of assassination with his own hands, at the butchery of St. Bartholomew? Every house was a fortress, every garden a field of battle, and every man was pressed into the service on one side or the other. In this state of things it was hardly natural that the public taste should be formed, or that literature should be much encouraged or make very great progress. There prevailed nevertheless at the Court of France during these troubles a strong passion for letters, which, under more favorable political circumstances, would infallibly have led to a rapid improvement. Francis I. was ambitious of the title of the Father of Learning, and his sister, Queen Margaret of Navarre, was, as we have remarked, one of the best writers of the day. Clement Marot was á great favorite and intimate of both. Rabelais and Montaigne flourished at the same period. We may trace perhaps in part to the influence of Francis, the first real movement in the progress of the national literature which resulted in the formation of the *naif* style. Even Charles IX., the infamous author of the St. Bartholomew, had acquired a taste for poetry at the court of his predecessor, and although he died at the early age of eight and twenty, already cultivated it with some success. But the fruit that might have sprung from these seeds of improvement was choked by the troubles of the period. The white plume of Henry IV., which, as he himself said, was always to be seen in the path of honor, and, as he might have added, by the aid of his friend Sully, in that of wisdom and virtue, floated for a few years above the tempest that distracted his country, an assurance of good things, and a promise of better; but before he had time to accomplish his benevolent views, a fanatical priest planted a dagger in his heart in the name of religion.

It was during the minority of his successor, Louis XIII., that the master spirit of Cardinal de Richelieu came into action. All Europe was writhing in convulsions. The Swedes, the Danes, and the Italians, were carrying desolation through Germany. A civil war was raging in the Netherlands, and the Spaniards, who maintained their ascendancy in the Southern part of these provinces, fomented the domestic differences of the French, and often carried their arms into the heart of the kingdom. In the South of France the Huguenots were in open rebellion, and had established a republic of their own, of which the capital was Rochelle. The whole nation, including the Royal Family, took part in the disputes; and, to crown the whole, the king was one of the weakest and least effective sovereigns that ever occupied the throne.

The powerful genius of Richelieu, aided no doubt by circumstances, and particularly by the effect of the general exhaustion and fatigue, succeeded pretty soon in quieting his own country and preparing the way for the pacification of Europe. Unfettered by any consideration of principle or feeling, and endowed with a strong unbending energy of purpose, he was precisely the person best fitted by character to contend with the hostile elements that were warring around him. He took the field in person against the Huguenots, laid siege at once to their capital, and, imitating the manoeuvre which had been employed by Alexander the Great at the conquest of Tyre, threw a dyke over the mouth of the harbor, and soon starved out his enemies. While the warlike Cardinal was rivalling the fame of the son of Philip, the Duke of Buckingham, with a strong English fleet,—came,—looked on, and,—forgetting to imitate the third and most essential part of the proceedings of the Roman hero,—returned without fighting. Richelieu in the mean time sustained, in Germany, by all the weight of his influence and resources, the same Protestant party which he was crushing by force of arms in his own country. At court his dominion was despotic and uncontrolled. The King was unable to protect his own family and friends, the moment they made themselves obnoxious to the fury of the minister. Cinq-Mars and De Thou (Thuanus), the dearest personal favorites of Louis XIII., mounted the scaffold, and the Queen-mother with several of the princes went into exile. This vigorous system, while it broke the spirit of the monarch, subdued at the same time the inveterate fury of the factions, tranquillized the nation at home, and secured its influence abroad. From this period must be dated the revival of the grandeur of France, which had exercised but little influence in Europe before, since the time of Charlemagne. Just at this epoch a brilliant development of military talent also occurred in the persons of the great Condé and Turenne, who first signalized themselves in Germany, at the close of the thirty years' war. At the age of twenty-one, Condé placed himself by a sudden effort among the most illustrious captains of his day, and gave a promise which was certainly not excelled, and was, perhaps, not realized by his subsequent career. Under these auspices were instituted, and carried on for several years at Munster and Osnaburgh, the negotiations which terminated in the pacification of the North of Europe, and prepared the way for that of the South.

The mere restoration of internal tranquillity would have probably done much, in connexion with the impulse given by the example of other countries, to encourage the progress of literature in France; but the Cardinal de Richelieu employed more direct means to effect this object. The character of this eminent statesman combined the most opposite tastes and qualities, and he was hardly less remarkable for the degree and singularity of some of his weaknesses, than for his intellectual vigor. It is scarcely credible, but is nevertheless well known, that while his large schemes of policy comprehended the whole of Europe, while he was playing off nations, one against the other, like the pieces on a chess board, he was making it in private life a serious occupation to revive the ridiculous pageant of the Courts of Love, alluded to in a preceding article; and was accustomed to meet with a circle of friends at the house of his niece, Hortensia Mancini, for the purpose of gravely discussing the sentimental problems that were anciently agitated before these tribunals. The Cardinal had also a strong inclination for literary pursuits, and this quality, which might have been one of the brilliant parts of his character, exhibited itself almost in the form of a weakness. With a decided fondness for poetry and polite literature, he appears to have had little or no power of execution in this line. His prose writings which are extant, have none of the qualities of a good style, and his attempts in dramatic poetry are said to have been very feeble, while his indiscriminate thirst for eminence led him to renew them continually, and inspired him with a strong jealousy of his rivals in the art. The Cardinal's passion for the drama was one of the immediate causes, that brought into action the genius of the great Corneille. The former seems to have thought that he could carry into poetry the same system which he habitually employed in politics and war, and execute a great part of his work by deputy. He accordingly appointed a committee of five persons, to aid him in the exercise of his poetical functions; and the future author of the Cid, then but little known to the public, was one of the number. For his services in this capacity the Cardinal allowed him a pension, which placed him at his ease in the world, and enabled him to devote himself without fear or scruple to his favorite art. The share which he may have had in the miserable attempts, brought forward under the name of Richelieu, is not known, but he soon produced in his own name the famous Cid, and opened with this tragedy the brilliant age of French literature. The Cardinal, as Fontenelle remarks, was as much alarmed at the appearance of the Cid, as he would have been if he had seen the Spaniards at the gates of Paris. He seems to have looked upon it as a sort of petty treason, for his literary lieutenants to do better in their own names than they did in his. He accordingly referred the case to the French Academy, and directed them to give their opinion publicly upon the merits of this tragedy, which they did in a formal report, drawn up by Chapelain, a wretched poet, though a person of some learning and judgment, then regarded by the rude taste of the age as the monarch of literature, and placed at the head of the Academy. This piece of criticism, which is extant, does honor upon the whole to the impartiality of that body, considering the circumstances under which it was written.

It is said that Augustus, at the height of his power, attempted in vain to introduce a single new word into the Latin language. Richelieu, in like manner, though virtually the master of Europe, found himself unable to prevent the success of a New French tragedy. 'In vain,' says Boileau, 'did the minister rally his forces against the Cid: all Paris looked at Chimène, with the eyes of Roderic.'

> En vain contre le Cid un ministre se ligue,
> Tout Paris pour Chimène a les yeux de Rodrigue.

Nor, to do him justice, does it appear that the Cardinal, however jealous of the success of the Cid, withdrew his protection from the author, who dedicated to him his next piece, *Les Horaces*, in terms of profound respect and fulsome adulation. At the Cardinal's death, which happened not long after, the poet wrote an epitaph upon him, which began and might as well have ended with the following lines.

> Qu'on parle comme on veut du fameux Cardinal,
> Ni ma prose ni mes vers n'en diront jamais rien ;
> Il m'a fait trop de bien pour que j'en dise du mal ;
> Il m'a fait trop de mal pour que j'en dise du bien.

The passion of Richelieu for the drama was therefore among the immediate causes which developed the genius of the father of French tragedy, and through him brought the art at once to a high degree of perfection. He is also entitled to the credit, whatever it may be, of having occasioned the foundation of the French Academy. This body was originally a vate association of a few gentlemen of literary taste and habits, who met together for merely social purposes at the house of Monsieur Conrart, a person much esteemed and beloved by the wits of the day, but who appears to have left no written monuments of his genius. Richelieu heard of this little club; and with the restless activity and rage for intermeddling in every body's business, that belonged to his character, immediately took it into his head that it might be converted into a great state institution, and made productive of vast benefit to the learning of the country. He accordingly proposed to the members to give them a legal existence, by incorporating them, under the name of the French Academy. This proposition was not, as it seems, particularly agreeable to them. They probably thought, with great justice, that they should lose all the pleasure of their social meetings, without being able in their public capacity to produce any real effect. The Cardinal, however, was not a person to be resisted or trifled with upon any subject, and after candidly expressing their reluctance to accede to his wishes, and finding that he still persisted, they gave in, and were incorporated accordingly. The event has, perhaps, realized their anticipations more fully than those of Richelieu. The French Academy and the Royal Society of London are undoubtedly the two most distinguished bodies of the kind in existence, and have done all that can be done by such institutions to promote the cause of science and learning. But this *all* seems upon the whole to be very *little*. To discover new truths and to write good books, are things that can only be done by individuals in private, and are not within the scope of combined action. A free communication between the different persons engaged in literary and scientific pursuits is doubtless agreeable and useful; but this can only take place at private meetings, and is precluded by the formal organization of a corporate body. The only purpose, remaining for the latter, is therefore to encourage and reward individual exertion: but this is perhaps better done by the enlightened public, than by an association of the precise individuals who are thus to be encouraged and rewarded. However this may be, the merit of instituting the Academy, such as it is, belongs to Richelieu; and it is accordingly one of the laws of the association, that every new member shall introduce an encomium on the Cardinal in the address which he regularly pronounces upon his admission.

Such were the important services, direct and indirect, which were rendered by this distinguished prelate to the cause of letters. The work, which he left in an unfinished state, was completed under the patronage of Lewis XIV., during whose long and brilliant reign the French school of learning reached its perfection and flourished in all its glory. The vigorous administration of the Cardinal had repressed for a time, but not entirely destroyed the principles of internal discord, which after his death broke out again in the short and singular troubles of the civil war, commonly called the *Fronde.* His successor in the Ministry, Cardinal Mazarin, a man of shrewd and keen rather than powerful genius, did not acquire the same ascendancy over the feeling of the country which was possessed by Richelieu, and was somewhat unpopular on account of his Italian origin. Under these circumstances, another churchman of enterprising character and great power, afterwards known as Cardinal de Retz, undertook to supplant him, and made use, among other engines, of the highest Court of Justice, then called the Parliament of Paris, to effect his object. The question, after a while, took the form of an actual civil war, and the two most illustrious captains of their age and country, Turenne and Condé, both princes of the blood, did not think it unworthy of them to prostitute their talents by heading the adverse armies, which carried on the war in the heart of the kingdom and sometimes at the gates of Paris. This state of things was to all appearance sufficiently alarming, and might have produced the most fatal consequences. But the parties, at the height of the struggle, seem to have hardly known what they were contending about. No great principle of government, religion or national interest was really involved, and the quarrel finally subsided, as it had commenced, without any apparent cause. Cardinal Mazarin, who had been twice exiled during the troubles, kept his place, and died prime minister and virtual monarch, having personally concluded a peace with Spain, and restored the country to complete tranquillity at home and abroad. De Retz, a superior genius, obtained nothing but the empty honor of the Cardinal's hat, and passed the close of his life in retirement. Condé, who had made war for years upon the government, at the head of a combined Spanish and rebel army, was taken into favor without difficulty, and Lewis XIV., after passing his minority in the midst of continual alarm, a fugitive and an outlaw within his own kingdom,—hunted from city to city by an army of his subjects, commanded by a prince of his family,—trembling, every moment, with reason for his life,—succeeded at last to the crown, and reigned for more than fifty years without experiencing the least symptom of resistance or even uneasiness in any portion of his subjects.

The mind of this monarch, which possessed a good deal of native vigor, probably derived much benefit from this course of instruction in the school of adversity ; and the ascendancy of his personal qualities seems to have had its effect in maintaining the general tranquillity, that had happily been restored just before his accession. When we attempt to analyze his character, it is somewhat difficult to give a satisfactory account of his remarkable success, for it does not appear that he possessed in an uncommon degree any of the intellectual or moral qualities, that constitute greatness and confer power. He had neither the head of Frederic the Great, nor the heart of Henry IV., no actual military talent, no depth or acuteness of thought, no real warmth or generosity of feeling,—finally, little or no information, for his education had been purposely neglected by Mazarin. In compensation for all these deficiencies, he possessed a fine person, and a naturally dignified and imposing manner, much firmness of purpose (the highest quality about him), and a strong sense of the decorum that belonged to his position. A king is to a certain extent a theatrical personage, and under favorable circumstances may effect a great deal by going through the representation of his office in the best possible manner. Lewis XIV., partly by a sort of natural instinct, and partly by means of much study and attention, seems to have well understood and successfully discharged this branch of his royal duties. His deportment always commanded respect, and though by no means scrupulous in regard to his pleasures and amusements, he always kept them within the bounds of decency and good taste. Though incapable of great achievements himself, he had a mind superior to base and sordid pursuits, and could appreciate in others the talents which he did not possess. Though always dignified and imposing, he was often pointed and happy in familiar conversation, and seems to have exhibited in this way more actual force of mind than in any other. In a word, he uniformly displayed the outward forms of greatness and goodness, which to a certain extent suppose the substance, and which also to a certain extent take its place when it is wanting. If we compare him with his contemporary, Charles II. of England, who, though not a great monarch, had perhaps more real ability than Lewis, we see distinctly the immense value of mere decorum and self-respect, in the absence of the higher and more striking qualities of the mind and heart. Charles II., who never said a foolish thing, is also reported, with some truth, to have never done a wise one. Lewis XIV., whose sayings were much less brilliant, and whose stock of real wisdom was not much greater, obtained, by the aid of some superficial talents which the other wanted, the success and reputation of one of the greatest sovereigns of modern times.

A prince of this description could not well overlook the brilliant display of literary talent, that was just taking place at his court and capital. The active encouragement of Richelieu had done much in producing it, and the mere restoration of the internal tranquillity of the kingdom would have greatly aided its progress, but the marked attentions which were shown by the king to men of genius and letters, and the vogue and popularity thus conferred upon them, produced its effect in animating their zeal. Lewis XIV., though he had no literary talent himself, had intelligence and sensibility enough to feel the effect of good sense and good poetry. He also delighted in public exhibitions and entertainments of all kinds, and consequently valued very highly the dramatic talent which gave so much attraction to his theatres. The most distinguished poets of his time were admitted to his personal and familiar society, and were rewarded with honorable places and pensions. Racine, for example, was historiographer, treasurer of France, and the king's private secretary and chamberlain. Molière, who in his capacity of actor could not claim so high a social position, had the title of *valet de chambre* to the King, an office of great consideration and handsome profit. Lafontaine alone, of the eminent poets of the time, for reasons not distinctly known, does not appear to have shared the monarch's favor. At the same time, the highest dignities of the Church were laid open to the claims of eloquence and literary talent, instead of being, according to the wretched system of some countries, restricted to individuals of high birth. Bossuet, Fénélon, and Fléchier illuminated with the splendor of their genius the principal episcopal and archiepiscopal sees. An obscure adversary would not have brought down the eagle of Meaux so easily as Rousseau afterwards subdued the Archbishop of Paris ; nor, if a similar process were now adopted in England, should we see the defence of Religion in that country given over by the clergy to the attorney general. Lewis XIV., in short, affected the reputation of a patron of learning, and even conferred pensions on various foreign writers. Without attaching too much importance to this circumstance, since no artificial encouragement can ever create genius, we may safely say, that it had a considerable effect in producing the French school of literature. On the other hand, the same circumstance connected the name of Lewis XIV. much more directly and intimately than it otherwise would have been connected, with the brilliant constellation of poets and orators that adorned the period of his reign, and gave him a place in history, which might well satisfy a prince of higher pretension, by the side of Augustus and Pericles.

Having thus briefly stated the principal steps in the progress of French literature up to the time of this eminent monarch, and the circumstances which then produced its sudden and rapid development, we propose, on a future occasion, to notice the general characteristics that distinguish their school of learning, and to examine, in greater detail, the merits of some of its principal ornaments.

ART. IV.—*Peirce's History of Harvard University.*

A History of Harvard University, from its Foundation, in the Year 1636, *to the Period of the American Revolution.* By the late BENJAMIN PEIRCE, A. M., Librarian of the University. Cambridge. 1833.

THE work now before us will be read with the most lively interest, not only by every son of Harvard University, but by all who feel a regard for this ancient Seminary of learning, both on account of its own intrinsic merits as a place of education, and its importance as a component member of the admirable fabric of our New England institutions.

It was justly observed in the prospectus of this work, that the interests of the University are inseparably blended with the welfare of the state ; and by the direction in our Constitution, while it is made the 'duty' of legislatures and magistrates, in all future periods of this Commonwealth, to foster our seminaries of education, it is emphatically enjoined upon them to cherish '*especially the University at Cambridge.*' This injunction of the sagacious statesmen to whom we are indebted for our State Constitution, is in the same spirit with the liberality and enlarged views of the founders and benefactors of the institution ; the most eminent of whom in the last century, Thomas Hollis, enriched the University with the rarest treasures of knowledge from the old world, in hopes,—as he earnestly expresses himself,—' of forming by that means, assisted by the energy of the leaders, always beneficent, a few *prime scholars, honors to their country, and lights to mankind.*'

If that excellent man and friend of liberty could now revisit the earth, and be a witness of those effects upon our favored country, which may be traced more or less directly to his noble exertions in the cause of his fellow-men, how would his patriotic bosom throb with delight at beholding the eminent individuals on this side of the Atlantic, who have been in a greater or less degree indebted to his generosity for the means of making themselves, as he had fervently hoped, ' honors to their country and lights to mankind ! ' How many of those eminent and patriotic statesmen, who became our leaders in that greatest of all modern events,—the American Revolution,—were nurtured in that school of liberty, which had been richly supplied by Hollis with the works of those illustrious dead, as well as of the living, who are justly regarded as our masters in thinking and writing, and, above all, in the principles of civil liberty ! What a body of men could we exhibit to him in every profession,—divines, lawyers, physicians, merchants, artists, scholars, and every other description of persons of cultivated minds, who have been educated at this distinguished seat of learning ! Justly, therefore,—as the editor informs us was the fact,—did the author of the present history, who was accustomed to reflect much and to weigh with exactness the current doctrines of the age, form a high opinion of the importance of the University,—much higher than is entertained 'by those casual observers, who too generally estimate the value of public institutions and public measures by their momentary and palpable effects, and not by those of a more lasting but less obvious character;' and most earnestly do we hope, that the reflections excited by the reading of the present work, may have the effect to draw the attention of our *thinking* men to this all-important subject.

The present volume comprises the history of the University from its foundation, in the year 1636, to the period of the American Revolution; a period which, as the editor observes, 'from its antiquity and other causes, affords more materials than any other to gratify the natural desire felt by all men to look back to the illustrious deeds of their fathers.' Of these 'materials' we are glad to find, that the author has been able to collect many from original sources,—such as manuscript notices, memorandums, diaries of deceased individuals who were educated at the University, and personal information from aged graduates, 'recently or still living.' Among these graduates was the late Dr. Holyoke, in the class of 1746, and the Hon. Paine Wingate, of Stratham in New Hampshire, a member of the class of 1759; to the latter of whom, as 'the eldest surviving graduate,' and 'to the other sons of Harvard University,' the work is with great propriety dedicated, by request of the author's family. Several letters from Mr. Wingate to the author, written at the age of ninety-two years, form a most interesting portion of the materials preserved in the work. The editor justly observes, that these letters have a peculiar interest, as the productions of one, who, 'at the great age of ninety-two years, writes a firm hand, and has a freshness of recollection and a vigor of intellect, which fall to the lot of few men.' We shall have occasion to make some extracts from them.

The motives, which impelled our forefathers to establish this seminary of learning at so early a period of the colony, and under such great difficulties as they experienced, are well stated by Mr. Peirce in his introductory paragraphs:

> 'The first settlers of New England were men who understood and felt the importance of education. While as a body they were well instructed, many individuals among them came stored with the various learning of the English Universities. From those renowned institutions, even if nonconformity to the established church would not have been an exclusion, their distance

would, generally speaking, have formed an insuperable bar to the enjoyment of any direct benefit. Scarcely, therefore, had the Pilgrim fathers of New England subdued a few spots in the wilderness, where they had sought shelter from persecution, when their solicitude to transmit to future generations the benefits of learning, impelled them, while yet struggling with many and great difficulties, to enter upon the work of providing here for such an education in the liberal arts and sciences, as was to be obtained in Europe; justly regarding an establishment for that purpose as an essential part of the fabric of civil and religious order, which they were employed in constructing, and which, with some modification, now happily stands so noble a monument of their energy of character, of their love of well-regulated liberty, of their wisdom, virtue, and piety.

'To minds less enlightened, less impresssd with the value of liberal studies, and less resolved on achieving whatever duty commanded, such a project would have presented itself in vain; but from the fathers of New England it was precisely the measure which was to have been expected; it flowed from their principles and character, as an effect from its legitimate cause; and while the qualities of a stream are a test of the nature of its source, this venerable institution must be regarded as a memorial of the wisdom and virtue of its pious founders.'

It is impossible for us to give a regular analysis of the contents of this valuable work; it contains such a mass of facts that we should be compelled to transcribe a great portion of it, in order to give a complete view of its several parts. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with selecting a few of the most interesting particulars.

While we admire the large donation made by the ever-honored John Harvard, at the foundation of our University, we are not less gratified, perhaps amused, at the trifling articles which benevolent individuals thought worthy of presenting to it. Mr. Peirce makes an enumeration of several of them, accompanied with the just reflections contained in the following extract:

'In looking over the list of early benefactions to the College, we are amused, when we read of a number of sheep bequeathed by one man, a quantity of cotton cloth worth nine shillings presented by another, a pewter flagon worth ten shillings by a third, a fruit-dish, a sugar spoon, a silver tipt jug, one great salt, one small trencher-salt, by others; and of presents or legacies amounting severally to five shillings, nine shillings, one pound, two pounds, &c., all faithfully recorded with the names of their respective donors. How soon does a little reflection change any disposition we may have to smile, into a feeling of respect, and even of admiration! What, in fact, were these humble benefactions? They were contributions from the "res angusta domi"; from pious, virtuous, enlightened penury, to the noblest of all causes, the advancement of education. The donations were *small*, for the people were poor; they leave no doubt as to the motives which actuated the donors; they remind us of the offering, from "every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation;" and, like the widow's mite, indicate a respect and zeal for the object, which would have done greater things, had the means been more abundant.'

Among the donations of more importance, every scholar will feel interested in knowing the fact, that the celebrated *Theophilus Gale*, author of that remarkable work, 'the Court of the Gentiles,' and no less distinguished for his independence of character than his learning, bequeathed his books to this University, and that they constituted more than half of its library at that period.* Another illustrious donor was the well known Bishop *Berkeley*, who presented some of the Greek and Latin classics, and whose visit to the University, on the 17th of September 1731, is particularly noticed.†

In connexion with the library we are naturally reminded of the printing press at Cambridge, which, as Mr. Peirce observes, was the first one established in America, north of Mexico.‡ It is an interesting fact, too, that in consequence of the publication of some small religious treatises, 'which were thought to be too liberal,' the General Court, in 1662, saw fit to appoint two 'licensers,' Major General Gookin, and the Rev. Mr. Mitchel, of Cambridge. The very next year the press was restored to its former liberty; but the fears of the Government being again awakened, they passed a still more rigorous order than before. They permitted no press to be established except at Cambridge, and required for every book a previous licence from 'the President of the college, from Mr. Sherman, Mr. Mitchel, and Mr. Shepherd, or any two of them; subjecting every offender to the forfeiture of his press, and interdiction of his employment.'§ But what will surprise the reader at the present day, is this singular fact; that after the licensers had permitted the printing of one work, the General Court directed them to re-examine it, and in the mean time forbade its farther progress through the press. The work, which so troubled the rulers of our country at that time, was no other than the celebrated treatise ascribed to Thomas à Kempis, entitled 'Imitation of Christ.' Upon this curious occurrence Mr. Peirce makes the following remark,—' Which is most to be admired, the liberality of the Puritan licensers, who must have regarded popery as the most frightful of monsters, in allowing the work of a Roman Catholic *monk* to be printed, or the bigotry of the Court in forbidding it, is left to others to determine.'

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* Hist. p. 47.

† P. 160.

‡ P. 6.

§ Pp. 26, 27.

Another interesting fact, connected with the literature of that early period in our history, is, President Mather's establishment, about 1679, of a ' philosophical society of agreeable gentlemen, who met once a fortnight, for a conference upon improvements in Natural Philosophy and additions to the stores of Natural History.' This society was of short duration; but it made some contributions to science, which are to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London.* In their pursuits of science it will excite surprise at the present day, that there was a general opposition to *inoculation* for the small pox; but it should ever be remembered, to the honor of the famous *Cotton* Mather, that he was one of the few who had the intrepidity to recommend and encourage it. This he did 'in opposition to most of the physicians and of the multitude,' but with the support of the clergy.† To such a height was the rage of the populace carried, that a lighted shell, filled with gun-powder, was one evening thrown into his parlor window! ‡

The first head of the University was Nathaniel Eaton, who was called simply *Master*, or *Professor*. His successor, Dunster, took the title of *President*, which has been kept up to the present time, with the exception of Mr. Willard, of Boston, in 1701, who took the title of *Vice*-President; which, as our author seems to intimate, though with some doubt, was given with the view of avoiding a direct collision with an order requiring that the *Presidents* should reside in Cambridge. We ought to add, that for a short period the title of *Rector* was also used.§

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* P. 56. † P. 69. ‡ P. 141. § Pp. 73. 79.

We may here mention that our author gives an account of the well-known controversy, which arose in President Leverett's time, respecting the rights of 'Resident Fellows,' to be members of the Corporation; which was brought up again, a few years ago. After a general statement of the subject, Mr. Peirce remarks,

'The merits of this question are left to others to decide; and, with the aid of the full and able discussion, which the only other attempt of a similar nature has recently produced, this will not probably be found a difficult task.'

Our readers will find abundant entertainment in various details of academic regulations and usages in the early periods of the college history. In the time of President Leverett a law was passed 'for reforming the extravagancys of Commencements,' and providing, that 'henceforth no preparation nor provision of either plumb cake, or roasted, boyled, or baked meates or pyes of any kind shal be made by any Commencer;' and that no 'such have any distilled lyquours in his chamber, or any composition therewith,' under penalty of a fine of twenty shillings, and forfeiture of the 'prohibited provisions.' An additional act was passed, 'that if any, who now doe or hereafter shall stand for their degrees, presume to doe any thing contrary to the said act, or goe about to evade it by *plain* cake,' they shall forfeit the honors of the College.'

Another law was made to prohibit 'the costly habits of many of the scholars, their wearing gold or silver lace or brocades, silk night-gowns, &c., as tending to discourage persons from giving their children a college education, and as inconsistent with the gravity and decency proper to be observed in this society.'

These laws, however, as the author justly observes, 'may be regarded, perhaps, rather as indications of the spirit of the times than as evidences of any unusual corruption in this society.'

We may here remark, that the *commons* gave occasion to dissatisfaction in early times, as they have more recently. This was one of the principal causes of complaint against the first *Master*, Eaton; in which case, however, it seemed that the blame lay principally with Mrs. Eaton, whose '*examination*' on that subject was first brought before the public, from the archives of the General Court, by our learned historian, Mr. Savage, and forms one of the most amusing articles of the Appendix to the present volume.* Mr. Peirce observes, that an idea of the quality of the commons may be formed from the accounts given by Dr. Holyoke, a graduate of 1746, and by Judge Wingate, of 1759; the former of whom stated to him, that the 'breakfast was two sizings of bread, and a cue of beer;' and the 'evening commons were a pye.' The latter says,—'As to the commons, there were in the morning none, while I was in college. At dinner we had, of rather ordinary quality, a sufficiency of meat of some kind, either baked or boiled; and at supper, we had either a pint of milk and half a biscuit, or a meat pie, or some other kind. Such were the commons in the Hall in my day. They were rather ordinary; but I was young and hearty, and could live comfortably upon them. I had some class-mates who paid for their commons, and never entered the Hall while they belonged to the college. We were allowed at dinner a cue of beer, which was a half-pint, and a sizing of bread, which I cannot describe to you. It was quite sufficient for one dinner." †

The author of the present History briefly considers the question, often agitated, Whether it is expedient to retain the system of Commons at the University; and he decides in favor of preserving it. As the question is of no small importance, practically speaking, we here give his remarks upon the subject, which, we think, are entitled to the consideration of those whose business it is to regulate this matter:

'That there are strong reasons, why the Commons should be supported, might be fairly inferred from the very fact of their having continued so long, though, on one side or another, so continually assailed. Such, indeed, a little reflection will show to be the truth. The Commons unite the very important advantages of furnishing a salutary diet, and of contracting the expense of a College education by keeping down the price of board. Their beneficial effects are extended beyond the walls of the College. To a great degree the Commons, it is believed, regulate the price and quality of board even in private families; and thus secure in the town a general style of living, at once economical and favorable to health and to study. But the very circumstance, which is their chief recommendation, is the occasion also of all the odium which they have to encounter ; that simplicity, which makes the fare cheap, and wholesome, and philosophical, renders it also unsatisfactory to dainty palates; and the occasional appearance of some unlucky meat, or other food, is a signal for a general outcry against the provisions. To remove, as far as possible, all grounds of complaint with respect to the price as well as the quality and conditions of the Commons, regulations, during President Holyoke's time, were frequently made in them by the Corporation and Overseers, who were exceedingly desirous that all the members of the College, officers living within the walls, as well as students, should be in Commons.'

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* P. 31 of Appendix.

† P. 219. We have a suspicion, that the word *cue*, which, it seems, was the *fourth* part of a quart, is only the name of the letter *Q*, as the initial of the Latin *quadrans*, *quartus*, &c. Beaumont uses the same word *cue* for a *farthing*, which means a *fourth* part, or *fourthing*, if we may coin that word.

To those persons who still regard the health of their children as of importance, and who can reason at all in their own case, these views of the author will approve themselves as founded on experience. But,—without intending to be very rigid on this point,—we fear there is some reason for applying, in our day, the remark made by Quinctilian, upon the youth of Rome,—Ante palatum eorum quam os instituimus ; fit consuetudo, deinde natura ;—and children become the victims of the over-tenderness of parents. This subject, however, will necessarily come into view in the attention now beginning to be bestowed on that much neglected matter, *physical education* in general.

The *discipline* of the University was enforced anciently by corporal punishment, as well as pecuniary mulcts. The author gives the following extraordinary instance, accompanied with his own reflections upon it:

'At the period when Harvard College was founded, one of the modes of punishment in the great schools of England and other parts of Europe was corporal chastisement. It was accordingly introduced here, and was no doubt frequently put in practice. An instance of its infliction, as part of the sentence upon an offender, is presented in Judge Sewall's MS. diary, with the particulars of a ceremonial, which was reserved probably for special occasions. His account will afford some idea of the manners and spirit of the age : "June 15, 1674, Thomas Sargeant was examined by the Corporation finally. The advice of Mr Danforth, Mr Stoughton, Mr Thacher, Mr Mather (the present) was taken. This was his sentence :

' " That being convicted of speaking blasphemous words con cerning the H. G., he should be therefore publickly whipped before all the scholars.

'"2. That he should be suspended as to taking his degree of Bachelor. (This sentence read before him twice at the President's before the Committee and in the Library, before execution.)

'"3. Sit alone by himself in the Hall uncovered at meals, during the pleasure of the President and Fellows, and be in all things obedient, doing what exercise was appointed him by the President, or else be finally expelled the College. The first was presently put in execution in the Library (Mr Danforth Jr. being present) before the scholars. He kneeled down, and the instrument, Goodman Hely, attended the President's word as to the performance of his part in the work. Prayer was had before and after by the President. July 1, 1674."

'What an exhibition! Men's ideas must have been very different from those of the present day, to have tolerated a law authorizing so degrading a treatment of the members of such a society. It may easily be imagined, what complaints and uneasiness its execution must frequently have occasioned among the friends and connexions of those who were the subjects of it. In one instance it even occasioned the prosecution of a Tutor; but this was as late as the year 1733, when old rudeness had lost much of the people's reverence. The law, however, was suffered, with some modification, to continue more than a century. In the revised body of Laws made in the year 1734, we find this article: "Notwithstanding the preceding pecuniary mulcts, it shall be lawful for the President, Tutors, and Professors, to punish Undergraduates by Boxing, when they shall judge the nature or circumstances of the offence call for it." This relic of barbarism, however, was growing more and more repugnant to the general taste and sentiment. The late venerable Dr. Holyoke, who was of the class of 1746, observed, that in his day, "corporal punishment was going out of use"; and at length, it was expunged from the code, never, we trust, to be recalled from the rubbish of past absurdities.'

The *course of instruction*, at the first establishment of the University, is said, by the author, to have been as good as was afforded 'at the first schools in the old world;' and it is certainly a remarkable fact, that young men were sometimes sent to Harvard College *from England* to receive their education.*

It appears, that originally the *candidates for degrees* underwent an examination, particularly just before Commencement; and degrees were conferred on those who exhibited satisfactory evidences of their scholarship and of their good conduct.

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* P. 8.

A century after the foundation of the College, the *requisitions for admission* do not appear to have been of so high a character, as we should suppose were originally prescribed. The subjoined extract on that point is from one of the editor's notes to the work:

'The following particulars of an *Examination* for admission at this period, taken from a MS. Diary of the late venerable Dr. Holyoke, who entered College in the year 1742, will show more distinctly the actual requisitions for admission, and will be interesting to the sons of Harvard :

' "An account of our examination the 13th day of July, 1742, viz. Foxcroft, Green, myself, and Putnam. Tutors, 3 Æneid 15 lines, Presid't, 2 Æneid, 24 lines, Virgil.---Tutors, 3 Catiline, Presid't, 2 Catiline, Tully.—Tutors, 12 Luke, Presid't, 25 Matthew, Greek Testament.—Memo. Mr. Flynt examin'd us in Tully ; Mr. Hancock, in Virgil ; Mr Mayhew, in Greek Test.; Mr Marsh, in no book, in the forenoon. In the afternoon examin'd by the Presid't, who gave us the following Themes : Foxcroft, Sapientia præstat viribus ; Green, myself, Labor improbus omnia vincit ; Putnam, Semper avarus eget. I finished my Theme the 19th day of July, 1742, and was admitted the ( ) of y^{e} August following (after having been on writing my College Laws 20 days, finished them the 10 of August.) And we began to recite on the Monday morning after the vacancy was up, which was the 23 day of August, in the year 1742." '—P. 238.

From the examination for admission into the University, our attention is naturally directed to the course of study, pursued during the four years' residence there. We take the studies of the period when President Holyoke was at the head of the Institution ; just a century ago.

'In the early part of this presidency, and probably for many years before, the text books were the following : Latin and Greek classics,—Virgil, Cicero's Orations, Cicero's Offices, and a little of Homer ; the Greek Testament ; Ward's Mathematics, Gordon's Geographical Grammar, Gravesande's Philosophy, Euclid's Geometry ; Wollebius's Compend of Theology, and Brattle's Compend of Logic, both in Latin ; Watts's Logic, and Locke on the Human Understanding. They were all works of authority at that period. If to these we add the exercise of reading Greek into Latin, ' which would apply to the New Testament and that only,' Mr. Monis's Hebrew instructions, the lectures of the Professors of Divinity and Mathematics, and the President's expositions of the Scriptures at evening prayers twice a week, and disputations of the Juniors and Seniors, we shall have about the whole that was embraced by the collegiate course at that period. That there was sufficient room for addition is very apparent.'—P. 237.

Of this very insufficient course, too, until the year 1765, several branches were taught by the same instructer; there not being that sub-division of labor which is so essential to producing the greatest effect.

In the year 1765, however, a committee of the Overseers was appointed, at the head of which was that able and distinguished chief magistrate, Governor Hutchinson; they proposed, in 1766, a sub-division of the instruction,—that one tutor should teach Latin; another Greek, &c; and that the classes should attend the several tutors in rotation, weekly.

'A more important alteration,' says Mr. Pierce, 'in the arrangements of the College could not easily be imagined. Scanty as the above list of Text Books now appears, it was yet more than one man, unless far above the ordinary standard, could teach in a thorough and suitable manner, especially while he had other important duties to perform as a member of the Government. While the old system was calculated to keep education fixed and stationary, the new one admitted of an expansion in the circle of academical exercises, which was suited to the progress of learning and refinement and to the growing wants of society.'—P. 248.

It is a remarkable fact, connected with the history of Harvard University,—and a fact not much known,—that there was about this period (1762) a project for establishing a college in the county of Hampshire; which, as Mr. Pierce observes, threw the friends of the University 'into great alarm.' We give an abridged account of the project from our author.

'Some inhabitants of that county presented to the General Court, January 29th, 1762, "A memorial, showing, that there are a great number of people in the county of Hampshire, and places adjacent, disposed to promote learning, and by reason of their great distance from the Colleges, and the great expense of their education there, many of good natural genius are prevented a liberal education, and a large country filling up at the northwest of them, which will need a great number of men of letters; they therefore pray for an act of the government, constituting a Corporation with power to receive monies and improve them for setting up a Seminary for learning; and that a charter may be granted to the Corporation for the said Seminary, enduing it with power to manage all the affairs relative to the same, and confer the honors of learning upon the students of the same when qualified therefor."

'The subject of this memorial came several times before the General Court. A bill was brought in for establishing "an *Academy* in the Western parts of this province," and though it passed the House to be engrossed, it was finally lost.

'Governor Bernard himself then undertook "to prepare a charter for the establishment of a College or Collegiate School in the county of Hampshire"; but when it was ready for delivery, he thought proper to lay it before the Board of Overseers, which he did March 8th, 1762. The institution was to be called Queen's College; and with respect to the means of instruction it was to be on a footing with Harvard College, though some of the officers were to have different names, and it proposed to withhold the power of conferring degrees.'—P. 274.

The execution of this plan was deemed so injurious to the general interests of literature, as well as to the University, that a Committee of the Overseers was immediately appointed to request the Governor (Bernard,) 'not to grant the charter;' and they drew up a statement entitled 'Reasons against founding a College or Collegiate School in the county of Hampshire, humbly offered to the consideration of his Excellency, Francis Bernard, &c., Governor, &c., by the Overseers of Harvard College.' This paper was drawn up by the celebrated Dr. Mayhew; and, as Mr. Pierce observes, took 'a comprehensive view of the subject,' and offered 'considerations which are at all times entitled to great weight upon any project for the multiplication of colleges.' This able paper is given at large in the Appendix (p. 114) of Mr. Pierce's work, and is as worthy of the consideration of every friend of learning at the present day, as at the period when it was written.

So strong was the sensation caused by this project, that Governor Bernard returned a short but 'mild' answer, and agreed to suspend issuing the charter, and that he would 'not assist any applications for a like charter elsewhere.' The sensation was doubtless the stronger, in consequence of an apprehension that there was 'a scheme forming for sending a *bishop* into these parts,' and that Governor Bernard, 'a true churchman, was deep in the plot.'

We might have mentioned before, that there had been a previous alarm on the subject of episcopacy, as connected with our seminaries of learning and the church, in the case of the Rev. Timothy Cutler, the Rector of Yale College; who, with five clergymen of that vicinity, made an open declaration against the validity of *Presbyterian ordination.* The Trustees of Yale College immediately voted to 'excuse the Rev. Mr. Cutler from all further service.' He went to England, received Episcopal ordination, was honored with the degree of Doctor in Divinity from both the Universities there, and soon afterwards came to Boston, where he became rector of Christ Church.*

But the apprehensions of the friends of Congregationalism did not end here. After Mr. Cutler was settled in Boston, he made application to the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, claiming the right of having notice to attend their meetings as a member. The question was debated in that body, and decided in the negative; 'the Board apprehending that he is not entitled thereunto.' He persevered, however, in his claim; and the Overseers were obliged again to discuss and decide the question; on which they came to the same conclusion as before. A similar decision was made in the case of the Rev. Samuel Myles, another Episcopal minister, who claimed 'that he might be notified *as formerly*, to sit at the meetings of the Overseers of Harvard College.' Our author observes, that these gentlemen prosecuted their claims 'like men who were in earnest, and, so far as appears, with no lack of diplomacy and management.' There is some indication of this in a request they made to the Overseers for the names of the members present at the meeting when the above vote (of which they had been furnished with a copy by the clerk) was passed; a request which the Overseers,—who appear to have been quite a match for their opponents throughout,—refused to grant; 'it not having been usual for the clerk, in giving copies of the Overseers' votes, to affix their names.'

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* The following note, from Mr. Pierce's History, on the subject of the modes of ordination, will not be uninteresting to our readers.

'The Rev. Dr Eliot relates an anecdote of a somewhat earlier period, which shows the feelings of parties in relation to their mode of ordination. It happened in the case of Mr Israel Chauncy, the son of President Chauncy. "Israel," says Dr. Eliot, "lived longer than the others; he was the youngest son, and died soon after the commencement of the eighteenth century. His ordination has generally been styled *the leather-mitten ordination*, and much ridicule has been thrown upon it by Episcopal writers. The fact was, that when he was settled, the laymen of the Council insisted upon *their right of laying on hands*, and one of the brethren forgot to take off his mitten; hence it has been made to appear as a ludicrous circumstance, to lessen the solemnity of the Congregational mode of separating ministers. It was not long after this, that in Connecticut and Massachusetts the clergy deprived the brethren of this privilege. But could we now refuse them, if they insisted upon it?'---*Eliot's Biog. Dict.*, art. *Chauncy*, p. 101, note.

The claim was not, however, abandoned. 'Three petitions from the clergy and others of the Church of England, in divers parts of New England, were presented to the General Court' on the subject. The question was discussed at a subsequent session, and after the fullest consideration it was solemnly decided not to be within 'the intent and meaning of the Charter' that the Reverend Memorialists should be deemed members of the Board of Overseers.

But even this solemn decision of the General Court did not silence the claim. Dr. Cutler resorted once more to the Overseers themselves; who determined, as the affair had been 'once and again maturely considered by the Board and afterwards by the General Court,' that the memorial should be dismissed. Thus ended a controversy which occasioned no small embarrassment during its existence; and from that period the ecclesiastical part of that Board has been confined to ministers of the *Congregational* denomination.

It is a subject of no small interest in the history of the University to observe, that the religious sentiments of the individuals connected with it, either as overseers or instructers, have been an object of vigilance and solicitude with all who felt a regard for that seminary of learning. But it would, at the present day, excite much more surprise than it did a century ago, if a formal proposition should be made to enquire into the religious opinions of the Professor of *Mathematics and Natural Philosophy*, as was done in the case of Professor Winthrop. When the appointment of Mr. Winthrop was laid before the Overseers for their approbation, and a Committee appointed to examine him 'as to his knowledge in the Mathematics,' a motion was also made, that a Committee should examine him 'about his principles of religion;' but it passed in the negative. The motion, however, was renewed at a subsequent meeting,—'the fullest on record, excepting that in which the election of Mr. Holyoke was confirmed' as President,—but, after a long debate, it again passed in the negative. Upon this subject Mr. Peirce observes,—'It appears to have been thought by the liberal-minded majority, that a particular theological creed would render a man neither a better nor a worse instructer of philosophy; and accordingly they now confirmed the election of the Corporation.'

This immunity, however, as he further remarks, seems to have been confined to the professor of *Mathematics.* Even the tutors were examined as to their religious principles; and no doubt, says our author, 'for this reason, that they, as well as the President and the Professor of Divinity, were at that period required, not only to perform religious services in the chapel, but to give religious instruction to their respective classes.'

The examination in the case of the *French* instructer, a short time previous to that of Mr. Winthrop, will be new to most readers, and is interesting in many respects; particularly, as showing the interest taken in the study of the French language at that early period. That instructer,—whom we presume to have been a Roman Catholic, though it is not expressly stated by our author,—was charged with propagating 'dangerous errors' among the undergraduates; and the following proceedings took place at the Board of Overseers in relation to him:

'"May 13, 1735. The Committee report, that upon discoursing with the Rev'd President and Tutors who had examined Mr. Longloissorie and a number of his scholars, it did not appear, that Mr. Longloissorie had vented any of his dangerous errors among the undergraduates, nor that they had been embraced by any of the graduates to whom he had freely communicated them. But upon discoursing [with] Mr. Rogers, one of the Tutors, on occasion of the reports concerning him which were brought to this Board, he appeared to think it a hardship that he should be examined as to his particular sentiments on the said heads, when there had been no express charges laid in against him, and declined to give us any such answers as might enable us to report him free and clear of those opinions." . . . . . It was voted, that the President and Tutors have not power by any law to introduce or permit any person to instruct scholars in arts or languages in this Society; and therefore, the permission some time since given by them to Mr. Longloissorie to teach the French tongue is in itself void; and in as much as this Board judge it not consistent with the safety of the College, that the said Mr. Longloissorie should continue to teach the French Language there any longer, it was further voted, that the President and Tutors be directed to forbid the students, whether graduates or undergraduates, from attending on his instructions, either within the College walls or elsewhere.

'"Upon debate had on the second paragraph of this Report, the Board think it proper to assert and declare their right to examine into the principles of all those that are employed in the instruction of the students of the College, upon any just suspicion of their holding dangerous tenets, altho' no express charge be layed in against them; and that it be recommended to the Corporation to take due care as to the principles of such persons as shall from time to time be chosen by them into any office of instruction; and that no person chosen into such an office shall be accepted or continued who refuseth, when desired, to give satisfaction to this Board as to their principles in religion."'

Without entering into a discussion of the *right* asserted in this vote, we only make a passing remark upon the different state of feeling on this subject at the present day. In a late able defence of the University, by the Hon. F. C. Gray, against the charge of 'exclusiveness,' as it is now termed, it is made a substantive ground of vindication, that they have at this time instructers of the Catholic, as well as various other religious denominations.*

In a country like ours, where every man is at perfect liberty to enjoy, and to profess his own religious opinions, and where every one considers himself entitled to the benefit of our public seminaries of education, the particular department of religious instruction will occasion embarrassment. Under the usual organization of those establishments, Catholics cannot resort to Protestant Institutions, nor the reverse; nor those of the Jewish faith to either of them; because they cannot receive religious instruction according to their respective creeds; and therefore must, at least for the present, forego the advantage of being able to choose their place of education solely with a view to its literary and scientific character. There is an intrinsic difficulty in the case; which, however, is daily diminishing, as the different religious sects are beginning to establish colleges and seminaries for those of their own creed. But what the ultimate effect of this may be, and what is the best remedy for the existing difficulty, are subjects of the gravest consideration for our statesmen and others, who have in their charge the welfare of the country. For ourselves, we have no faith in the rash expedient adopted by President Jefferson in the Virginia University,—to have no professorship for religious instruction,*—nor have we more respect for the scheme of that public-spirited citizen, the late Mr. Girard,—however well intended, as we have no doubt it was,—that no ecclesiastic should have any control in the affairs, or the instruction, at his colossal seminary of education. Restrictions of this sort, in our apprehension, proceed from a very limited and partial view of this great subject; and, however plausible in theory, are not founded on those practical considerations, which cannot be overlooked by any statesman who would maintain, in its full action, the complex machine of human society. 'Sit igitur,' says Cicero, 'hoc ab initio persuasum civibus, dominos esse omnium rerum ac moderatores, deos; eaque, quæ gerantur, eorum vi, ditione ac numine; eosdemque optime de genere hominum mereri; et qualis quisque sit, quid agat, quid in se admittat, quâ mente, quâ pietate colat religiones intueri; piorum et impiorum habere rationem. His enim rebus imbutæ mentes haud sane abhorrebunt ab utili et a verâ sententiâ†.

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* Letter of Hon. F. C. Gray, to His Excellency, Governor Lincoln.

We observe, in the early part of this History, the great surprise expressed by Mr. Hollis, about the year 1720, that there had been no professorship of Divinity established at the University. As intimately connected with the theological department, we may add, that although the Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Syriac languages were taught, yet, as Mr. Peirce observes, there does not appear to have been any person 'whose sole and appropriate business was to teach either of those languages,' before the year 1720. At that time, the well known Judah Monis, who is called by our author 'a Jewish Rabbi,' came from Italy, or the Barbary States, to America, and began to instruct in

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* We have heard that this part of his plan has been since abandoned, and that the University now has a professor of Divinity; but we do not know whether this is the fact.

† Cic. de Legib. l. 2.

Hebrew. Several interesting particulars are given of this celebrated Jewish teacher, who became a convert to Christianity in 1722, and held the office of Hebrew Instructer in Cambridge about forty years. Notwithstanding this advantage, of having a native teacher, the study of that language had begun to decline so long ago as the year 1755, when our author's venerable correspondent, Judge Wingate, was at college; for he states, that 'but a small portion of the scholars paid any attention to his (Monis's) instruction;' which state of things must have been growing worse and worse, during the next forty years; as one of the best scholars of his time, the late excellent Dr. Clarke, of Boston, in his interesting 'Letters to a Student,' published in 1796, speaks in emphatic language of the '*contempt*,' with which Hebrew has been treated at the University.'* It has been unfortunate for the Hebrew language, that it has been considered exclusively a study for theologians, and has not been thought at all important with a view to general philology. To the divine, indeed, it appears to be so indispensable, that it is marvellous to observe, that any interpreter of the Scriptures has the presumption to expound them without a competent knowledge of it; and,—if we may be allowed the comparison,—an American lawyer might, for example, as well pretend to make himself master of the French code without possessing any knowledge of the French language, as a theologian could of the divine law without a knowledge of the original text. But, with a view to general philology, the student's labors will find as rich a reward in the study of this ancient and curiously formed language, as in any one dialect of the tongues spoken by man. At the present day, since the establishment of the Theological School,—if we are correctly informed,—this study is again making some advances at the University.

It is worthy of notice, as mentioned by Mr. Peirce, that the Hebrew professorship, which was founded by the liberality of Thomas Hancock, was the first foundation of a professorship in New England 'by one of its sons.'†

But we find this subject is carrying us beyond our proper limits, and now return to some particulars more properly of an academic character.

The *first* Commencement was held on the second Tuesday of August, 1642; only twenty years after the first settlers arrived on our shores. 'Upon this novel and auspicious occasion,' says Mr. Peirce, 'the venerable fathers of the land, the governor, magistrates and ministers from all parts, with others in great numbers, repaired to Cambridge, and attended with delight to refined displays of European learning, on a spot, which but just before was the abode of savages. It was a day, which on many accounts must have been singularly interesting.' The author has very properly added in his Appendix, 46, the *Theses* of that year, which will be read with interest by all graduates who are old enough to remember the time when we used also to have those 'Annuals.'

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* Letter VIII. † P. 231.

The ceremonial at the inauguration of the President and professors of the University, a century ago, will not be uninteresting. At the inauguration of President Wadsworth, in 1725, the following ceremonies took place, as stated in the records of the Overseers:

'Commencement Day, July 7, 1725.

'The Overseers and the Corporation went, in the usual form, to the meetinghouse, on the Commencement-day morning; where, after the morning prayer, made by Mr Coleman, Mr. President Wadsworth being in the pew with his Honor the Lieutenant Governor, His Honor was pleased to make the following speech to him:

'"Rev'd Sir,—You being duly elected and approved to be the President of Harvard College, I doe accordingly, in the name of the Overseers, invest you with the government thereof, in the same extent as any of your predecessors, Presidents of Harvard College, have been heretofore vested; and deliver to you the keys, with these books and papers, as badges of your authority; confiding, that you will govern the society with loyalty to our sovereign lord, King George, and obedience to his laws, and according to the Statutes and Rules of the said College."

'To which speech Mr. President Wadsworth returned the following answer:

'"I thankfully acknowledge the respect shewn mee by the reverend Corporation, especially by your Honor and the honored and reverend Overseers. I freely own myself unworthy of the honor, and unequal to the labours of the important office to which I am called. But I think the call of Providence (which I desire to eye in all things) is so loud and plain, that I dare not refuse it. I desire to have my whole dependence on the great God, my Saviour, for all the wisdom and grace needful for mee in this weighty service. I hope by His help I shall show all proper allegiance to our sovereign lord, King George, and obedience to his laws in this province, and endeavor to promote the same amongst all I shal be concerned with. I shal endeavor to take the best care I can of the College, directing and ordering the members and affairs of it according to the Constitution, Laws, and Statutes thereof. I desire the earnest prayers of God's people, that the God of all grace would make mee faithful and successful in the very great service I am called to."

'After which the President went up into the pulpit and called for the Salutatory Oration, and moderated one of the Batchelder's questions; and so the forenoon exercise ended.'

The formalities observed at the inauguration of a *professor*, at the same period, are given by the Editor in a note to p. 190; but we have not room to insert the account of them.

The valuable *Library* of the University naturally forms a prominent object in this work of its librarian; but not more so than its importance deserves. It is at all times difficult to make the public sensible of the great value of such an establishment, and especially so, to persuade them that a library of forty thousand volumes is not amply sufficient for all useful purposes. But every man, who has any acquaintance with the subject, knows, that a collection no larger than that, is wholly inadequate to the present wants of our literary and scientific men; to say nothing of the demands of our numerous artisans and practical men of every description. It is a truth which cannot, and ought not to be concealed, that the moment a man sits down to the investigation of details in almost any subject of science or literature with the aid of the University Library alone, his progress is soon arrested for the want of books. It would be illogical to argue a general deficiency from particular instances; but it is a curious fact, that three years ago there was no copy of *Kepler's* works in this valuable library. This deficiency, however, and innumerable others, have been since supplied. It is now thirty years since it was remarked by Fisher Ames, that Gibbon could not have written his history in this country for want of the necessary books which he had occasion to cite. The case is, indeed, much altered; the library at that time containing only fifteen or twenty thousand volumes, and now, about forty thousand. Yet this collection falls far short of the actual wants of the country. We say of *the country;* because this library is an object of concern to our whole country, and we fervently hope the attention of the whole country will be directed to it. This library, as Mr. Peirce observes, has been 'almost entirely the fruit of *individual* munificence;'* a circumstance, which accounts for its deficiencies in certain departments of knowledge. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, however, it contains many treasures,—many works which could hardly be replaced at any price. We must refer our readers to the preface of Mr. Peirce's excellent catalogue, for many interesting particulars of those public-spirited individuals, who have rendered such lasting service to their country, by liberal donations to the University Library, independently of their munificence in other respects. Among these honored benefactors we find the names of Hollis, Hancock, Lee, Shapleigh, Palmer, and others, of past days; of Thorndike, Perkins, Eliot, Gore, Boylston, Adams, Dane, Sears, Hubbard, Brooks, and many others of our own time. If, however, as all competent judges agree, a good library, at the present day, ought to contain at least a hundred and fifty, or two hundred thousand volumes, it is apparent, that much still remains to be done before ours will reach the proper standard. How this shall be effected is an important question. During the last winter a powerful appeal was made to the Legislature, by the present able Head of the University; but it was not attended with the desired success. Yet, we trust, it is not to be inferred from the result of that application, that the guardians of the Commonwealth have no disposition to afford any aid to this great public repository of knowledge. They must be fully sensible, that if New England is to retain any influence in the Union, it must be by realizing the force of the aphorism, that *Knowledge is Power;* and that an ample public library is as necessary to the obtaining of that power and to our enjoying the necessary facilities for making acquisitions in knowledge, and promoting its circulation, as an effective capital is to the successful acquisition and distribution of wealth throughout the community.†

We will only add, on this head, that our author has given an interesting account of the Library at different periods; and has very properly published at large the narrative of its destruction by fire, on the 24th of January 1764. It will be recollected, that this calamitous event,—as it was then justly considered,—happened in consequence of the General Court's sitting in the Library, and having a fire made in it for their use; a circumstance which the benevolent Hollis could not avoid alluding to, in mild but significant language, when he afterwards contributed to repair the loss. He says, 'I am preparing, and going on with my mite to Harvard College, and lament the loss it has suffered exceedingly; *but hope a public library will no more be turned into a council room.*' *

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* Preface to his Catalogue, published in 1830.

† See Note, p. 404, post.

The books presented by Mr. Hollis, besides being of great intrinsic value, were bound in a superior manner, and were adorned with various appropriate devices; of which we have the following anecdote in the Appendix to Mr. Peirce's History: 'Mr. Hollis employed Mr. Pingo to cut a number of emblematical devices, such as the *Caduceus of Mercury*, *the Wand of Esculapius*, *the Owl*, *the Cap of Liberty*, &c.; and these devices were to adorn the backs, and sometimes the sides of books. When patriotism animated a work, instead of unmeaning ornaments on the binding, he adorned with caps of liberty. When wisdom filled the page, the owl's majesty bespoke the contents. The caduceus pointed out the works of eloquence; and the wand of Esculapius was a signal of good medicines, &c.' †

We had intended to notice many other details respecting this ancient and venerable seat of learning, especially with a view to the course of studies pursued there formerly and at the present day; but we have already exceeded our original limits, and can add but a remark or two farther, in relation to the volume before us.

The historical narrative terminates with the year 1769, at the death of President Holyoke, whose administration lasted upwards of thirty years, and conferred honor upon the institution. The narrative is followed by the interesting Correspondence of Judge Wingate, to which we have before referred. To the whole is subjoined an *Appendix*, containing the Charters, Laws, Statutes of Professorships, Biographical Notice of Hollis, and various other details, which will be highly valued by every son of Harvard. The volume is also embellished with two very neat and appropriate Views of the University Buildings; one, representing them in their actual state; and the other, as they were at the period when only three had been erected,—Harvard, Stoughton, and Massachusetts.

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* Hist. p. 296.

† P. 109, of Appendix. (Extracted from the Gentleman's Magazine for 1781.)

We cannot take leave of this valuable work without congratulating the sons of our Alma Mater, that the author lived to record so many interesting and important facts in our academic history, as are here to be found; and that this has been performed by one, whose habits of accuracy, and whose candor and love of truth, as well as independence, enable us to place reliance on his statements. We may add, too, that amidst the rhetorical and showy mode of writing, which has so generally prevailed, it is no small satisfaction to find one example of a style, which is simple and pure English.

A continuation of the University history, down to a period as near to the present day as would be proper, is much to be desired; and we hope that this will be accomplished by some one of the sons of Harvard, whose affection for the place of his education and for his country shall be as strong and fervent, as that of the lamented author of the present work.*

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* Since the above remarks on the University *Library* were written, the journals have given us an account of the Royal Library in Paris. It appears, that on the 1st of January 1833, it contained 1,985,000 volumes, including manuscripts, books of engravings and numismatical works. On the 1st of January 1834, it will contain at least 2,000,000 volumes, as every year, on an average, 20,000 new *works*, [not volumes] are deposited there. According to this statement, then, more books than the whole number contained in our University Library are added *every two years* to the Royal Library in Paris. Let those, whose duty it is to provide for the dissemination of knowledge in our Republic, reflect on this fact.

Art. V.—*The Alps.*

1. *Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, by which Italy communicates with France, Switzerland, and Germany.* By William Brockedon. 2 vols. 4to. London. 1828, 1829.
2. *Journals of Excursions in the Alps.* By William Brockedon. 8vo. London. 1833.
3. *Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse.* Par M. L. G. Ebel. Nouvelle Edition. Paris. 1833.

To the readers of history, and of poetry, the Alps are a familiar name. From the days of the Romans, down to the present century, their inaccessible heights, eternal snows, and difficult and precipitous defiles, have given them a celebrity, hardly possessed by any other features of continental Europe. Placed as a natural barrier between nations frequently dissimilar, or hostile to each other, they have stood, abrupt, and impenetrable, as they were left by the deluge; and the little that man could do, in opening their avenues, or smoothing their passes, remained almost unattempted until the nineteenth century. But within the times of the present generation, and especially within the last five or six years, the aspect of these mountains has become less solitary and forbidding. Over nearly all the important defiles, smooth and spacious roads have been constructed, rocks have been penetrated, abysses have been spanned, terraces upon terraces have scaled the loftiest passes,—and the traveller who now rolls over them at his ease, secure of comfortable hotels, and regular relays of post-horses, troubles himself little about the difficulties, against which Hannibal urged his elephants, and Bonaparte dragged his artillery.

The mountainous country, usually denominated the Alpine region, covers a great portion of the continental territory of the king of Sardinia, the republic of Switzerland, and the Tyrolese dominions of Austria, together with portions of the immediately adjacent states. But the great or principal chain may be considered as forming a half oval, or crescent, having the valley of the Po in its centre, and the Gulf of Venice at its base. This chain commences in northern Italy, where it is continuous with the Appennines, and, skirting closely upon the Mediterranean along the Gulf of Genoa, turns to the north through Piedmont and Savoy, in which countries it throws up its loftiest eminences. It then passes easterly through Switzerland and the districts of Tyrol and Carniola, until it is merged in the less elevated ranges of eastern Europe. The geographical effect of this distribution is to separate the waters of the Po, from those of the Rhone, the Rhine and the Danube.

The most interesting features in the Alpine chain, are the depressions, or passable gaps, and the extreme elevations. The depressions, or notches in the summit of the ridge, furnish avenues, over which mankind, following the tracks of the chamois, have constructed mule paths, and afterwards roads practicable for carriages. These are seldom less than five thousand feet above the level of the ocean, and are mostly named from the mountains near which they pass, as the Simplon, the St. Gothard, and the Splugen. The great elevations are for the most part abrupt and towering peaks, many of which, from their sharpness and steep acclivities, have received the appellation of *horns* and *needles.* Among the most elevated peaks are Mont Blanc, Mont Cervin and Monte Rosa, situated in the chain which divides Piedmont from Savoy and Valais ;—the Finstraarhorn, the Schreckhorn (horn of terror), and the Jungfrau, in Switzerland ; and the Ortler-spitz in the Tyrol. The distinction of being the highest mountain in Europe has been lately contested between Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa. Since the observations of De Saussure, no doubt had been entertained that Mont Blanc was entitled to this precedence. But in 1819 one of the inferior summits of Monte Rosa was ascended by Messrs. Zumstein and Vincent, who took trigonometrical observations of the higher peaks, and arrived at the conclusion that these inaccessible summits were more elevated than the top of Mont Blanc, by some hundreds of feet. Their account, published in the Memoirs of the Academy of Turin, immediately drew towards Monte Rosa the attention of the scientific and travelling public, new admeasurements were undertaken, and from an elaborate topographical account and survey of this mountain by Baron Welden, published at Vienna in 1824, it would appear that the altitude of the two eminences is nearly equal, Mont Blanc, however, having the precedence by about eighty-eight toises.*

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* The probable height of Mont Blanc is about 14,764 Paris feet.

Mont Blanc derives its name, though not a distinctive one, from its mass of perpetual snows,—Monte Rosa from the circular distribution of its peaks, which enclose a central valley or amphitheatre. Mont Blanc has been repeatedly ascended, though with great danger and difficulty, by adventurous travellers; but the upper summits of Monte Rosa, though often attempted, have never yet, we believe, been attained.

On the tops of the loftiest mountains water rests like a mineral substance from age to age, fixed in the form of consolidated ice and snow. Immense masses, which gather upon these heights in winter, seek afterwards a lower level, in obedience to the laws of nature. This fluctuation, the result of necessary influences, gives birth to scenes of unequalled sublimity and beauty, and actuates, as it were, the moving scenery of the Alps. The cascade, the torrent, the progressive glacier, and the overwhelming avalanche, are but the shiftings, by which a disturbed element seeks to resume its wonted equilibrium.

The traveller, passing in summer through the valleys of the Alpine regions, sees often before him what appears to be a white thread, suspended from the mountain side. This he knows to be a waterfall, but if he has seen Niagara, or even Terni, he will be struck with the great length of the cascade, perhaps five or six hundred feet, compared with the slender dimensions of the stream which constitutes it. These cascades generally reach the ground by successive leaps, but now and then a case occurs, in which the fall is unbroken, and the apparent slowness, the effect of distance, with which the air is traversed by the descending waves and volumes of spray, gives to the spectator the idea of something which floats, rather than falls. We recollect to have seen instances, in which a considerable stream jetting from the top of a precipice, was dissolved in spray, and wholly lost to the sight, before it had accomplished half its destined descent. A brook, starting from beneath and fed by the perpetual shower, gave evidence that the material of this beautiful illusion was not lost. A fall of this kind, singularly picturesque, is seen in the vale of Misocco, on the southern side of the Bernardino passage. The celebrated fall of Staubbach, in Lauterbrunnen, nine hundred feet in height, is of the same description.

That of Monte Rosa 14,222. See an account of the latter mountain in Brewster's Edinburgh Journal of Science, Vols. I and II. As the upper stratum of these mountains consists of snow, it is very probable that their height varies in different seasons.

The long valleys which separate the mountainous spurs, usually afford beds for torrents, constituting the head waters, from which are accumulated the great rivers of Europe. These frequently occupy the bottoms of deep ravines, and when swollen with rains, or melted snows, exhibit a scene of obstructed, yet irresistible violence, which impresses the spectator with the deepest awe. On the principal roads, these are crossed by bridges of substantial masonry, in constructing which, it seems often wonderful how the workmen could have found support. In some cases, we are told, it was found necessary to suspend stagings upon cords from precipices far above them. In the wilder and less frequented paths, frail wooden bridges, and sometimes trunks of fallen trees, constitute the means of passing. It has happened that, in cases of emergency, both men and animals have crossed these torrents, even without the aid of bridges, and in the face of difficulties seemingly insurmountable. In 1800, a detachment of French troops under General Bethencourt, was ordered to occupy the pass of Yéselles, and proceed upon Domo d' Ossola. Their march was interrupted by the destruction of a bridge which led round a precipice, and over an abyss sixty feet in width. A volunteer, at great hazard of his life, by supporting himself against the sides of the precipice, in the holes cut for the timbers, succeeded in carrying a rope to the opposite side. Upon this rope, suspended over the abyss, with their feet braced against the lateral wall, or such other objects as might present, the whole detachment passed, one by one, the commander setting the first example. The names of the officers are now engraved upon the rock. When the last man had left the bank, five dogs, which belonged to the party, threw themselves into the current. Three of them were carried down, while the others, by dint of greater strength, succeeded in gaining the opposite side, and crouched, half dead, at the feet of their masters.

The *Lavanges* or Avalanches take place whenever the mass of snow accumulated on the heights, becomes, either from its own weight, or the insufficiency of its base, incapable of supporting itself. The avalanches of different seasons are not equally dangerous. Those of summer are confined to the highest mountains, and seldom reach the places frequented by mankind. Those of winter also, though sometimes terrible in their effects, yet being often composed of the light and new-fallen snow, slide downwards in smaller masses, and with less violence, so that men and beasts have been dug out unharmed from beneath them. But the avalanches of spring, which take place after the sun has begun to loosen the hold by which projecting masses are detained on the brink of precipitous summits, are by far the most dangerous and destructive. Imagination can hardly conceive the fearful sublimity, and havoc, with which these descents are attended. Columns of consolidated snow, whose extent the eye can hardly span, sweeping downwards for mile after mile, bearing with them the loosened rocks and uprooted forests, and discharging themselves at length on the valleys below with a violence under which the earth trembles,—are the common and yearly phenomena of these romantic regions. A fallen avalanche, says Ebel, sometimes covers more than a league of country. The concussion of the atmosphere is so great, that houses have been overthrown, and men prostrated, at a distance from the scene of devastation. At the season of avalanches, when the impending masses are just ready to loose their hold, the inhabitants believe that the smallest noise, or shock given to the atmosphere, may start them into motion. Hence, in many places, they take off the bells from their horses and cattle, and steal silently through the dangerous paths, choosing the early part of the day, before the sun has begun to act with power. It is also common to discharge a musket, by way of proof, before entering the suspected defiles.

As in other mountainous countries, not only the snow, but sometimes the earth itself, is loosened, and slides downward, carrying desolation in its progress. A remarkable slide of this kind occurred at the village of Goldau, in 1806, and has been feelingly described by one of our own countrymen.* In September, after a long continuance of rain, one of the summits of the Rossberg, was detached from the mountain and fell into the valley and lake beneath, overwhelming the villages of Goldau, Boussingen, and Rothen. The houses, cattle and nearly five hundred of the inhabitants, were destroyed by this event. Some travellers from Berne, says Simond, arrived at Art, and set off on foot for the Rhigi, a few minutes before this catastrophe. A part, who were behind the rest, observed that some strange commotion was taking place on the summit of the

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* Rev. J. S. Buckminster.

Rossberg,—and immediately a flight of stones like cannon balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard, and they fled. As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated, as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends who had preceded them, but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos. Nothing is left of Goldau, but the bell, which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. About fourteen miserable objects were dug out alive, from beneath the ruins.

The vestiges of catastrophes, similar to the above, are seen in various parts of Switzerland. At the entrance of the Val Blegno, not far above Belinzonna, may be seen the vast *debris* of a mountain, which fell across this valley in the year 1512. The fallen mass arrested the course of the river Blegno, and formed a large lake, which continued above two hundred years; but which in 1714 burst a passage, and swept its way, with great destruction of lives and property, into the Lago Maggiore.

The name of Glaciers, in its broadest sense, has been applied to all accumulations of ice and snow, which remain through the year upon elevated mountains. In its more limited meaning, it is restricted to those masses of hardened snow, which occupy the higher valleys and northern sides of ridges, extending downward to the borders of vegetation. They are generally found in the valleys and chasms, which run from east to west, in which they are more protected from the rays of the sun. Those of them, which have much inclination, exhibit a diversified surface, which has been compared to the waves of the sea during a storm. The alternate thawing and freezing of a portion of the snow, give to the remainder, among which it percolates, a degree of density approaching that of solid ice. Otherwise, the appearance of these glaciers may be compared, *parvis componere magna*, to that of the snow drifts of New England, after the sun has acted on them long enough to diminish half their height, and thus to bring out the dust and rubbish upon their surface. The depth of the glaciers is supposed to be from one to six hundred feet and upwards. Vast crevices and chasms intersect the entire mass, opposing serious impediments in the way of adventurers who traverse them, and exhibiting the interior ice of a dark blue appearance to the eye. It usually happens, that in the lowest glaciers, the heat of the earth, especially during summer, dissolves the ice at the bottom, giving rise to extensive vaults, from beneath which streams of water issue. A striking instance of this kind is seen in the source of the Arveiron, which takes its rise under the Mer de Glace, in the neighborhood of Chamouni. Some of these vaults have been found a hundred feet in height, and sufficiently extensive to undermine portions of the glacier, which settle down upon them with tremendous noise. Where there is sufficient declivity the glacier advances, during these changes, toward the subjacent valley, and thus appears to extend itself by a sort of natural growth. When Sir J. E. Smith visited the Montanvert in 1787, the Arveiron derived its source from several cascades, which fell from the top of the glacier, a sufficient evidence that it had then settled so as to obliterate the cavities underneath. Rocks of large size are occasionally carried along on the surface of the glacier, serving as landmarks, to measure the progress of the whole mass. Others are accumulated in high ridges along the borders of the ice, constituting what are called *moraines*. Ebel computes that from Mont Blanc to the Tyrol, the number of glaciers is not less than 400, many of which are six or seven leagues in length. It is not to be understood that the uniform tendency of these bodies is to extend themselves. During warm seasons they sometimes diminish in a very rapid manner, by the melting of their lower extremity.

Previously to the year 1800, and even at a later period, most travellers who entered Italy from the north, were obliged to cross the Alps by mule paths, never convenient, and sometimes extremely difficult. The transportation of merchandise, and especially of warlike stores and artillery, was an undertaking of the most arduous character, of which the passage of the Grand St. Bernard by the French invading army in 1800, is a well known example. After the conquest of the Italian states, the enterprise of Napoleon Bonaparte planned and executed two great military roads, practicable for carriages and artillery, one extending from Geneva to Milan, across the Simplon; and the other leading over the pass of Mont Cenis, and opening a communication from Lyons to Turin. These roads, it is but small praise to say, impress every traveller with astonishment, and are monuments of consummate skill in the engineers, who seem to have brought Herculean powers to subdue what nature had intended to be insurmountable. In the Strada Sempione at Milan, a triumphal arch was begun by Napoleon, at the termination of the Simplon road, to commemorate the completion of his stupendous enterprise. It is of white marble, and is ornamented with bas reliefs representing the victories and treaties of the Emperor. After his fall, this structure, one of the largest and most beautiful of its kind, was suffered to remain unfinished, and was even threatened with dilapidation. Travellers who arrived from the mountains, fresh in their admiration, were accustomed to vent their displeasure upon the penurious jealousy of the Austrian Government, which neglected to complete this monument, covered as it was with the testimonies of their own humiliation. But Napoleon is now a dead lion, the Austrians have resumed the work, and when we saw it last year, the structure was nearly completed. Unfortunately, however, for the objects of the founder, they have not been content to complete the structure, but have likewise gone on to complete the history. The tablets beneath, which represent the battle of Marengo and the humiliating treaties which followed, are allowed to remain unharmed; but they are surmounted with others of equal execution, setting forth the battle of Waterloo and the abdication of Bonaparte. The triumphal chariot, and bronze horses, which were to support the statue of Napoleon upon the top, will be occupied by an allegorical figure representing Peace. This is consonant to justice, and historical truth. For every road which Napoleon made over the Alps, Peace has since caused the completion of three times the number, all equally deserving the wonder and gratitude of the public. The traveller, at his ease, may now ride into Italy from any point between Marseilles and Vienna. Broad highways are completed, over the Cornice, the Col de Tende, the Genévre, the Bernardino, the Splugen, the Brenner and the Stelvio. Last summer the St. Gothard was opened for carriages, and a road over the Maloya was nearly finished. Upon most of these, the yearly influx of travellers to Italy has justified the establishment of regular post houses.

To Napoleon is due the credit of having set the example, and proved the usefulness of these great avenues. But nineteen years of peace, which have followed his dethronement, while they have indefinitely increased the amount of communication between Italy and other countries, have at the same time afforded to the governments concerned, the leisure and means requisite for multiplying these works of public utility.*

The Alpine highways resemble each other in their great features, and are among the proudest constructions of art. They would almost impress us with the belief, that nothing is impracticable to ingenuity and labor. These roads usually pursue the course of streams, or valleys, gaining a higher level on their sides, as occasion offers, and at length climbing the principal ridge by what are called *tourniquets*, a succession of terraces connected at their ends alternately in a serpentine manner. Their course often lies along the sides of precipices, jutting out over fearful depths, or crossing torrents and ravines upon bridges of giddy height. Sometimes it appears as if the road had come to an end, against an insuperable steep, or projecting spur of the mountain. But here the skill of the engineer eludes the difficulty, sometimes by throwing a bridge through the air, to the opposite side, and sometimes by entering the rock itself with a subterranean gallery. In places particularly exposed to avalanches, the road either buries itself in the rock, or is protected by massive stone arches, forming covered ways, over the passages exposed. Much injury, still, is done, every year, to these roads by the descents of snow and of water, and they are kept in repair at great expense, by the governments to which they respectively belong.

The highest of the passes over which a carriage road has been constructed, is that of the Monte Stelvio, on the route from Botzen to Milan. It was made by the Emperor of Austria, since 1814, to establish a communication with the Milanese, without quitting his own territory. The summit ridge, which it crosses, is more than nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seven hundred above the estimated line of perpetual snow, in its latitude. This great elevation rendered it one of the most arduous roads in its formation, as it is one of the most difficult to keep in repair. It was found necessary to construct from two to three thousand feet of galleries or covered ways, to shelter the road from avalanches and falling rocks, which sweep over it in certain places. On this road, says Mr. Brockedon, 'shortly after leaving Prad, the magnificent mountain of the Ortler-spitz opens suddenly on the view of the traveller, with a vast and appalling effect, as it is seen from its extreme summit to its base, robed in everlasting snows, which descend on its sides in enormous glaciers, and stream into the valley below. Immense masses of rock, in themselves mountains, throw out their black and scathed forms, in striking contrast with the brightness of the glaciers which they separate.' This part of the route, or rather the whole ascent from Drofoi, the author considers 'without a parallel in Alpine scenery.'

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* We believe that the passage of the Col de Tende, which leads from Nice to Turin, also that of the Brenner, from Inspruck to Verona, were practicable for carriages of some sort, before Napoleon's time.

The passage of the Brenner, leading from Inspruck to the Lago di Guarda and Verona, is the lowest which crosses the great chain of Alps, being only 4700 feet above the level of the sea. It is also one of the oldest of these roads. A dark, narrow valley between Sterzing and Mittenwald, is famous for having been the place of a successful resistance of the Tyrolese, under Andrew Hofer, against the French and Bavarian army in 1809. Great numbers of the latter were destroyed by stones rolled down upon them from the heights, which overhang the defile.

The pass of the Splugen, leading from Coire, the capital of the Grisons, to Lake Como, is said, in Starke's Guide book, to 'surpass in magnificent, sublime and awful scenery, every other carriage road in Europe.' We know not how far this exclusive praise may be just, but we are certain, from ocular conviction, that a portion of this road, called the Via mala, extending several miles between the villages of Andeer and Tusis, richly merits all the terrific encomiums it has received. It is the deep and narrow gorge through which the Hinter Rhine makes its escape from the mountains, between mural precipices a thousand feet in height, and just far enough asunder, for about four miles, to furnish a scanty bed to the torrent. How the Romans made their way through this chasm, into Rhætia, or the barbarians afterwards broke through the same track into Italy, no one at the present day can imagine; except by supposing them to have diverged to the neighboring mountains; for the sides of the chasm are perpendicular rock, and the bottom is monopolized in a most unqualified manner, by the furious and turbulent Rhine. The modern road is a shelf, or notch, formed about midway in the precipice, and several times disappearing within the rock, for many rods together. A bridge crosses the chasm, at such a height, that the Rhine, always chafed and foaming, looks, from it, like a white cord, in the perpendicular distance; and a large stone, dropped from the parapet, seems floating for several seconds in the air, and when it strikes the water, a loud explosion is sent upward. In November and December, 1800, a French army of reserve, under Macdonald, crossed the Splugen, enduring the horrors and hardships of an Alpine winter, being arrested by the obliteration of the path, and losing many men and horses, by the avalanches. The sufferings of this passage are recorded by Count Philip de Segur, a well known historian of military disasters.

On the north side of the ridge of Splugen, and near the village of the same name, a road diverges through the valley of the Rheinwald, and crossing Mount Bernardino, follows the course of the Moesa till it joins the Ticino, and the road from St. Gothard. It then continues to the Lago Maggiore and a branch of it to the Lugano. On the principal lakes there are now established steamboats, which ply daily between the extremities of these waters. We observed, that they generally bear the classical names of the lakes which they traverse, as Il Lario, Il Verbano, Le Leman, &c. The scenery afforded by the passage through Lakes Como and Maggiore is exquisitely picturesque.

Persons going from central Switzerland by Altorf to the Lake Maggiore, may now cross in carriages the pass of St. Gothard, celebrated alike for its romantic scenery, and its military history. The name of Suvaroff is engraved on a rock, near the desolate summit, at a place where that commander obtained a victory over the French in 1799. The celebrated Devil's Bridge, over the torrent of the Reuss, is a single arch of seventy feet span, thrown across a rushing cataract, at the height of a hundred feet above the water. 'It is impossible,' says Mr. Brockedon, 'to think of such a structure, in such a situation, without shuddering at the idea of the danger to which those who built it must have been exposed.' Yet this bridge has more than once been the scene of conflicts between the French and Imperialists, in the campaign of 1799; and once during the heat of an engagement, while the French under Lecourbe were in the act of charging the Austrians, thirty feet of the bridge separated and fell from the parapets, precipitating all who were upon it into the gulf below.

The fame of the route of the Simplon has reached all persons, who have interested themselves about the Alps, or Napoleon Bonaparte. It has been customary for most travellers to take this road either in going into Italy, or in returning from it, thus gaining a direct conveyance between Geneva and Milan. Considered as a work of art, the Simplon road probably exceeds all the others, in the neatness and architectural finish of its parapets and bridges; and it is exceeded by none in the magnitude of the difficulties overcome by the French and Italian engineers employed in its construction. The great gallery near Gondo is 596 feet long, and is cut through solid granite. Its southern extremity, where a bridge crosses the waterfall of Frassinone, at the entrance of an impassable gorge, is almost unequalled in picturesque and imposing effect. The Gallery has lateral openings to admit the light, opposite to one of which, the following inscription is cut in the rock,—ÆRE ITALO 1805. The part of the road which is on the Swiss side of the Simplon, was completed by French engineers; but the southern half, which is by far the most difficult, was executed by Italian artificers, under the Chevalier Fabbroni, at the expense of the Italian States.

The valley through which this road passes, extending through the Canton of Valais to the Pays de Vaud, is enclosed by a rampart of the highest mountains in Europe, having the peaks of Piedmont on one side, and the Bernese Alps on the other, some of which rise more than 10,000 feet above it. It has been considered as the deepest valley in the known world. Aware of this circumstance, the traveller receives, from the scenery around him, impressions of sublimity, such as belong only to the presence of natural objects, which are known to be unequalled in their kind. They are emotions like those which may be inspired by the River Mississippi, Lake Superior, or the Cataract of Niagara. Beyond the immediate effect on the senses, there is a deep and commanding interest, a pervading solemnity, which call on us to pay homage, to what has never been outdone. But in this valley the beautiful also mingles with the sublime, and the solitudes which shelter in its infant growth, one of the most rapid and turbulent of rivers, have gathered round it the elements of fitness, which convey to the mind ideas of a recess and sanctuary of nature.

‘ ’Tis lone,
And wonderful and deep, and hath a sound

> And sense and sight of sweetness. Here the Rhone
> Hath spread himself a couch,—the Alps have reared a throne.'

The pass of Mount Cenis, already mentioned, and that of Mount Genévre, made by Napoleon between Grenoble and Turin, are carriage roads, possessing features of the same general kind with those which have been described. But the Cornice, or Mediterranean road, is essentially different from the rest, being not so much a pass of the Alps, as it is a passage by which the Alps are avoided. It is true that the Maritime Alps here come down to the sea so abruptly, as to leave no room for a level passage between the mountains and the water. Nevertheless an excellent road is now constructed, which no where rises to a great height, and by which invalids travel to Nice and to Italy, at all seasons of the year. The Mediterranean way was known to the ancients, and it was by this pass, says Mr. Brockedon, that Julius Cæsar penetrated into Italy when about to engage in his contest with Pompey. This road presents, from many of its eminences, splendid views of the sea beneath, while, on the other hand, it is distinctly seen along the coast, from the steamboats, which ply between Marseilles and Genoa.

It will be observed that the roads which have been made practicable for carriages, are principally large thoroughfares, by which intercourse is carried on between Italy and the adjacent states. But a vast number of mountain passes, in less frequented directions, are still traversed only by pedestrians and mules ; or in some cases by a low, narrow carriage, called a *char à banc*. Of this kind are the various avenues to the vale of Chamouni, the fearful pass of Gemmi near the baths of Lenk, the defiles of the Grimsel and Gries which approach the sources of the Rhone, the various paths by which the Oberland is traversed, numerous tracks which lead up the sides of mountains, among which should not be forgotten the Wingernalp, beautifully described by Simond, from which the traveller at midsummer, witnesses in safety the hourly fall of avalanches from the opposite side of the Jungfran.

The passes of the Great and the Little St. Bernard are interesting from their proximity to Mont Blanc, lying on opposite sides of it ; also from their scenery and historical associations. The former is well known for the Hospice, situated near its summit, inhabited by a benevolent order of monks, whose business is to rescue and relieve distressed travellers.

It may seem singular that neither of these long and well known passages, has yet been made the site of a carriage road. But the king of Sardinia has shown himself less fond of public improvements of this kind, than his more communicative neighbors.

A controversy has been agitated with some zeal, in regard to the particular pass by which Hannibal crossed the Alps with his Carthaginian army. Different speculators, who have endeavored to trace his track, by the histories of Livy and Polybius, have assigned the Monte Viso, the Genévre, and the Mont Cenis, as corresponding in their situation and character to the route he is said to have pursued. In a work entitled 'a Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps, by a member of the University of Oxford,' the author, after an elaborate investigation of the subject, decides on the Little St. Bernard, as the true route of the Carthaginian army. Mr. Brockedon adopts the same opinion, having carefully examined the features of this pass, in reference to the historical data which have reached us. Hannibal, it seems, on his arrival from Spain, crossed the Rhone, probably somewhere near Avignon, and ascended that river above its confluence with the Isaure. He afterwards passed eastwardly towards the mountains, encountering the Allobroges and other warlike tribes on his way. It is to be regretted that the names of places are not marked with sufficient distinctness by Polybius, the historian who is chiefly relied on in this matter. But that our readers may have a specimen of the mode of passing the Alps in those days, we subjoin his account of this celebrated march.

> 'The barbarians,' says this historian, 'brought their hostages; supplied the army liberally with cattle; and gave themselves up to the Carthaginians with so little reserve or caution, that Hannibal was in a great degree induced to throw away all suspicion; and even intrusted them with the charge of leading the army through the rest of the defiles. But when the Carthaginians, after two days march under the conduct of these guides, were now engaged in passing through a valley, that was surrounded on every side by steep and insuperable precipices, suddenly this treacherous people appeared behind them in great numbers, and fell with fury on the rear. In this situation, the whole army must inevitably have been destroyed, if Hannibal, who still retained some little doubt of their sincerity, had not placed, by a

wise precaution, the baggage, with the cavalry, at the head of all the march, and the heavy infantry behind. These troops sustained the attack, and in part repelled the impending ruin. The loss, however, was very great, both of men, and horses, and beasts of burthen. For the barbarians, advancing still along the summit of the mountains, as the Carthaginians continued their march through the valley, both by flinging stones, and rolling down fragments of the rocks upon them, spread so great terror and disorder through the army, that Hannibal was forced to take his station for the night upon a naked and desert rock, to secure the cavalry and baggage, till they had all passed the valley; and this was at last accomplished. But such was the roughness and the difficulty of these defiles, that the whole night was scarcely sufficient for the work.

'On the following day, the enemy being now retired, the Carthaginian General joined the cavalry, and continued his march towards the summit of the Alps. From this time, the barbarians never came to attack him in any very numerous body. But some straggling parties of them, appearing from time to time in different places, and falling, as occasion served, sometimes upon the foremost troops, and sometimes on the rear, gave frequent interruption to his march, and carried away a part of the baggage. The elephants were chiefly serviceable upon these occasions. For on which side soever they advanced, the enemy were struck with terror at the sight, and never ventured to approach. On the ninth day, having gained at last the summit of the mountains, he there fixed his camp, and rested during two whole days: that he might give some ease and refreshment to the troops, that had performed their march in safety; and that the others might also join him, who had not yet arrived. During this time, many of the wounded horses, and of the beasts that had thrown their burden in the late disorders of the march, having followed the traces of the army, arrived safely in the camp.

'It was now near the time of winter. The mountains were already covered deep with snow; and the whole army seemed to be under the greatest dejection and dismay: being not only exhausted by the miseries which they had suffered, but disheartened also by the view of those that were yet to come, and Hannibal, therefore had recourse to the only expedient that remained, to raise their drooping courage. He assembled the troops together; and from the summit of the Alps, which, considered with regard to Italy, appear to stand as the citadel of all the country, pointed to their view the plains beneath that were watered by the Po; and reminded them of the favorable disposition of the Gauls towards them. He showed them also the very ground, upon which Rome itself was situated. By this prospect, they were in some degree recovered from their fears. On the morrow therefore, they decamped, and began to descend the mountains. There was now no enemy that opposed their passage; except some lurking parties only, which sometimes fell upon them by surprise for the sake of plunder. But by reason of the snows, and the badness of the ground, their loss was not much inferior to that which they had suffered in the ascent. For the way was not only very steep and narrow, but so entirely covered also by the snow, that the feet knew not where to tread in safety. And as often as they turned aside from the proper track, they were instantly hurried down some precipice. Yet the soldiers, to whom such accidents were now become familiar, sustained all this misery with an amazing firmness. At last they came to a place, which neither the elephants, nor the beasts of burden, could in any manner pass; for the ground, which was before extremely steep and broken, to the length of a stadium and a half, had again very lately fallen away, and left the road so narrow, that it was quite impracticable. At this sight, the troops again were seized with consternation; and even began to lose all the hopes of safety. Hannibal at first endeavored to avoid this route, by changing the direction of his march, and making a circuit round it. But he soon was forced to desist from that design; for the way on every side was utterly insuperable, through an accident of a singular kind, which is peculiar to the Alps. The snows of the former year, having remained unmelted upon the mountains, were now covered over by those that had fallen in the present winter. The latter, being soft, and of no great depth, gave an easy admission to the feet. But when these were trodden through, and the soldiers began to touch the snows that lay beneath, which were now become so firm that they would yield to no impression, their feet both fell at once from under them, as if they had been walking upon the edge of some high and slippery precipices. And this mischance drew after it a still worse accident. For when they struggled with their hands and knees to recover themselves from their fall, as the ground was everywhere extremely steep, they were then sure to slide away with greater violence and rapidity than before; carrying likewise with them whatever they had grasped for their support. The beasts also, that were loaded with the baggage, having, by their endeavors to rise again when they had fallen, broken the surface of the lower snow, remained closely wedged in the pits which they had made; and by the weight of the burthens under which they lay, as well as from the unyielding firmness of the snows around them, were fixed immovably in the place.

'When this attempt was thus found to be impracticable, Hannibal returned again to the narrow road which he had quitted; and having removed the snow, he encamped at the entrance of it, and ordered the soldiers to make a firm and level way along the precipice itself. And this, with the expense of vast pains and labor, was at last effected: so that in one day's time, there was sufficient room for the horses and the beasts of burden to descend. These were immediately conducted down; and having gained the plains, were sent away to pasture, in places where no snow had fallen. The Numidians were then commanded to enlarge the road, that the elephants might also pass. But so laborious was the task, that though fresh men still succeeded to those that were fatigued, it was not without great difficulty that they completed it, in three days' continued toil: after which, these beasts came down the mountain; being almost exhausted and spent with famine. For the tops of the Alps, which are covered through all seasons with perpetual snows, produce neither tree nor pasture; though the middle parts on both sides of them abound with woods and forests, and are proper to be cultivated. Hannibal then descended last, with all the army; and thus on the third day gained the plains; having lost great numbers of his soldiers in the march, as well in passing rivers, as in the engagements which he was forced to sustain. Many of his men had also perished among the precipices of the Alps: and a far greater number of the horses, and beasts of burden. And having thus at last completed his journey from New Carthage, in five months time; fifteen days of which were employed in passing over the Alps; he now boldly entered the territory of the Insubrians, and the plains that are watered by the Po: though the whole of his infantry, that was left, amounted to no more than twelve thousand Africans, and eight thousand Spaniards; and his cavalry, to six thousand only: as we learn from an account, that was engraven by his orders on a column near Lacinium.

'The Carthaginian General, having now entered Italy with the forces which we have already particularly mentioned, at first encamped at the bottom of the Alps, that he might give some ease and refreshment to his troops. Indeed the present condition of his army was miserable almost beyond expression. For besides the hardships which they had sustained from the difficulties of the way, both in ascending and descending the mountains, the want of such provisions as were necessary, and the diseases also which their bodies had contracted from neglect and filth, had changed them into spectacles of horror: while the greater part seemed voluntarily to sink beneath their sufferings, and even to reject all thoughts both of life and safety. For in a march so long and difficult, it was utterly impossible to bring with them such supplies, as might fully satisfy the wants of so numerous an army; and even those which they had brought were almost all lost among the precipices, with the beasts that carried them. This army, therefore, which, when it passed the Rhone, consisted of thirty-eight thousand foot, and eight thousand horse, was now reduced to less than half that number. The rest had perished among the mountains. And those that were left alive, were so much worn and altered by continued sufferings, that their appearance was scarcely human.'—*Lib.* III. *Cap.* V. VI.

Such was the condition of the Carthaginian army, at the time immediately preceding the commencement of their conquests. The preparatory training, which has just been described, seems to have endowed them with the qualities of wolves, rather than of men, and thus to have enabled them to subdue the veteran armies of Rome in repeated battles, to overrun a great part of Italy, and to keep their foothold in that country for sixteen years.

We ought not to quit the subject of the Alps, without pausing long enough to pay due homage to the modern exploit, which has been repeatedly performed, of ascending some of the high mountains, and particularly Mont Blanc, to the summit. This journey has now been achieved by about a score of individuals, of whom a great part are English, and two Americans, and whose names may be seen posted at some of the inns on the road to Chamouni. The enterprize is one of great danger and hardship, and since the small scientific harvest, which it affords, has been reaped to the gleanings, by De Saussure, the only reward, which the adventurer now obtains, is the satisfaction of breathing 'the cold, thin atmosphere,' of the highest point in Europe, at the expense of inflamed eyes and frozen extremities, the result of successive nights passed upon icy rocks, or snows, in a highly rarefied air. De Saussure's narrative is familiar to scientific readers, and that of our countrymen, Van Rensellaer and Howard, will be read with interest in the second volume of Prof. Silliman's Journal.

With the inhabitants of the Alpine country, with Savoyards, Swiss, and Tyrolese,—the book-reading, as well as the song-singing portions of the community are already well acquainted. Their simple, hardy and adventurous character, and frugal mode of life, have many charms for distant ears; and the inflexible spirit with which they have maintained their independence, is deserving of all praise. Nevertheless, a Swiss cottage is not a paradise in which one would wish to spend years, at least if we take as evidence the following picture of Mr. Brockedon, delineating the success of an attempt at a second night's sleep, after having failed in a first.

'I returned to my poor woman's hut, and regretted that I had left it, as I should at least have been drier there than in the one,—I cannot say I either slept or sheltered in. For my breakfast, I drank some excellent milk, and ate a portion of a small loaf which I had brought with me from Val Tournanche. Mid-day arrived with little alteration of weather: the snow had changed to rain only. I occasionally crawled out of an opening, nick-named a door, four feet high, which I was always obliged to re-enter backwards, because it opened against the slope of the mountain. The snow was now rapidly melting in the valley, but the mountains had had their wigs newly trimmed, as if the dressing were to serve a week. The guide again made his appearance, to say that the mules remained at Val Tournanche, and that to-morrow being Sunday they would not be allowed to travel; they would therefore remain till Monday, and I must rest contented, if possible, at least another night. The day passed drearily. I helped to boil the polenta,—milk and water, into which the flour of Indian corn was stirred; and the whole seasoned with salt. If I had not seen it prepared, I should have eaten some; but at the time my disgust exceeded my appetite. It was very cold; yet we were obliged to economise the fuel, as we had very little within the *châlet;* and the small stock of rhododendron, the only shrub at this elevation that supplies the fire, was soaked by the weather, which came on too suddenly, and at this early season too unexpectedly, to have induced the precaution of keeping a larger stock within. My poor and kind hostess frequently came to me, to know what I would have to eat, as if she had a choice of food. She procured for me during the day, three eggs; except these she had nothing to give but milk and curds, and bread baked once a year; at Michaelmas; and baking day was nearly come round again. It was miserably cold: stamping my feet and slapping my hands, were the only means of warming them, for the fire was too scanty. The melted snow ran into the hut, and formed pools. To pass the time, I assisted in butter-making, rocking the youngest child to sleep, and writing letters to England; my eyes smarted with the smoke of the wet shrub-wood, which I tried in vain to blow into a blaze. By way of a little variety, I was indulged with the squalls and disputations of the noisy children.

'I prepared for my second night's rest by placing the high end of a form, with only two legs remaining, against another large stool which was generally used for a table. The lower end of my couch came as near the ashes of the hearth as with safety it could be put. Upon these a bundle of hay was thrown, and made a comfortable bed enough. Here I should have slept well, but a boisterous and overjoyed assembly of fleas prevented it: those of this hovel having, as I am conceited enough to fancy, given a grand entertainment, in honor of my coming, to the fleas of the other *châlets*; and I verily believe not one refused the invitation. I of course was served up; and to judge of what remained of me, I think the rascals had *goût* enough to relish my being half smoked.'

Mr. Brockedon is a believer in the history of William Tell, and in the truth of the principal traditions concerning him, especially that of shooting the apple from his son's head. He founds his belief partly upon the antiquity of these traditions, and the fact that the arrow and apple are used as national emblems, and are engraved on rocks in different parts of Switzerland. He also finds stronger evidence of the truth of the event in the chapel of the Tellen platte, the rock at the foot of the Achsenberg, upon which Tell in the storm, is said to have leaped, when he escaped from the boat of Gesler. 'Only thirty years after Tell's death, which happened in the year 1358, this chapel was built to commemorate the event of his escape, and a series of pictures in fresco, upon the walls, represent the principal events of his life. Shooting at the apple on his son's head is one of this series. In the year of the completion of this chapel, 1388, at the general assembly of the people, there were present one hundred and fourteen persons, who had known Tell during his life. These would not have allowed a falsehood to be recorded, to aid by the addition of romance the immortal reputation of their countryman.'

Of the works which stand at the head of this article, Brockedon's 'Illustrations,' comprise a magnificent assemblage of engraved views of Alpine scenery, accompanied by a text agreeably written, and evincing historical knowledge and a talent for discriminating observation. His 'Excursions' form an entertaining itinerary, which, from its size, is more accessible to the public at large. Ebel's Switzerland embodies more local information respecting the Alpine country, than any work of similar size that we have seen; and the last edition considerably exceeds the former ones in the comprehensiveness of its details.

ART. VI. *The Last of the Stuarts.*

History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1745, 1746. By ROBERT CHAMBERS. 2 vols. First American Edition. Philadelphia, 1833.

THERE are few passages in history of more romantic interest, than the expedition, of which this writer has undertaken to give a new description; nor was there ever a more open field for the historian. The account given by Home, was, as might have been expected, full of those prejudices, which so often overbalance, in the eye witness, all the advantage he might otherwise derive from standing near the scene of action. In fact, it is often found, that those, who have borne a trifling part in great transactions, consider everything in relation to what they themselves heard and saw, and in this way form an idea of the whole, much more limited and partial than those who are distant both in place and time, and derive all their information from others. Perhaps too, there never was a time from 'the fortyfive,' till the end of the last century, when any writer could have been found sufficiently free from political prejudice, to be able to give an impartial account of what related to the Stuarts; for although the family and their adherents had long passed away, the prejudices which had been excited for and against them still existed, sustained perhaps by association with religious interests and feelings. Considered as a political contest, involving the cause of good government and the prosperity of the British nation, there was no reason to wish success to this bold adventure; but if it be regarded simply as a trial of strength between the Hanover and Stuart successions, as individuals contending for the crown, the feeling of the impartial would incline in favor of the losing party; since they were unfortunate almost beyond example, and their successful rivals disgraced their victory by violence and blood.

The history of the Stuart family itself is a singular one, and very much resembles the course of this knight errant expedition, which seemed thrown like a rocket into the heart of England, where, after startling all eyes with its fiery brightness, it exploded, and was lost in darkness forever. If we may credit the Scotch historians, the race descended in a direct line from Fleance, the son of Banquo; and to all who question this fact, they put the question, From whom did they descend, if not from him?—an interrogation, which has often been employed with great effect on such occasions. Lord Hailes professes not to be able to trace their origin; they were probably a wealthy and powerful Norman family, who derived the name by which they are now known, from their office as stewards of Scotland. When they reached the throne by marriage, their course may be traced in history by its peculiar difficulties and sorrows, which pressed heavily upon all the race, but were seen most distinctly in the fortunes of Mary, and her grandson Charles. No doubt there was much to condemn in their personal characters; and their maxims of government were such, as never could be tolerated in a nation which had the least pretension to the name of free; still, we can hardly refuse our sympathy to their 'discrowned heads,' as we trace their course from the rough mountains of the North, to the sunny plains of Italy, where it ended miserably at last.

The history of this expedition is interesting, from the circumstance of its making us so well acquainted with the Highlanders, who, though not the best neighbors in the world, are invaluable as subjects of poetical interest and philosophical contemplation. Living in their natural castles and towers,—separated by their mountain barriers from the arts and refinements of civilized life, they were as little known in Edinburgh, as the Indians of our country are now in our Atlantic cities; they were as little understood, as those diluvial currents, which, geologists say, swept down from the north in former ages, and left their traces on all the British isles. Their political organization was, for a civilized region or a civilized vicinity, vicious and dangerous to the last degree. It was substantially the same with that which existed in the days of the patriarchs, founded upon a sentiment of loyalty and association, which was deeper and stronger than can be conceived by cultivated man, and which, though it made them terrible instruments of violence at times, also led to unexampled heights of chivalrous gallantry and generous self-devotion. It was not surprising that they should be ready to fight for their chief or sovereign, since they were a military people, who delighted in war; but it was certainly most honorable to them, that Charles Edward, after bringing ruin directly down upon them, and depriving them of all but honor, should have been able to linger among them so long, when a word would have betrayed him, and have earned the price of thirty thousand pounds, which was offered for his head. Whatever their political sins may have been, they have since been expiated. The bloody ploughshare passed over them, and salt was sown upon their soil ; in destroying their social condition as it was, no care was taken to supply it with a better ; the result is, that this romantic region is left, every year, more and more desolate, and its inhabitants are resorting in great numbers to the northern parts of our country.

With respect to the individuals, whose names are most distinguished in connexion with this enterprise, the general sentiment has given its verdict long ago. The Duke of Cumberland was exalted to the skies for the victory of Culloden, gained over an inferior, divided and disheartened army ; but his reputation, thus acquired, proves nothing but the universal dismay which prevailed throughout the kingdom ; no other part of his military history indicates anything more than an ordinary man. He was unable to contend with Marshal Saxe at Fontenoy ; and when he returned to the continent in 1747, he was again defeated by that distinguished general at Laufeld. Ten years after, he lost the battle of Hastenbach against D'Estrées, and ruined his credit by the convention at Closterseven, which closed his military career. If this part of his history is not particularly honorable, there is nothing on which his reputation can rest ; for the course which he pursued after the fortunate accident which popular gratitude magnified into a great victory, was more thoroughly brutal and disgusting than anything recorded in modern times ; indeed, the whole treatment inflicted upon the Highlanders by the English army, shows how naturally the basest fear is followed by wild and fierce revenge. This General seems to have formed a tolerably correct estimate of his own standing ; for after his recall from the continent, he remarked that he no more deserved his present disgrace, than his former glory.

The character of the young Chevalier is also established in history, beyond the power of prejudice to alter. Nothing can be more natural, than that he should have believed in his right to the English throne,—a right, which had been admitted by the nation itself for more than one generation, and which many lofty minds believed in so firmly, that they were willing to die in defence of it. He had been educated in this faith, which was acknowledged with enthusiasm by those around him, and it could not be expected that he should be among the foremost to discover the defects of his title to the crown, or to renounce the inheritance of his fathers. There is no doubt that he was, when he came to Scotland, a brave and accomplished young man. That he had talents, is sufficiently evident from his success; for none but an able men could have induced his adherents to embark in an enterprize so desperate from the beginning, nor could any other have kept together the discordant materials of his army, and wrought them up to such gigantic efforts, that the best armies of England, as fast as they met them, were successively swept away. It is true, that he afterwards fell into degrading habits and vices, but these were the consequence of his wretched fortunes; and it is absurd to say, that because the evening was clouded, the morning could never have been fair. His disappointed adherents ascribed their misfortunes to him, and when he was manifestly unable to serve them, their loyalty changed into hatred and revenge. One of these was the chevalier Johnstone, another was Dr. King. The former, unless his work does him great injustice, equally weak in his principles and his brain;—the latter, a deserter from his party, whose temper had been soured by the failure of all his political designs. But it is not necessary to enlarge on this point, since Scott, with his usual fairness, has taken the just view of the character of Charles Edward, and fixed it in the public mind with a depth of impression, which no time will wear away.

It does not appear, that he received encouragement from any quarter, to attempt the invasion of England. A constant correspondence was kept up with the adherents of his party in England, but they, while they detested the Protestant succession, and were sufficiently discontented with their own position, had no taste for engaging in any bold adventure. Neither was France either able or willing to render efficient aid. They were willing to keep the exiled family as a thorn in the side of England, but they had not enough to gain from a change of dynasty, to make them willing to sacrifice much to effect it. The aspect of England was certainly inviting, could sufficient resources have been brought to bear upon her by an invader. She was involved in one of those endless and unmeaning continental wars, in which she has always wasted her treasure and blood. Her army had but lately received a stunning and almost fatal blow; her navy was, as usual, engaged at the world's end, and the people were complaining bitterly of war, oppression and taxes. But this discontent, which is always found in every free nation, while it seems to those without like the last struggle of life, is, in fact, nothing more than one of the conditions of national existence in a state of freedom; and should any invader attempt to take advantage of it, he finds that all parties unite, and direct upon him that energy which they have just been wasting in quarrels with each other. And while he had little prospect of aid from others, his own resources were exceedingly few and small. He had no experienced officer with him, and his money was less than four thousand pounds. As for an army, which was the essential thing, it was with extreme difficulty that he was able to reach Scotland, almost alone.

The welcome which Charles received when he first arrived in Scotland, was as discouraging as possible; but he had made up his mind to the enterprise, and was determined not to be withheld by the power of his enemies or the coldness of his friends. He landed with only seven attendants, at Borodale, a farm belonging to Clanranald, a gallant young chief, who represented to him the hopelessness of the undertaking, but ended by devoting his heart and hand to the service of his master. In this act of fidelity, he was, at the time, entirely alone: the Government had many powerful friends in the region, and no other chief had yet declared in favor of Charles. When we remember that this chieftain was fully aware of his danger, that he saw from the first what the result would be, and that, with these impressions in his mind, he went forward fearlessly to discharge what he regarded as a sacred duty, this seems to us like one of the noblest actions which history records. For to follow a sentiment,—to have a noble sentiment inspire the heart with such power, as to make the man hold death and danger light,—to have the sentiment of self-sacrifice act upon the heart, with more power than any prospect of personal advantage, is a decided proof of moral greatness, such as makes the coldest heart burn within.

The first who came to Charles Edward at Borodale, was Donald Cameron, called *young* Lochiel, because his father was still living, though an exile on account of his former exertions in favor of the Stuarts. On his way, Lochiel called on his brother John Cameron, to whom he made known his purpose of visiting the Prince, in order to convince him that his design was impracticable. But his brother, who knew his character, warned him that the voice of Charles Edward would waken all the sleeping fires of loyalty in his breast. Lochiel went on, and when he saw the Prince, exerted all his eloquence to induce him to return to France. But Charles declared to him that he would persevere, if he went on alone; and that Lochiel, the brave and loyal, might remain at home, and hear how his prince had fallen. This appeal was irresistible, and the fate of the whole enterprise depended upon its success; for we are told by Home, that had Lochiel declined following, not another chief in all the Highlands would have taken arms for the exiled king.

Charles Edward, encouraged by this success, removed to Kinlochmoidart, and thence to Lochshiel, near the eastern extremity of which he had determined to set up his standard. Meantime the commander of Fort Augustus, hearing some obscure reports of his movements, despatched two companies to Fort William, twenty-eight miles distant, to keep those districts in order. The path of this detachment lay on the steep sides of mountains. As they approached a bridge which crossed a mountain torrent, they heard the sound of a bagpipe, and found that the bridge was in possession of Highlanders, whose force they could not discern. Their number in reality did not exceed twelve, but the officer, perceiving the disadvantage of his position, attempted to retreat; while he was returning, he was surrounded by other clans, and compelled to surrender. This little success tended very much to encourage the Highlanders, and to prepare them for the coming war.

The standard was raised in the vale of Glenfinnin, and Charles Edward found himself at the head of a force of twelve hundred men. He then declared war upon the Elector of Hanover, the usurper of his father's throne. That king was in Hanover when the insurrection began. The nation was governed by a regency in his absence, and the affairs of the North were entrusted to an officer called Secretary of State for Scotland. The first intelligence of danger was communicated by the celebrated Duncan Forbes, President of the Court of Session, who exerted his powers and spent his fortune in the service of the King on this occasion, and received in return such recompense as sovereigns are said to be too apt to give. He went to Sir John Cope, commander of the forces in Scotland, with a letter which he had received from a Highland gentleman, giving a distinct intimation of the danger. Cope sent notice at once to the Secretary, the Marquess of Tweedale, advising that arms should be transmitted to the North for the use of the loyal clans. But so inefficient were all arrangements, that nothing was done; and it is a little remarkable, that Cope, who was the only public officer who had sense enough to understand the danger, should have so entirely lost his reputation for military foresight and skill. It is one of the most common expedients of political foolishness in high places, to make others the scape-goats for its own sins.

But the truth is, that the British army of that day was ridiculously inefficient. From the days of Marlborough, it had been constantly declining in discipline and vigor; but the decay was not felt, because all the particulars of dress and equipment were sacredly regarded, and nothing was neglected but the man. In fact, there was hardly any approach to reform in these respects, till Napoleon opened his great military school for the nations, and gave lessons in it which will not soon be forgotten in the world. Can the imagination conceive of any thing more profoundly absurd, than Braddock's army going forth, in powdered wigs, to engage in bush-fights with the Indians? So lately as the Revolutionary war, we are told by Wilkinson, that the Connecticut lighthorse presented themselves at the camp in full bottomed wigs, and were welcomed with most irreverent mirth by the commanding officer, General Lee. The dress, however, was in keeping with all the rest of the system, which, beside being weak, was inefficient, unmanageable, and wholly unfit to contend with the wild fury of the Highlanders, who paid not the least regard to the graces and refinements of war.

If the Highlands had been within the Arctic circle instead of being almost within sight of Edinburgh, it would have been impossible for the Government to be more completely uninformed, both with respect to Charles Edward's motions, and the amount of danger which they had need to dread. Cope took counsel with the well known Andrew Fletcher and Duncan Forbes, the latter of whom was familiar with the Highlands, where by his talents and eloquence he had converted many chiefs from Jacobitism; their advice was, that he should march forward at once, and endeavor to strike an effectual blow before all the disaffected clans had time to assemble in arms. As his own opinion coincided with theirs, he led out his army of fourteen hundred men, intending to garrison Fort Augustus, which is in the centre of the district where the troubles began. Though he was to move through the Alpine passes of the Highlands, he was incumbered with vast quantities of baggage, and even with cannon, beside the arms which he had provided for the use of the loyal clans. But he needed a Baillie Jarvie, to inform him that the 'Highlanders may quarrel and gie each other ill names, and maybe a slash wi' a claymore, but they are sure to join in the lang run, against a' civilized folk that wear breeks.' He found excuses in abundance, but no reinforcements; his baggage horses were stolen, and the supplies necessarily left in the hands of those who hoped to officiate as his executors; all manner of contradictory intelligence was furnished to mislead him, so that he was at last completely bewildered. Finding his situation extremely dangerous, he turned aside to Inverness, after taking the opinions of a council of war.

This was precisely the movement which the insurgents wanted; it left open the path for them to descend to the Lowlands, and the impression that the English were afraid to encounter them, had a great effect in filling up the ranks of their army. It was only necessary to gain the chief; whatever side he chose, was adopted by the clansmen, though it was sometimes necessary, as Voltaire said of the execution of Admiral Byng, to shoot one, 'in order to encourage the rest.' Charles Edward took unwearied and most successful pains to gain the favor of all, by adopting their manners, speaking their language, and walking at their side. His appearance and bearing are said, by those who saw him, to have been very noble and engaging; his figure was tall and commanding; his face had that thoughtful expression which his unfortunate race are all said to have borne, like a prophetic seal upon their brow; these personal advantages, together with the air of high birth, and the associations, which surrounded him like a glory in the land of his fathers, gave him resistless power over the affections of that warm-hearted people. But his long flowing hair seemed so unfashionable in that day, that one of his Highland guards, seeing an Edinburgh baillie with a wig of most voluminous proportions, seized it without ceremony, and to the equal horror of the prince and citizen, transferred it to Charles Edward's head.

The movement of Cope removed every obstacle, which could have prevented Charles from pressing on to Edinburgh; he therefore advanced rapidly by land, while that unfortunate general sent for transports, to convey his army back to the city. Great was the consternation in the capital, when they found that the invaders were coming down upon them, and their preparations were such as fear is apt to suggest, which most endanger those who use them. They immediately organized a civil militia,—a kind of force which has at least its harmlessness to recommend it, and made other demonstrations, which remind one of Brinkerhoff, as described by Knickerbocker, who, when the British fleet appeared on the coast, stationed two swivels in his entry, the one pointing to the front, the other to the back door. Home, the historian, in an anonymous pamphlet, made himself exceedingly merry with these proceedings, and their value is proved by the fact, that when the commander marched out at their head, to encamp beyond the city walls, on turning at the gate to look upon the warlike columns, he found that, with the exception of a few in his immediate neighborhood, they were no longer visible to the naked eye; the duty of self-preservation had struck them as peculiarly impressive and binding, and as their consciences were made more delicate than usual by the circumstances, they felt that they could not answer for wantonly throwing away their lives. This sentiment was so general, that when the Highlanders entered the city by night, they saw nothing but a few nightcapped heads, put forth indignantly, to ask why their sleep was so unseasonably broken. Edinburgh, with the exception of the castle, surrendered without a blow, and the adventurer was established in Holyrood, the palace and house of his fathers.

Charles Edward held his court in the palace, where he was surrounded by the chivalry and beauty of the land. They felt as if the ancient glory and independence of Scotland were alive again, after having been lost for ages. It is true that wealth and splendor did not abound: but this defect by no means served to destroy the resemblance to former times. The general enthusiasm was extreme; and care had been taken to fan the flame, by those beautiful melodies, full of political allusions thinly veiled under expressions of lover-like attachment, which kept up a feeling, both in cottages and castles, that there would be 'nae luck about the house' till its rightful lord returned. The Prince was called by the Highlanders, Charlich, or Charli, which was his own name translated into the Gaelic, and which sounded in the Lowlands so affectionate and familiar, that he was generally known as Prince Charlie. His way thus prepared, 'his very foot had music in't, as he went up the stair.' As he was ascending the staircase of Holyrood, James Hepburn of Keith, who is said by his enemies to have been a noble specimen of chivalrous grace and honor, stepped forward and ushered him into the hall of the ancient kings of Scotland.

Charles Edward, feeling the necessity of vigorous action, remained but three days in Edinburgh before he hastened to encounter Cope; who, not a little indignant at being out-generalled, had landed his troops at Dunbar, and was burning for an opportunity to redeem his military fame. The armies met at Preston, and those who saw the disorderly line of the Highlanders, compared with the firm and brilliant ranks of the royal army, believed that their meeting would put an end to the cause of the Stuarts forever. The battle is described in Waverley. Though, as Evan Dhu remarked, the churchyard of Tranent, which was in the field, was a very convenient place for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to be killed, and might chance to be curious about Christian burial, very few in the English army were inclined to avail themselves of that advantage. The Highlanders came down like a thunder-cloud bursting upon them; their ranks were at once broken in confusion, the General was borne away by the retreating torrent, and no one maintained the honor of England, but the celebrated Colonel Gardiner, who, deserted by his own troop, put himself at the head of a few resolute men, and was cut down under the wall of his own park, which was on the border of the battle field. General Cope carried to the south the news of his own entire defeat, and unmerciful was the ridicule which followed him. Home, in the pamphlet to which we have alluded, says that he had once seen an Italian opera, in which Cæsar was represented as giving orders to his men to take to their heels, and encouraging them by his energetic example; so that Sir John Cope answered to some descriptions of Cæsar, if not to all. The melancholy and the ludicrous are seldom brought so near to each other, as on this occasion. While the field was covered not only with bodies, but with limbs, which had been hewn off by the broadswords, and while the wounded lay bleeding in every apartment of Colonel Gardiner's house, where the stains are seen in the floors to this day, the Highlanders were engaged in the work of plunder, though profoundly ignorant of the use and value of the most common things. One of the men handed a watch, which he took for a living animal, to an officer, saying that he was glad to be rid of the creature, which had died shortly after he caught it; when it had stopped for want of winding up. A gentleman, whose horses had been taken for the use of the army, applied to Lord George Murray after the battle, to have them restored. The General told him that he could by no means consent to such a measure; 'but,' said he, 'the horses are all in Tranent churchyard; watch your opportunity, pick out your horses and make the best of your way home.' The advice was followed, and the proprietor recovered his horses, or at least provided himself with others as good.

The course which Charles Edward wished to pursue, was to march directly for England, where the panic caused by the defeat at Preston would go before them, and do as much for them as their arms. This counsel, had it been adopted, might have proved successful; but he was overruled by his advisers, who believed, that by remaining in Edinburgh for a time, he might recruit his forces, and obtain valuable and important friends. He certainly succeeded in gaining the ladies to his party, so that Duncan Forbes complained, that he could not get one man of sense to aid him, so fearful were they of displeasing wives or mistresses, by acting against the young chevalier. The clergy were zealous against him, but were entirely unmolested; Charles was sufficiently a man of the world to laugh heartily when he heard of the devotions of the Rev. Mr. M'Vickar, who prayed that the young person, who had come in search of an earthly crown, might soon have a heavenly one, which was a great deal better. Whatever Charles's maxims of government might have been, had he reached the throne, he always seemed perfectly indifferent to the Catholic faith, and would not probably have exerted himself to restore it.

The battle of Preston or Gladsmuir was fought on the 21st of September. When the news reached London, the Government and nation were sufficiently alarmed. A large force was despatched to Scotland under Marshal Wade, and part of the continental army was ordered home to defend the country. But such was the manner in which military operations were then conducted, that it was not before the last of October, that these troops were on their way. About the same time, Charles Edward left Edinburgh to cross the English borders, dividing his army in such a manner, as to leave it uncertain where they would enter the kingdom. These bodies were at last concentrated before Carlisle, a place formerly of great strength, and still defended by a castle and a wall. The city was summoned to surrender; it refused, and preparations were made to besiege it in form. When the garrison found that the besiegers were in earnest, as they had actually no means of resistance, they gave up the city and castle. This new success rang like a knell through England, and aided to increase the terrifying impression which prevailed, of the power of the invaders' arms. Marshal Wade, on hearing this news, felt as if something must be done; he immediately put his troops in motion at Newcastle; but there happened to be a fall of snow, which made the roads somewhat unpleasant; he therefore concluded to return to his station, and wait for comfortable travelling. This officer seems to have resembled the Russian admiral, who officiated as a General at the time of Napoleon's invasion, and was said to have felt unable to bring up his force to the scene of action, on one important occasion, by reason of an unfavorable wind.

The road was now open for the invading army to proceed to London. But all the exultation arising from this wonderful success, was overbalanced, by their finding no accessions in the towns through which they passed. There were Jacobites enough in England; but few were animated with the chivalrous spirit of the Highlanders. Had the Prince succeeded, he would have found thousands declaring in his favor; but so long as the event was uncertain, there were none who would hazard their property and lives to aid him. In truth, the chances of his final success were exceedingly small. The army under the Duke of Cumberland had now returned; his own little army was outnumbered by more than two to one; he had penetrated further into the heart of England, than any invader since the Norman conquest; there was no hope that he could do more, though the metropolis, and indeed all England, was in a state of profound dismay. Six miles beyond Derby was the utmost point reached by the invading army, and this was within four days' march of London. It is not distinctly known what counsels induced them to return; the Prince urged them to press onward, with the zeal and eloquence of one who is pleading for his life; but he could not prevail; and when they began their return, he seemed in perfect despair. His bearing, as described by those who were with him, was precisely similar to that of Fergus McIvor, as painted by the enchanted hand of Scott.

Here, one would have supposed that the interest of the story must have ended, when all hopes of success were evidently gone; but the desperate nature of the enterprise gives it so much romantic attraction, that the interest increases, instead of declining, from the moment when they commenced their return. The return was more dangerous too than the advance, and was conducted with greater firmness and skill. They had stolen two days' march upon the English army, before the Duke of Cumberland knew any thing of their movements: but when it was ascertained that they had actually commenced their retreat, his courage and that of his army began to rise; it seemed to be the first time they had breathed freely for six weeks, during which a small and ill appointed force had carried the standard of Glenfinnin a hundred and fifty miles into the heart of England, in the face of a hostile people, and of an army which immeasurably exceeded theirs in discipline and numbers. That army could boast, like Sancho, that 'they feared nothing but danger;' but there does not seem to have been any one among them, from the highest to the lowest, who was in the least ambitious of the crown of patriotic martyrdom or of any posthumous fame.

The English army pursued, but they seem to have taken judicious care not to proceed too fast; for though they were mounted, and the Highlanders on foot, a fortnight passed before even the cavalry overtook them. Marshal Wade, whose army lay nearer Scotland than that of Charles, sent a force, mounted, that they might not suffer from bad walking, to cut off their retreat: but they arrived at the place where they had heard of the Highlanders, some time after it had been deserted; and having thus obeyed their orders, they seem to have thought it more safe and social to join the army of Cumberland. The order which was sent to the north to break down bridges, was another interruption; a river, however wild and rapid, was no more interruption to a Highlander, than to a wild bird; while the English army, when they came up, were compelled to wait till boats could be prepared, or to submit to the painful necessity of wetting their feet.

The rear guard was commanded by Lord George Murray, a man of great courage and talent, who, when the English army came nearer, contrived to keep them at bay, by making it dangerous to approach him. Being delayed by the breaking down of some baggage wagons, the enemy came upon him; his force consisted of but two or three hundred men, and he applied to the Prince for a reinforcement, with permission to turn the flank of Cumberland's army. The permission was refused, and orders were sent him to retreat; but, after requesting the messenger to say nothing of the orders he had brought, he determined to give them a check with what force he had; he therefore drew up his troops in order for battle, and the English army came up just as the sun was setting. After making his hasty arrangements, which were not completed till it was quite dark, he made a powerful charge upon the English, lighted on by the moon, which broke at intervals through the dark clouds. The dragoons were forced back, with the loss of one hundred and fifty, while the Highlanders lost but twelve: this was the conflict at Penrith, in which Scott represents Fergus McIvor as taken prisoner; it fully answered the purpose: the Scotch general drew off his little force unmolested; his enemies seemed to be of the same mind with Dogberry, who, when asked by the watch, what they must do if they saw a thief breaking into a house, were told by that official, that in his opinion, the less they had to do with that sort of people, the better.

After leaving a garrison in Carlisle, which was soon obliged to surrender, the army of Charles re-crossed the border. The Duke of Cumberland then thought his further services unnecessary, and returned to London, leaving the remainder of the campaign to be conducted by General Hawley and Marshal Wade. It is inconceivable, why the two English armies did not overtake and crush the rebels, exhausted as they were by their long march in the depth of winter; but nothing was done to prevent their moving on to Glasgow, a place bitterly hostile to the Stuarts, where, perhaps by way of punishment, the Chevalier recruited his army, which was fainting with hunger and want of rest. A citizen of Glasgow, seventy years after, described his appearance to Mr. Chambers. 'I managed,' said this ancient, 'to get so near him, as he passed to his lodgings, that I could have touched him with my hand; and the impression which he made on my mind, will last as long as I live. He had a princely aspect, and its interest was much heightened by the dejection, which appeared in his pale fair countenance and his downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disaster, which, soon after, ruined all the hopes of his family forever.'

As we have just said, General Hawley was left in command of Cumberland's army. His character seems to have resembled that of Vain Glory in Bunyan, since, without reflecting that what had befallen others might possibly happen to him, he expressed himself on all occasions with the utmost contempt for his brother generals and their forces, who had been beaten by what he considered a contemptible foe. As he approached Edinburgh, a party of Gardiner's dragoons came out to congratulate him: he received them with a sharp and scornful reproof for their cowardice at Preston, and warned them, that, should there be another engagement, he would not let them off so easily, unless they conducted themselves better. While his army was reposing in Edinburgh, Charles Edward was laying siege to Stirling castle, but without success. Hawley, finding that a good opportunity was presented for gaining immortal fame, sent out his forces to Falkirk, a memorable field, where a great battle had been fought in defence of Scottish freedom four centuries before, determined perhaps to establish among its many glorious associations, some memorials of his own renown. The Highlanders were not in the habit of declining an engagement, and Charles Edward, when he found that his enemy really offered battle, drew up his army on Plean moor, not far from the illustrious field of Bannockburn. The recollections of either ground were favorable to the army which encamped upon it; at Falkirk, the arms of England, after a bloody conflict, had compelled Wallace to retreat; while at Bannockburn, Bruce had given them an overthrow so decided, that it almost annihilated the English power.

Hawley was possessed with such contempt for the Highlanders, that he hardly thought it necessary to observe their motions. Charles Edward took advantage of this vain confidence: he did not allow his own officers to know his purpose, but, after causing one body to retire to Stirling, in order to persuade the English that he was retreating, he despatched his army, in two divisions, one to the right, the other to the left of Hawley's line. Meantime his great standard was left flying on Plean moor, as if it were still his head quarters, though it was entirely deserted. So unapprehensive were the English of danger, that General Hawley accepted an invitation to breakfast with the Countess of Kilmarnock, a beautiful enthusiast in the cause of Stuart, who paid this attention to the English commander only to decoy him from his duty. It is said that Sir John Cope, who knew from sad experience, from what quarter disaster was likely to come, had taken bets to the amount of ten thousand pounds, that Hawley, who had been very severe upon him, would have no better success than his own; and he must have been greatly delighted with the result, which placed his censor in a more humiliating attitude than himself, before the public eye.

Between one and two o'clock, scouts came pouring in upon the English army, announcing that their enemies were at hand. The drums beat to arms, the lines were formed, and all possible efforts made by the officers on duty; but the absence and neglect of the general dispirited the men, who became possessed with the imagination that he had sold them to the enemy: at last he came, galloping up to the troops, with his head uncovered, and his whole appearance so disordered, as only to increase the panic which had already begun to spread. The day, which had hitherto been clear, began to exhibit the signs of a gathering winter storm, a circumstance by no means cheering to troops, who were unused to the rough climate of Scotland. Finding that Charles was endeavoring to reach the heights, from which he might overwhelm the English with one of the thundering Highland charges, Hawley resolved to dispute the ground, and therefore ordered his dragoons to advance, and the infantry to follow them, with fixed bayonets, up the sides of the hill. But the Highlanders succeeded in gaining the summit, and for a time, the armies stood opposed to each other, with a hollow between. As it was now four o'clock, and the night was already beginning to fall, Hawley ordered his cavalry to charge, not having the least idea that the Highlanders would stand the shock; but the moment they approached Charles Edward's army, and received their fire, they fell back in confusion. When the dragoons were thus disposed of, the clans rushed forward, and the southern half of the English army was at once swept away before the resistless tide. Those who witnessed the rout, describe it as instantaneous; they saw the English army enter the misty ridge on the hill; then came the sound of a heavy fire, and rolling folds of smoke; immediately after, the soldiers broke from the cloudy masses, and fled wild with disorder. In less than ten minutes from the opening of the action, the victory was almost complete.

Some of the English army rallied and made a spirited resistance; but Charles Edward, advancing with his reserve, compelled them to retreat with the rest. They did so without disorder: but the rest were so easily overpowered, that the Highland officers believed it to be a feint, thinking it impossible that men should run away, almost without a struggle, who had fought so bravely at Fontenoy. An idea prevailed, that Hawley had only retired for a time, and would renew the attack next morning; but the true state of the armies was soon understood, and after being exposed to the storm for five hours, Charles Edward entered Falkirk, and took possession of the cannon, baggage, and all the military stores of Hawley. The loss of the Highlanders was very small; and the regiments of the English army which resisted, beside saving their reputation, actually suffered much less than those which fled. When the flying parties reached Edinburgh next day, all was consternation there. At no time, was the public feeling so entirely dejected; for no one had dreamed of defeat. The troops of Hawley were not, like those of Cope, raw levies; they were veterans, who had seen the hard service of Dettingen, and other hard-fought battles. Hawley endeavored to conceal his mortification as well as he could; he represented himself, as having suspended the battle on account of the weather, and said that he was induced to make a retrograde movement, to prevent the rebels from getting between him and Edinburgh. But it is easier for bulletins to lie, than to induce the public to believe them. The storm which he accused as the cause of his want of success, did not beat half so severely as the shower of ridicule which fell upon him; and which, it must be acknowledged, he had both provoked and deserved. After the campaign was ended, and the dragoons put into quarters at Redding, one day, when the horses were all feeding together, a storm came up which seemed to remind the animals of Falkirk; they arranged themselves in a sort of array, and stood trembling and snorting as if waiting for the fire. It soon began to thunder, upon which they turned, and fled through the town as fast as on the 17th of January; thus, as if possessed with the spirit of comic action, rehearsing the scenes at Falkirk, to the vast delight of all except their unhappy riders.

Prince Charles's army did not follow up this victory with much energy; they were exhausted by long labors, and were also sensible that it would be impossible for them to accomplish their first design, that of driving the Protestant succession from the throne. Moreover the dissensions which had before interfered with the daring plans of their chief, had their effect on this occasion: the generals of his army constantly accused each other, as if the fortune of the enterprise could in that way be redeemed. While the Highlanders were sad even in victory, their enemies took courage under their perpetual defeat. By charging every misfortune upon the incapacity of their generals, they endeavored to cover the disgrace of their arms. They knew too that there were resources enough in the nation, could they be brought to bear, to sweep away an army ten times as great as that of Charles. The news of the rout at Falkirk reached the court of St. James, on the day when a drawing room was held, and threw sufficient gloom over the occasion. The Duke of Cumberland was ordered to proceed immediately to Scotland, where he arrived on the 30th of January, 1746. He was very much beloved by the troops, probably from his resemblance to the rank and file in personal accomplishments; and by some mysterious confidence they felt persuaded that he would lead them to victory on that occasion, though he never had done so before. As the insurgents had already determined to retire to the Highlands, the victory was, in fact, gained already, by the despondency of Charles Edward, rather than by Cumberland's arms. We should rather say, by the despondency, of his generals; for on the 20th, Charles held a review at Bannockburn, with a view to another battle, when he found that his numbers were reduced to five thousand. On the 29th, Lord George Murray and the principal chiefs presented an address to him, in which they represented that it would be impossible to fight with the least hope of success, and that a retreat to the mountains would disconcert the enemy while it enabled them to recruit their dwindling bands. Charles reluctantly submitted to necessity, and crossed the Forth on his way to the Highlands. The Duke pursued as rapidly as possible; but though at the commencement of the chase he was only one day's march behind them, the distance had increased threefold in less than a week. While the Highlanders dashed through the streams, he could not pass them without a long course of solemnities. Finding the pursuit unavailing, and seeing no attraction in the wintry prospect of the Highland mountains, he determined to suspend his movements for a time, magnifying the exploit of fishing up a few spiked guns from the bed of the Tay, and sending out parties to inflict those beastly cruelties upon the inhabitants of the region, which have brought lasting contempt upon his name.

Charles Edward, meantime, severe as the climate of February is in the north of Scotland, continued his march till he came to Inverness, which was garrisoned by two thousand men under the Earl of Loudoun. He had divided his army into two detachments, before entering the Highlands, one of which he commanded in person, the other was led by Lord George Murray. Before making any attempt upon Inverness, he determined to wait for that General to join him, and in the interval, apprehending no danger, he gave rest and indulgence to his troops, who had suffered so much in their campaign. His head quarters were established at the castle of Moy, belonging to the Laird of MacIntosh, who was in the royal service under Lord Loudoun, while his lady commanded the clan in the service of Charles Edward. Lord Loudoun, having ascertained that the Prince felt perfectly secure, formed a plan to seize him, and having given positive orders that no one should leave Inverness, which was guarded in all directions, he marched out one night at the head of fifteen hundred men toward the castle of Moy. It was never precisely known how Charles Edward received warning; but probably there were many, MacIntosh among the number, who served in the royal army to escape the penalties of treason, while their hearts and clans were with the Chevalier. A girl of thirteen came running to the castle of Moy at midnight, to give the alarm, and Lady MacIntosh, having no better force at hand at the moment, sent out a country blacksmith, with half a dozen others, to watch the progress of the royal troops. This worthy, who, like all the Highlanders, was most at home in scenes of confusion, by no means considered his trust confined to mere observation, and as the king's troops were coming to surprise others, thought it might be as well to surprise them. He therefore planted his men at intervals along the road, and when he heard the approach of the troops, fired his piece and lifted up his voice as if giving orders, all which ceremonies were repeated by his companions, with so much energy, that the English were convinced that the Camerons, MacDonalds, and a hundred other clans, had ensnared them in an ambush, and were about to thunder down upon them. The leading columns immediately turned and fled, and as the rear, not comprehending the cause of alarm, did not get out of the way, they were trampled down in great numbers. The blacksmith gave them no quarter, but kept up his fearful shoutings, till not a man was left in the field. He acted up to the maxim of his profession, to strike while the iron was hot, and did it with so much success, that the Master of Ross, who was in Loudoun's army, afterwards said he had been in many scenes of danger, but never was in such fear and peril as in the breathless rout at Moy. The next morning, Charles Edward advanced to Inverness, and the English General, not having recovered from his alarm, retreated into Ross, thus cutting himself off from Cumberland's army, and making himself useless for the rest of the campaign. We have been thus particular in describing this engagement, because this General afterwards served in America; his name appears in Mr. Sparks's second volume of Washington. What his exploits were in this country, we cannot say ; history, that should have recorded them, had something else to do.

While Charles Edward held possession of Inverness, the Duke of Cumberland had his head quarters at Aberdeen, a hundred miles distant, waiting, according to the military fashion of the day, till the weather should be pleasant and the travelling good, before he entered again upon the fatigues of a campaign. The Highland army employed their time in reducing the forts and driving away the parties which annoyed them, which they accomplished with almost invariable success. They were sustained by the expectation of aid from France ; nor was Louis at all backward in his attempts to aid them ; but the British cruisers were so numerous on the coast, that it was impossible for the vessels which he despatched for the purpose, to reach their destination. The troops of Charles Edward, thus destitute of resources, began to be reduced to great distress in a country, where there is not more food supplied by nature, than the inhabitants of the region require. The suffering which they underwent from hunger, was probably the immediate cause of their desperate engagement with the English at Culloden, where their force was entirely broken and scattered to the winds. They hardly hoped for success in this bold measure; but, situated as they were, they felt disposed to anticipate, rather than to wait for their doom.

It was not till the beginning of April, that the English army thought it sufficiently pleasant to advance; which they did with great deliberation, keeping time with the fleet, which coasted along the shore. On the 15th, they reached Nairn, which was but sixteen miles from Charles Edward's position; and the Chevalier, finding that his army must perish, either by defeat or decay, thought it best to hazard an action, though his own army was not much more than half as numerous as the other, which was besides well supplied with provisions and all other military stores, in all which his own troops were miserably wanting. He therefore led them out to Drummossie Muir, a few miles east of Inverness, where he drew them up in battle array, to receive the Duke of Cumberland. This place is a vast heathy level, two miles from the south shore of the Moray Frith, and ten or twelve from Nairn. The place is favorable to the action of artillery and cavalry; and the safer course would have been to retire to the hills, in order to take advantage of the movements of the enemy; but the Highlanders, it must be remembered, were on the point of starving, and after being depressed by a retreat, would not have held together another day. There was in an engagement at least a chance of success, while in a retreat there was none.

As there was little hope of meeting the enemy in open field, when their force was so unequal, Charles Edward, with his usual activity and enterprise, determined to make an attack by night upon the camp of the enemy, which was at this time about nine miles distant. The attempt was hazardous in the extreme; since the Duke, instructed by the faults of his predecessors, took every precaution against surprise; and should the enterprise fail, there was nothing left on which to rely. When he submitted the proposal to his officers, they consented to it as a last resource, though they had but little confidence in its success. They then went to recall their men, who were wandering in search of food; but many of them told their officers, that they might shoot them if they pleased, but they were too much exhausted to obey them. When the time arrived, not more than half the little army could be collected;

with these he proceeded, placing Lord George Murray, his principal officer, at the head, while he himself commanded the second line. The men were charged not to use fire arms, but only bayonets, dirks and broadswords; the night was as dark as ever fell; but this, instead of favoring their enterprise, was entirely against them; for, as they avoided the public roads, where their advance would have been easily detected, they were soon bewildered among the fields and plantations, through which they attempted to force their way. These obstacles delayed them so long, that it was two in the morning before they came within three miles of the enemy; and the General, calling a council of officers, who agreed that it would be impossible to reach their destination before day-break, determined, though with the utmost reluctance, to return to the former position. They reached it at seven in the morning, thoroughly exhausted. Their wants were so pressing that Charles Edward gave orders immediately to seize, for the use of the army, all provisions that could be found in the country. The foraging parties returned with supplies; but before they could be prepared for the famishing soldiers, the hour of decision was come.

At eleven in the forenoon, the lines of the English army began to appear on the verge of the moor. The Prince had retired to rest in Culloden House; but as soon as the intelligence reached him, he rose and put himself at the head of the army. He there exerted himself to collect his men, who amounted in all to about five thousand, in wretched condition for fighting with a force immeasurably superior, not only in numbers, but in all the other elements of strength. His officers advised retreat and delay, but Charles Edward was fully convinced that his army could hold together no longer, and hoped besides, that the stormy charge which had so often succeeded, would open a path for them to victory again. The line was formed by the clans in their order. Lord George Murray commanded the right wing and Lord John Drummond the left. It was with difficulty that a sufficient number of men could be collected to form a second line.

The Duke of Cumberland made preparations on his part, one of the most essential of which seems to have been, to prevent his men from indulging their taste for running away. This way of securing life was rendered less attractive by a martial law, which made it punishable with immediate death.

He took every way to inspire them with courage, imploring them to dismiss the remembrance of former failures from their minds, though they were evidently quite fresh in his own. They were then led forward to the charge, and formed in perfect order at the distance of five hundred paces from the Highland line. While this was done, one of those incidents took place, which show the wild spirit of loyalty that animated the mountaineers. One of them, a ragged, wretched-looking creature, approached the English, and demanded quarter. He was sent to the rear, where he walked about apparently quite indifferent to the ridicule which his uncouth appearance excited. But he was watching his opportunity; and when Lord Bury, one of the Duke's aids, approached, the Highlander, mistaking him for the commander in chief, seized a soldier's musket and discharged it at that officer, waiting, as a matter of course, for the fire by which he himself was immediately shot down.

The battle was commenced by the Highlanders with their cannon, which were few and inefficient, and were soon answered with terrible effect by the batteries of the English army. The day, which till then had been bright and fair, now became overcast, and a storm of snowy rain beat directly in the faces of the Prince's men. The great object with each party seemed to be to make the other begin the attack: the English would not do this, because they saw that their artillery was rapidly thinning the ranks of their enemies; and Charles was under the necessity of making the attack. He sent orders to that effect to Lord George Murray; but the messenger was killed by a cannon-ball: the order, however, was unnecessary, for that officer, a man of fiery courage, took upon himself the responsibility of ordering the charge. The onset was as dreadful, as could be inspired by the energy of rage and despair. Though three ranks of the English poured a fire of musketry upon them,—though the cannon, loaded with grape-shot, swept the whole surface of the field,—though the bayonets fronted them with a hedge of steel, on they went like a whirlwind, and the front line of the English army reeled and gave way, though not till many a brave chief had fallen. But the English army was so numerous, that before the Highlanders could reach the second line of their enemy, they were entirely destroyed: the last man fell just as he came up to the points of the bayonets. Some few attempted to retreat, and some of the clans, discontented with the place assigned them, had taken no part in the action; but the greater part of them were strown in layers three or four deep upon the field. When Charles Edward saw that his front line had failed in the charge, he attempted to lead forward the second. For a time they checked the advance of the English: but all efforts were unavailing, and they in turn gave way. The Prince lingered on the field, from which he could hardly be forced away: he felt with a true foreboding, that the sun of that day was going down upon the ruin of his hopes, his family and his own illustrious name. The line where the Highlanders charged that day is still distinctly marked by their graves: they were buried in pits in the places where they fell, to the number of two thousand. 'The scene,' says the celebrated traveller, Dr. Clarke, 'is a wide heath, whose uniform and melancholy surface is only interrupted by turf-grown sods, rising at intervals, where, hushed in death, repose the bodies of the brave but ill-fated Caledonians. Wherever these mounds appear, the heath no longer grows, but the white clover and the daisy, mingled with a fine green turf, betray the deposite, mantled by their verdure.'

The cruelty which the English exercised after their victory is wholly unexampled in civilized lands. According to the statement of one of their own number, they looked more like an army of butchers than of soldiers, as they ran round the field stabbing and mangling the wounded: they doubtless had the feeling toward the Highlanders which we have heard expressed by certain bipeds of the West, human to appearance, who have boasted of the pleasure which they felt in shooting an Indian. The Duke of Cumberland himself encouraged this base revenge, and actually took a personal interest in it as it was going on. Soon after the battle, as he was riding over the field with Colonel Wolfe, afterwards so distinguished at Quebec, he saw a wounded Highlander, who looked up at him with a smile of defiance and scorn. He directed Wolfe to take his pistol and shoot the fellow for his insolence; but that high-minded officer replied, that he would resign his commission if it was required, but that he would not consent to be an executioner: a reply which, honorable as it was, lost him the favor of his chief. But, without taking the counsel implied in this answer, the Duke sent out parties to shoot the Highlanders wherever they could find them. They collected the wounded in heaps, and murdered them in cold blood. Many of these miserable survivors had crawled into a wretched hut not far from the field of battle; some persons were charitably engaged in giving them relief: these were all shut in by the soldiers, the building set on fire; and all within it, to the number of between thirty and forty, were burned to death. But even this act is exceeded by another: nineteen Highland officers, too severely wounded to retreat, were found in a wood and carried to the courtyard of Culloden House, where they lay without the least attention paid to their wants or their wounds. On the third day they were thrown into a cart, ranged against the wall of a park, and the soldiers were directed first to shoot them, and afterwards to beat out their brains to make the work of destruction sure. It is some consolation to reflect that the person, who was responsible for these enormities, reaped afterwards some of the consequences, which show that the heavens are just. Horace Walpole tells us, that the Duke of Cumberland was always suffering under the reproach of his barbarities at Culloden, where, as Walpole thought, he had done nothing more than his duty. Perhaps the ghastly remembrance was one cause of the depression which darkened all his later years.

We have been thus particular, in describing the revenge of the Duke of Cumberland, because it shows what often passes in the world for glory. Mr. Croker, a well-known English politician, says that orders were found, addressed by Lord George Murray to his army, directing them to give no quarter; these orders were forged afterwards, when the public opinion began to require some vindication of such proceedings; but we hardly know what to think of Mr. Croker's sense and feeling, who could intimate, that, supposing the order to be genuine, one piece of barbarity could serve as an excuse for another. 'Saul of my body,' said Captain M'Turk, 'gin you promulgate sic doctrines among good company, it's my belief you will bring somebody to the gallows.' However this might be, there never was such a storm of popularity, as that which followed the Duke of Cumberland; he was raised at once, by acclamation, to the very summit of his profession. He was thanked by all the public bodies; according to the usual fashion in such cases, he was hailed as the saviour of his country; nor was his country satisfied with these cheap acknowledgments; twenty-five thousand a year was added to his income; and the government labored with great success, to efface the remembrance of former dishonor, by a parade of its present glory.

The civil government were not behind the army in following up the work of blood. The first executed were the prisoners taken at Carlisle, where Scott imagines Fergus McIvor to have suffered. Nine gentlemen were hanged, and then had their hearts torn out, and their bodies mangled, according to the English practice of the day. One of these gentlemen, who all died with great firmness, was a young man of family and fortune, who resembled Waverley in his circumstances, though not in his fate. With the wildness of youth, he had left England, and taken arms with the insurgents; he was engaged to a young lady, who fully expected his pardon, but, finding that his fate was inevitable, determined to be present when he died. No remonstrance could prevent her, and she followed the procession in a coach, from which she witnessed the scene, apparently without emotion; but the moment the shouts of the crowd rang in her ears, announcing that all was over, she closed her eyes and never breathed again. Some such tragical scenes as this, abated the appetite of the people for blood; but the government were not so easily satisfied. It was not enough for them, that the Highlands were laid utterly waste, so that one could travel for miles, where villages had been, 'without hearing the crowing of a cock, or seeing the smoke of a single chimney'; it was not enough for them, that the best and bravest of every clan were slain in battle, and that the wretched survivors must wander in poverty, exile and despair; it was not enough, that the last hope of the Stuarts and their friends had been cast down, so as to leave no possibility of its ever rising again; nothing would satisfy them, but the lives of their victims. The Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino suffered in London; the former moved all to compassion, by the grace and melancholy of his manner; the latter inspired respect, and almost fear, by the iron boldness, with which he expressed his contempt for his enemies and all that they could do. The fate of Lord Lovat, who had been traitor to every party, was the only one which was not regretted. Thus, in the strong language of Johnson, 'statutes reaped the refuse of the sword.' About eighty persons were thus butchered, with all the forms of law; but this example was not wanted for any political purpose, nor was it needed to show, that fear tends, more than any other passion, to make cannibals of men.

The escape of Charles Edward, after the battle of Culloden, is a very singular passage of history, and abounds in wild and romantic adventures. His situation was dangerous in the extreme; the reward of thirty thousand pounds quickened the exertions of those who pursued him, and the Duke's instructions to these parties were expressed in very intelligible language. 'No prisoners, gentlemen; you understand me.' He had also reason to fear, that some, who had exposed themselves to the penalties of treason, would be tempted to betray him, in order to secure themselves. Lord George Murray sent a message to him, desiring that he would remain in Scotland; but the chances were so much against him, that he determined as soon as possible to escape to the Western islands; nor was his condition such as to admit of any delay; for the English army immediately established posts in every part of the Highlands, and guarded the shore in such a manner as seemed to render it impossible to escape by sea. His first retreat in the islands was in Benbecula, where this descendant of a long line of kings resided in a cowhouse, without a door, having filthy straw covered with a sail-cloth for his bed. He prepared with his own hands his humble banquet,—a cake of oatmeal, mixed with the brains of a cow.

It was not long before Charles's route was discovered by the English, who had traced him to Long Island, which was immediately traversed by two thousand men, while war-vessels formed an unbroken line along the shore. While passing among the islands, which he was constantly obliged to do, to prevent his retreat from being discovered, he was chased for three leagues by an English ship, which he escaped by sailing among the rocks. On stealing out again to pursue his way, he was again discovered, and it was with the greatest difficulty he was able to reach Benbecula; but as soon as he had landed, a sudden storm arose, which drove his pursuers out to sea. He and his companions subsisted upon shellfish, till notice of his condition could be sent to Clanranald, father of the gallant chief of that name, who had led out the clan. When the chieftain came, he found the Prince cheerful indeed and undaunted, but miserably destitute of clothing, shelter and food. By the advice of Clanranald, they removed to a more secure hiding place, near the centre of South Uist. Here he lodged for several weeks, in what was called the Forest House of Glencoradale, a place sufficiently wretched, but recommended by its having a convenient access, either to the ocean or the hills.

While he was in this retreat, he learned to his great dismay, that the English were determined to make a general sweep over all the islands. It seemed impossible that he should escape them longer; nor would he perhaps, had it not been for the courage and generosity of a young lady, Flora Macdonald, whose name, as Dr. Johnson says, 'will live in history,' where so many die. When the Doctor saw her, nearly thirty years after, he described her as a lady of pleasing person and elegant manners. She was at this time only twenty-four years of age, but had talent and resolution which were equal to any dangers. She applied to her step-father, with whom she was then visiting, for a passport for herself and her two servants, a man and a woman; he granted it at once, suspecting nothing. A female dress was then provided for the Chevalier, who was to pass as the female servant. When they went to carry him the dress and arrange their plan, they found him roasting the heart of a sheep on a wooden spit; his condition moved them to tears. He welcomed them with great cheerfulness, saying that it would be well for all kings to pass through such discipline as he was then enduring. While they were together, they heard that General Campbell had landed, with a great body of soldiers; and Lady Clanranald, who was one of the party, immediately returned to the house to receive them. For her kindness to the unfortunate Prince, she and her husband afterwards suffered a long imprisonment at London.

On the 28th of June, Charles Edward left the Long Island, where he had passed two months in constant danger. He was disguised as a female attendant of Miss Macdonald; the man servant was represented by Mr. Macdonald, father to the Duke of Tarentum, afterwards so distinguished in Napoleon's campaigns. They took a boat to sail for the Isle of Skye, which was less vigilantly guarded than the rest of the islands. After sailing all night, they approached the island, when they were fired upon by a party of English soldiers, who had allowed them to come within shot, without giving any alarm. The balls fell thick and fast around the boat; but no persuasion would induce the Highland girl to lie down in the boat, to avoid them; to all Charles Edward's remonstrances she replied, that her concern was for his life, and not for her own. Skye was tenanted by the Macdonalds and McLeods, who had not taken arms in favor of the Stuarts. Flora proceeded, on landing, to the house of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was then with the Duke of Cumberland. His lady, who was well affected to the cause of Charles Edward, deputed Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh, to provide for his security and relief; she could not receive him to her own house, which contained several English officers. Kingsburgh took him, with his two companions, to his own house. There he enjoyed a pleasure to which he had long been a stranger,—that of sleeping in a bed. Such was the enthusiasm of loyalty, that Flora Macdonald kept one of the sheets in which he slept that night, through all the changes of her adventurous life, in Scotland and America ; and was wrapped in it as a winding sheet when she died. It was thought best that he should proceed to Raasay, where he took an affectionate leave of Flora and Kingsburgh, who had brought him safe through a great variety of dangers, and entrusted his safety now to equally chivalrous and honorable hands. Malcolm McLeod was his guide and friend, during the remainder of his stay among the islands, which was not long, though it was crowded with perilous and interesting adventures.

Finding that the pursuit became too close in the islands, Charles Edward returned to the mainland,—to the same region, where he had first set up his standard, and which was now desolated by the English revenge. Dr. Johnson says, that 'English vengeance wars not with the dead,' but as the dead cannot gain much from this praiseworthy forbearance, it might be as well to extend it to the living, when they become helpless and fallen. This district throws out several mountainous promontories into the sea, each of which was so guarded on the landward side, as to render it impossible, to appearance, to escape into the country, while the cruisers prevented an escape by sea. Having ascertained that Charles Edward was in one of these promontories, the English felt sure of their prey ; and for a space of twenty miles, a line of sentinels was established, who were stationed within sight of each other ; and large fires were kept burning by night at every station, so as to throw a bright light on all the region round. Each sentinel walked to his comrade's fire, and then returned to his own, passing each other, midway between the beacons. Of course their backs were turned to each other after passing, and the space between left, for a short time, unobserved. This trifling defect in the arrangement was a circumstance which saved the life of the Chevalier.

As constant search was made within the line of sentries, which could hardly be evaded by all the activity and address of Charles Edward, and one or two Highland gentlemen who were with him, they found it necessary to pass the line at all hazards; and accordingly effected their purpose, though with extreme danger, by creeping through the bed of a small mountain stream, at a time when the light of the fires was growing pale before the break of day. This remove, however, did not place him out of danger, nor did it add to his comfort; he was sometimes two days together entirely destitute of food; sometimes he slept under the shelter of rocks, and at one time he committed his safety to a band of robbers, who treated him with kindness and honor. While he was in this condition, his danger was lessened by a singular stratagem of Roderic Mackenzie, a young gentleman who resembled him in person; when hiding in the Braes of Glenmorriston, he was cut down by the king's soldiers, to whom he exclaimed, 'you have killed your Prince!' The party cut off his head with unfeigned delight, and brought it to the Duke of Cumberland, who was equally happy to receive it. He set off with it to London, where it was ascertained to be a counterfeit; but meantime, some of the troops had been withdrawn from the Highlands, under the impression that the great object of the search had been effected.

It was not long before the region of Charles Edward's retreat was again discovered; but he had been so long accustomed to this kind of danger, that he had ceased to fear it, and though the English soldiers were very often within sight of him, he did not suffer it to destroy his cheerfulness; he had also been joined by his noble friend Lochiel, who was now wandering without a shelter, in lands where he held the rights and powers of a feudal chief. They lived in a place called the Cage, in the side of the mountain of Benalder. This was constructed in a thicket, by laying trees, covered with earth, to form a floor, while the trees around it formed its sides, woven with heath and birch, and thatched on the top with moss. It was called the Cage, from a great tree which leaned over it, forming the roof, and seemed to hold it suspended in the air. The smoke rose against the face of the rock, which it so much resembled in color, that one could not distinguish it even in the clearest day. In this wild shelter the Prince remained from the 2d till the 13th of September, when intelligence reached him that two French vessels, despatched on purpose to bring him away, had succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the English cruisers, and were anchored in a bay of the neighboring shore. Care was taken to inform as many as possible of the opportunity of escape thus presented, and many of his adherents were assembled, some to attend him in his flight, and others to bid him farewell. There were few in the Highlands, even of those engaged in the service of the government, who really wished misfortune to Charles Edward, though many were opposed to his enterprise, some from principle, and others because it seemed to them that the attempt must be hopeless, and could only serve to deluge the whole kingdom with blood. But even of these, there was not one, who could be tempted by gold to betray him,—a fact which reflects immortal honor upon the Highland name.

It so happened, that his course in Scotland ended where it began. Moidart was the place where he landed fourteen months before, and from this place he was now to embark, to leave the land of his fathers. His faithful chiefs and gentlemen stood round him on the shore, their attachment to him undiminished by all they had suffered in his cause, while, with his natural dignity of manner, he spoke to those whom he was leaving, of his gratitude for their generous and unexampled affection, and expressed his hope that he should return in better days, and lead them to victory again. But when he came to the trial of bidding them farewell, he could no longer command his feelings, and burst into a flood of tears. The vessels were impatiently waiting, with sails rising and anchors weighed; then, when the last of the Stuarts stepped on board, in silence and sorrow, they stood rapidly out of the harbor, and were soon lost in the dark blue sea.

Art. VII.—*Disinterment of the Relics of several Kings.*

Account of the opening of the Tomb of King Charles the First, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. By Sir Henry Halford, Bart. M. D. Miscellaneous Works. London. 1831.

The manner, in which we dispose of the remains of our deceased friends, is a subject which, within the last few years, has occupied a greater share, than formerly, of the public attention in our own vicinity. It involves not only considerations which belong to the general convenience, but includes also the gratification of individual taste, and the consolation of private sorrow. Although, in a strictly philosophical view, this subject possesses but little importance, except in relation to the convenience of survivors; yet so closely are our sympathies enlisted with it, so inseparably do we connect the feelings of the living with the condition of the dead, that it is in vain that we attempt to divest ourselves of its influence. It is incumbent on us therefore to analyze, as far as we may be able, the principles which belong to a correct view of this subject; since it is only by understanding these, that we may expect both reason and feeling to be satisfied.

The progress of all organized beings is towards decay. The complicated textures which the living body elaborates within itself, begin to fall asunder, almost as soon as life has ceased. The materials of which animals and vegetables are composed, have natural laws and irresistible affinities, which are suspended during the period of life, but which must be obeyed the moment that life is extinct. They continue to operate, until the exquisite fabric is reduced to a condition, in no wise different from that of the soil on which it has once trodden. In certain cases art may modify, and accident may retard, the approaches of disorganization, but the exceptions thus produced are too few and imperfect, to invalidate the certainty of the general law.

If we take a comprehensive survey of the progress and mutations of animal and vegetable life, we shall perceive, that this necessity of individual destruction is the basis of general safety. The elements which have once moved and circulated in living frames, do not become extinct, nor useless after death; —they offer themselves as the materials from which other living frames are to be constructed. What has once possessed life, is most assimilated to the living character, and most ready to partake of life again. The plant which springs from the earth, after attaining its growth, and perpetuating its species, falls to the ground, undergoes decomposition, and contributes its remains to the nourishment of plants around it. The myriads of animals which range the woods, or inhabit the air, at length die upon the surface of the earth, and, if not devoured by other animals, prepare for vegetation the place which receives their remains. Were it not for this law of nature, the soil would be soon exhausted, the earth's surface would become a barren waste, and the whole race of organized beings, for want of sustenance, would become extinct.

Man alone, the master of the creation, does not willingly stoop to become a participator in the routine of nature. In every age, he has manifested a disposition to exempt himself, and to rescue his fellow, from the common fate of living beings. Although he is prodigal of the lives of other classes, and sometimes sacrifices a hundred inferior bodies, to procure himself a single repast, yet he regards with scrupulous anxiety the destination of his own remains; and much labor and treasure are devoted by him to ward off for a season the inevitable courses of nature. Under the apprehension of posthumous degradation, human bodies have been embalmed, their concentrated dust has been inclosed in golden urns, monumental fortresses have been piled over their decaying bones;—with what success, and with what use, it may not be amiss to consider.

We have selected a few instances, in which measures have been taken to protect the human frame from decay, which will be seen to have been in some cases partially successful, in others not so. They will serve as preliminaries to the general considerations which are connected with the subject.

One of the most interesting accounts of the preservation of a body, the identity of which was undoubted, is that of the disinterment of King Edward I. of England. The readers of English history will recollect that this monarch gave, as a dying charge to his son, that his heart should be sent to the Holy land, but that his body should be carried in the van of the army, till Scotland was reduced to obedience.

He died in July, 1307, and notwithstanding his injunctions, was buried in Westminster Abbey in October of the same year. It is recorded, that he was embalmed, and orders for renewing the cerecloth about his body were issued in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. The tomb of this monarch was opened and his body examined in January, 1774, under the direction of Sir Joseph Ayloffe, after it had been buried 467 years. The following account we extract from a contemporaneous volume of the Gentleman's Magazine.

'Some gentlemen of the society of antiquaries, being desirous to see how far the actual state of Edward 1st's body answered to the methods taken to preserve it, obtained leave to open the large stone sarcophagus, in which it is known to have been deposited, on the north side of Edward the Confessor's chapel. This was accordingly done on the morning of January 2, 1774; when in a coffin of yellow stone, they found the royal body in perfect preservation, enclosed in two wrappers; one of them was of gold tissue, strongly waxed, and fresh; the other and outermost considerably decayed. The corpse was habited in a rich mantle of purple, paned with white, and adorned with ornaments of gilt metal, studded with red and blue stones and pearls. Two similar ornaments lay on the hands. The mantle was fastened on the right shoulder by a magnificent *fibula* of the same metal, with the same stones and pearls. His face had over it a silken covering, so fine, and so closely fitted to it, as to preserve the features entire. Round his temples was a gilt coronet of fleurs de lys. In his hands, which were also entire, were two sceptres of gilt metal; that in the right surmounted by a cross fleure, that in the left by three clusters of oak leaves, and a dove on a globe; this sceptre was about five feet long. The feet were enveloped in the mantle and other coverings, but sound, and the toes distinct. The whole length of the corpse was five feet two inches.'

This last statement, it will be observed, is the only point in which the narrative appears to disagree with history. We are generally given to understand that Edward I. was a tall man; and that he was designated in his own time by the name of Long-shanks. Baker, in his Chronicle of the Kings of England, says of him that he was tall of stature, exceeding most other men by a head and shoulders. We have not been able to find Sir Joseph Ayloffe's account of the examination, and know of no other mode of reconciling the discrepancy, but by supposing a typographical error of a figure in the account which has been quoted.

Edward I. died at Burgh-upon-Sands in Cumberland, on his way to Scotland, July 7, 1307, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Another instance of partial preservation, is that of the body of King Charles I., the subject of the work at the head of this article. The remains of this unfortunate monarch are known to have been carried to Windsor, and there interred by his friends, without pomp, in a hasty and private manner. It is stated in Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, that when his son, Charles II., was desirous to remove and re-inter his corpse at Westminster Abbey, it could not by any search be found. In constructing a Mausoleum at Windsor in 1813, under the direction of George IV., then Prince Regent, an accident led to the discovery of this royal body. The workmen, in forming a subterraneous passage under the choir of St. George's chapel, accidentally made an aperture in the wall of the vault of King Henry VIII. On looking through this opening it was found to contain three coffins, instead of two, as had been supposed. Two of these were ascertained to be the coffins of Henry VIII., and of one of his queens, Jane Seymour. The other was formally examined, after permission obtained, by Sir Henry Halford, in presence of several members of the Royal family, and other persons of distinction. The account since published by Sir Henry, corroborates the one which had been given by Mr. Herbert, a groom of King Charles's bed chamber, and is published in Wood's Athenæ Oxonienses.

'On removing the pall,' says the account, 'a plain leaden coffin presented itself to view, with no appearance of ever having been inclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription, "King Charles, 1648," in large, legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were, an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body, carefully wrapped up in cere-cloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous matter, mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted, so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cere-cloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cere-cloth was easy; and where it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had been applied, was observed. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discolored. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cere-cloth, was found entire.

It was difficult, at this moment, to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did bear a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially to the picture of King Charles the First, by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression ; but it is also certain, that such a facility of belief had been occasioned by the simplicity and truth of Mr. Herbert's Narrative,—every part of which had been confirmed by the investigation, so far as it had advanced : and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, the eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken out, and held up to view. The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect, and had a remarkably fresh appearance ; the pores of the skin being more distinct, and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick at the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown color. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was not more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy king.

On holding up the head, to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably ; and the fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even, an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles the First.

The foregoing are two of the most successful instances of posthumous preservation. The care taken in regard to some other distinguished personages has been less fortunate in its result. The coffin of Henry VIII. was inspected at the same time with that of Charles, and was found to contain nothing but the mere skeleton of the king. Some portions of beard remained on the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the personage contained in it.

During the present century, the sarcophagus of King John has also been examined. It contained little else than a disorganized mass of earth. The principal substances found, were some half decayed bones, a few vestiges of cloth and leather, and a long rusty piece of iron, apparently the remains of the sword-blade of that monarch.

The rapidity with which decomposition takes place in organic bodies, depends upon the particular circumstances under which they are placed. A certain temperature, and a certain degree of moisture are indispensable agents in the common process of putrefaction, and could these be avoided in the habitable parts of our globe, human bodies might last indefinitely. We shall be excused for dwelling a short time on the influence of some of these preservative agents. Where a certain degree of cold exists, it tends powerfully to check the process of destructive fermentation, and when it extends so far as to produce congelation, its protecting power is complete. Bodies of men and animals are found in situations where they have remained frozen for years and even for ages. Not many years ago, the bodies of some Spanish soldiers were found in a state of perfect preservation among the snows of the Andes, where they were supposed to have perished in attempting to cross those mountains, nearly a century ago; their costume, and some historical records, indicating the probable period of their expedition. At the Hospice of the Grand St. Bernard in the Alps, some receptacles of the dead are shown to travellers, in which, owing to the effect of perpetual frost, together with the lightness of the atmosphere, but little absolute decay has taken place in the subjects deposited during a lapse of years. But the most remarkable instance of preservation by frost of an animal body, is that of an elephant of an extinct species, discovered in 1806 in the ice of the polar sea, near the mouth of the river Lena, by Mr. Michael Adams. This animal was first seen by a chief of the Tonguse tribe, in the year 1799, at which time it was imbedded in a rock of ice about 180 feet high, and had only two feet, with a small part of the body, projecting from the side, so as to be visible. At the close of the next summer, the entire flank of the animal had been thawed out. It nevertheless required five summers, in this inclement region, to thaw the ice, so that the whole body could be liberated. At length, in 1804, the enormous mass separated from the mountain of ice, and fell over upon its side, on a sand bank. At this time it appears to have been in a state of perfect preservation, with its skin and flesh as entire as when it had existed, antecedently to the deluge, or to whatever convulsion of the globe may have transported animals apparently of the torrid zone to the confines of the Arctic circle. The Tonguse chief cut off the tusks, which were nine feet long and weighed 200 pounds each. Two years after this event, Mr. Adams, being at Yakutsk and hearing of this event, undertook a journey to the spot. He found the animal in the same place, but exceedingly mutilated by the dogs and wolves of the neighborhood, which had fed upon its flesh, as fast as it thawed. He however succeeded in removing the whole skeleton, and in recovering two of the feet, one of the ears, one of the eyes, and about three quarters of the skin, which was covered with reddish hair and black bristles. These are now in the museum at St. Petersburg.

The foregoing facts are sufficient to shew that a low degree of temperature is an effectual preventive of animal decomposition. On the other hand, a certain degree of heat combined with a dry atmosphere, although a less perfect protection, is sufficient to check the destructive process. Warmth, combined with moisture, tends greatly to promote decomposition; yet if the degree of heat, or the circumstances under which it acts, are such as to produce a perfect dissipation of moisture, the further progress of decay is arrested. In the arid caverns of Egypt, the dried flesh of mummies, although greatly changed from its original appearance, has made no progress towards ultimate decomposition, during two or three thousand years. It is known that the ancient Egyptians embalmed the dead bodies of their friends, by extracting the large viscera from the cavities of the head, chest and abdomen, and filling them with aromatic and resinous substances, particularly asphaltum, and enveloping the outside of the body in cloths impregnated with similar materials. These impregnations prevented decomposition for a time, until perfect dryness had taken place. Their subsequent preservation, through so many centuries, appears to have been owing, not so much to the antiseptic quality of the substance in which they are enveloped, as to the effectual exclusion of moisture and air.

In the crypt under the cathedral of Milan, travellers are shown the ghastly relics of Carlo Borromeo, as they have lain for two centuries, enclosed in a crystal sarcophagus, and bedecked with costly finery, of silk and gold. The preservation of this body is equal to that of an Egyptian mummy, yet a more loathsome piece of mockery than it exhibits, we can hardly imagine.

It will be perceived that the instances which have been detailed are cases of extraordinary exemption, resulting from uncommon care, or from the most favorable combination of circumstances; such as can befall but an exceedingly small portion of the human race. The common fate of animal bodies is to undergo the entire destruction of their fabric, and the obliteration of their living features in a few years, and sometimes even weeks, after their death. No sooner does life cease, than the elements which constituted the vital body, become subject to the common laws of inert matter. The original affinities, which had been modified or suspended during life, are brought into operation, the elementary atoms re-act upon each other, the organized structure passes into decay, and is converted to its original dust. Such is the natural, and we may add, the proper destination, of the material part of all that has once moved and breathed.

The reflections which naturally suggest themselves in contemplating the wrecks of humanity, which have occasionally been brought to light, are such as lead us to ask, of what possible use is a resistance to the laws of nature, which, when most successfully executed, can at best only preserve a defaced and degraded image of what was once perfect and beautiful? Could we by any means arrest the progress of decay, so as to gather round us the dead of a hundred generations in a visible and tangible shape; could we fill our houses and our streets with mummies,—what possible acquisition could be more useless, what custom could be more revolting? For precisely the same reason the subterranean vaults, and the walls of brick, which we construct to divide the clay of humanity from that of the rest of creation, and to preserve it separate for a time, as it were for future inspection, are neither useful, gratifying, nor ultimately effectual. Could the individuals themselves, who are to be the subjects of this care, have the power to regulate the officious zeal of their survivors, one of the last things they could reasonably desire would be, that the light should ever shine on their changed and crumbling relics.

On the other hand, when nature is permitted to take its course, when the dead are committed to the earth under the open sky, to become early and peacefully blended with their original dust, no unpleasant association remains. It would seem as if the forbidding and repulsive conditions which attend on decay, were merged and lost in the surrounding harmonies of the creation.

When the body of Major André was taken up, a few years since, from the place of its interment near the Hudson, for the purpose of being removed to England, it was found that the skull of that officer was closely encircled by a network, formed by the roots of a small tree, which had been planted near his head. This is a natural and most beautiful coincidence. It would seem as if a faithful sentinel had taken his post, to watch, till the obliterated ashes should no longer need a friend. Could we associate with inanimate clay any of the feelings of sentient beings, who would not wish to rescue his remains from the prisons of mankind, and commit them thus to the embrace of nature?

Convenience, health, and decency require that the dead should be early removed from our sight. The law of nature requires that they should moulder into dust, and the sooner this change is accomplished, the better. This change should take place, not in the immediate contiguity of survivors, not in frequented receptacles provided for the promiscuous concentration of numbers, not where the intruding light may annually usher in a new tenant, to encroach upon the old. It should take place peacefully, silently, separately, in the retired valley or the sequestered wood, where the soil continues its primitive exuberance, and where the earth has not become too costly to afford to each occupant, at least his length and breadth.

Within the bounds of populous and growing cities, interments cannot with propriety take place beyond a limited extent. The vacant tracts reserved for burial grounds, and the cellars of churches which are converted into tombs, become glutted with inhabitants, and are in the end obliged to be abandoned, though not perhaps until the original tenants have been ejected, and the same space has been occupied three or four successive times. Necessity obliges a recourse at last to be had to the neighboring country, and hence in Paris, London, Liverpool, Leghorn, and other European cities, cemeteries have been constructed without the confines of their population. These places, in consequence of the sufficiency of the ground, and the funds which usually grow out of such establishments, have been made the recipients of tasteful ornament. Travellers are attracted by their beauty, and dwell with interest on their subsequent recollection. The scenes which, under most other circumstances, are repulsive and disgusting, are by the joint influence of nature and art rendered beautiful, attractive, and consoling.

The situation of Mount Auburn, near Boston, is one of great natural fitness for the objects to which it is devoted. It may be doubted whether any spot, which has been set apart for the same purposes in Europe, possesses half the interest in its original features. In a few years, when the hand of taste shall have scattered among the trees, as it has already begun to do, enduring memorials of marble and granite, a landscape of the most picturesque character will be created. No place in the environs of our city will possess stronger attractions to the visiter. To the mourner it offers seclusion, amid the consoling influences of nature. The moralist and man of religion will

'Find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give him pause, if pondered fittingly.'

We regard the relics of our deceased friends and kindred, for what they have been, and not for what they are. We cannot keep in our presence the degraded image of the original frame, and if some memorial is necessary to soothe the unsatisfied want, which we feel when bereaved of their presence, it must be found in contemplating the place, in which we know that their dust is hidden. The history of mankind, in all ages, shows that the human heart clings to the grave of its disappointed wishes, that it seeks consolation in rearing emblems and monuments, and in collecting images of beauty over the disappearing relics of humanity. This can be fitly done, not in the tumultuous and harassing din of cities, not in the gloomy and almost unapproachable vaults of charnel houses;—but amidst the quiet verdure of the field, under the broad and cheerful light of heaven,—when the harmonious and ever changing face of nature reminds us by its resuscitating influences, that to die is but to live again.

Art. VIII.—*Sparks's American Biography.*

The Library of American Biography. Conducted by Jared Sparks. Vol. I. Boston. 1834.

Those, who have been in the habit of regarding the Americans as a plain, matter-of-fact, unimaginative race, may be disposed to question the truth of the remark, that there has never been a people, whose fortunes were invested with a more romantic interest. Nothing could be more full of exciting and sometimes almost startling change, than the great panorama of our country's progress, from her birthday to the present hour. We have before us the spectacle of two races, of opposite and very striking characters, brought into collision in the way best fitted to display their peculiar traits, and under circumstances requiring the exertion of their highest energies: of a handful of resolute individuals, erecting in the desert, not merely a temporary asylum for their own security, but the firm walls of a mighty and enduring empire, destined to exert a most momentous influence over the interests of the sons of men; of cities, lifting their spires and turrets amidst the gloom of the scarcely trodden forest; of the rich treasures of commerce, rolling in abundance to a shore, known only within a few generations to the charts of the adventurous mariner; of armies, marching forth to meet the hosts of powerful nations on the spot, where, but a century ago, the dead repose of the wilderness had been unbroken by the sounds of strife. These are but a few of the circumstances, which constitute the strongly marked peculiarity of our national progress; yet even these are quite unlike any thing else, which history had ever exhibited before, and are of far higher interest and attraction. Our fortunes have not resembled those of the Eternal City, whose towers were reared with the rewards of rapine, and whose dominion was sealed exclusively with blood: they are not like those of England, rising by the painful and slow gradations of successive centuries from the very depths of barbarism:—but they are those of a nation, starting from an advanced point to enter on the race of glory, and unfolding all the moral and physical capacities demanded by its new position, in the precise manner, and to the full extent, in which they were required.

A national condition, thus novel in its aspect, must naturally give occasion to an exhibition of character, not often witnessed in the stages of national advancement. The scene of action is a vast one, and requires more than common energy in the personages of the drama. In such an enterprise as the building up of an empire, the erection of a noble and comprehensive system, without any charts to guide those who are employed in the achievement, without any models which they are to imitate, it is not enough, that the leaders should be gifted with commanding power: the centurions, the captains of fifty, and the captains of ten, must rely upon their own resources for the execution of their subordinate, but most important duty. They must have understanding to devise, as well as hands to execute; in those exigencies which constantly occur, where the file affords no precedent, their talent must find its own way, and they must meet every change of circumstances with whatever of spirit and ability, they are able to command. And it will be found, on the most cursory examination of our history, that every kind and degree of capacity have actually been displayed. At an early period, we see the high-souled chivalry of Smith,—the far discerning wisdom and fixed resolve of Winthrop,—the stout heart and vigorous arm of Standish,—and the various qualities of an almost countless host,—all employed, each in its appointed sphere, in accomplishing the different portions of the same great task. Coming down to later times, to the period of the Revolution, we are presented with even more striking illustrations of the force of individual character; they crowd upon the recollection of all who are familiar with our history.

We are led by these considerations to regard the work before us with more than common interest. It would be a very superfluous task, to explain the qualifications of Mr. Sparks for the labor which he has undertaken; apart from any others, the peculiar nature of his pursuits, the results of which are already before the public in many valuable forms, is such as to afford him unusual facilities for its proper execution. His plan embraces the lives of all persons, who have been distinguished in America, from the date of its first discovery to the present time. The completion of this scheme, as he very justly observes, 'would embrace a perfect history of the country, of its social and political progress, its arts, sciences, literature, and improvements of every kind; since these receive their impulse and direction from a comparatively few eminent individuals, whose achievements of thought and action it is the province of the biographer to commemorate. A hint of such a result,' he proceeds, 'would certainly not be ventured by the editor, if he were not permitted to rely on the aid of a large number of coadjutors, whose names might afford a pledge of its attainment.' Whatever may be thought of the practicability of this scheme, in its full extent, no one can doubt its value, even should it be but partially executed; and if any thing were required to demonstrate its importance, we should find it in the volume, which is already finished. It is precisely such as we had wished and hoped to see; and it affords a happy augury of the character of those which are to follow. They will supply a very important deficiency in our literature. We do not mean to intimate, that the biography of eminent individuals in this country has been very much neglected; on the contrary, a vast number of memorials, from the kingly pyramid to the lowly headstone, have been already reared in memory of the honored dead; but there are many others, to whom a nation's gratitude is due, and to whom this debt of justice has not yet been paid; there are many, whose history is not yet recorded, or if it be so, not in such a form, as would be likely to survive them long. In the very volume before us, we find the lives of four individuals, of original character, of strong and peculiar traits, of decided claims to notice and remembrance, whose names required this commemoration, to give them their just place in the public view. We shall endeavor to give our readers an idea of its contents, by borrowing from it a brief sketch of the history of these individuals, together with such extracts as our limits will permit.

The first in the series is the biography of General John Stark, the well known hero of Bennington, whose adventures are here related by Mr. Edward Everett, with his usual elegance; and the account of them is full of interest. General Stark was one of those men of iron, formed by the harsh discipline of border warfare, who are insensible to fear, and indifferent to danger. He resided in early life at Derryfield, now Manchester, in New Hampshire. At the age of twenty-four, while on a hunting excursion at a distance from the English settlements, he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and soon overcame their prejudices and commanded their respect by the exhibition, partly from policy, and partly from his habitual contempt of peril, of those qualities which they recognised as the highest virtues. Several curious anecdotes, illustrative of this fact, are related in the volume. He was soon after ransomed; but he remained long enough in the somewhat unpleasant society of the Indians, to acquire a full acquaintance with their habits and character, and a familiarity with suffering and privation, which qualified him for the rough service in which he was subsequently to engage. In 1754, the Seven Years' War began: the great school, as Mr. Everett very justly terms it, in which were trained the leaders of the Revolution. An expedition against Crown Point was included in the plan of campaign for the following year, and Stark received the commission of lieutenant in a corps of rangers, enlisted for this purpose. He continued in the service until nearly the close of the war; rose very early to the rank of Captain; and exhibited throughout, in some very critical emergencies, the cool sagacity and daring bravery, which were among the leading traits of his character. The following anecdote sufficiently illustrates his possession of the former quality.

'In the month of March, 1757, Fort William Henry was saved by the forethought and vigilance of Captain Stark, then, in the absence of Major Rogers, acting Commander in Chief of the rangers. While going the rounds on the evening of the 16th, he overheard some of his rangers, planning a celebration of St. Patrick's (the following) day. A large portion of this corps was, like himself, of Irish origin. Knowing that there were also a great many Irish among the regular troops, he justly foresaw the danger to which the post would be exposed, at the close of a day to be spent in excess and intoxication. He accordingly gave directions to the sutler that no spirituous liquors should be issued, except by authority of written orders from himself; and when applied to for these orders, he pleaded the lameness of his wrist, produced by a wound, as an excuse for not giving them. In this way, he kept the rangers sober. The Irish troops of the regular army, forming a part of the garrison, celebrated the day with their accustomed license and excess. The French, acquainted with the Irish custom, and calculating upon the consequent disability of the garrison, planned an attack for that night. They were, however, repulsed by Stark's sober rangers, while the stupified regulars were coming to their senses.'—p. 34.

At the opening of the Revolution, Captain Stark did not hesitate to sacrifice all his emoluments and prospects as a British officer, by embracing and actively maintaining the patriotic cause; and he labored with extraordinary zeal in preparation for the conflict, which was coming on. His military talent and experience were too well known to be overlooked. On receiving the intelligence of the battle of Lexington, he hurried to the scene of action, with many volunteers from New Hampshire, who were shortly after formed into two regiments by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. The command of one of these was given to him; and, being stationed with his regiment at the rail-fence at the memorable battle of Bunker Hill, he exhibited anew the same cool bravery, for which he had now become distinguished. At Trenton and Princeton, also, he was by the side of Washington. In 1777, some junior officers, for what cause is not explained, were promoted over him, and he retired from the service; even then, he fitted out for the army all the members of his family who were old enough to join it, and continued to exhibit his attachment to the cause, by all the means remaining in his power. But this very neglect of Congress, which was then the subject of general regret, became the means of giving new lustre to his name.

The situation of the patriots was at this time very critical. Burgoyne, with his well-appointed army, was advancing from the north, and the important post of Ticonderoga was surrendered without a blow. The frontier was therefore left defenceless. It is animating to survey the conduct of New Hampshire in this exigency. The session of her Assembly was but lately terminated: but, at the summons of the Committee of Safety, it was convened anew; the whole militia of the State was formed into two brigades, the command of one of which was given to Stark; and he was ordered to march immediately at the head of a suitable force to stop the progress of the enemy on the frontier. He accepted the command, on the condition, that he should be responsible only to the authorities of New Hampshire; and it is a curious fact, that his refusal to march west of the Hudson, according to the orders of General Schuyler,—a refusal which was no less judicious in itself, than beneficial to the country,—was the means of placing him in a position to strike the vigorous and effective blow at Bennington. Burgoyne, confiding in his own strength or the weakness of his enemy, detached a body of troops, under the command of

Lieut. Colonel Baum, with orders to obtain supplies for the army, to aid the efforts of the loyalists, and generally to disconcert the councils of the patriots. This detachment was put in motion at the very time when Stark arrived at Bennington. His dispositions were promptly made, and on the 14th of August, he met the enemy. On this and the following day, some skirmishing took place, but nothing at all decisive. The subsequent occurrences can be properly given only in the words of Mr. Everett.

'On the morning of the 16th, General Stark was joined by Col. Symonds, with a body of Berkshire militia, and made preparations for an attack, according to a plan proposed by the General and agreed upon in a council of war.

'The German troops, with their battery, were advantageously posted upon a rising ground at a bend in the Wollamsac (a tributary of the Hoosac,) on its north bank. The ground fell off to the north and west, a circumstance of which Stark skilfully took advantage. Peters's corps of Tories were intrenched on the other side of the stream, in lower ground, and nearly in front of the German battery. The little river, that meanders through the scene of the action, is fordable in all places. Stark was encamped upon the same side of it as the Germans, but, owing to its serpentine course, it crossed his line of march twice on his way to their position. Their post was carefully reconnoitred at a mile's distance, and the plan of attack was arranged in the following manner. Colonel Nichols, with two hundred men, was detached to attack the rear of the enemy's left, and Colonel Herrick, with three hundred men, to fall upon the rear of their right, with orders to form a junction before they made the assault. Colonels Hubbard and Stickney were also ordered to advance with two hundred men on their right and one hundred in front, to divert their attention from the real point of attack. The action commenced at three o'clock in the afternoon on the rear of the enemy's left, when Colonel Nichols, with great precision, carried into effect the dispositions of the commander. His example was followed by every other portion of the little army. General Stark himself moved forward slowly in front, till he heard the sound of the guns from Colonel Nichols's party, when he rushed upon the Tories, and in a few moments the action became general. "It lasted," says Stark, in his official report, "two hours, and was the hottest I ever saw. It was like one continued clap of thunder." The Indians, alarmed at the prospect of being enclosed between the parties of Nichols and Herrick, fled at the commencement of the action, their main principle of battle array being to contrive or to escape an ambush or an attack in the rear. The Tories were soon driven over the river, and were thus thrown in confusion on the Germans, who were forced from their breast-work. Baum made a brave and resolute defence. The German dragoons, with the discipline of veterans, preserved their ranks unbroken, and, after their ammunition was expended, were led to the charge by their Colonel with the sword: but they were overpowered and obliged to give way, leaving their artillery and baggage on the field.

'They were well enclosed in two breast-works, which, owing to the rain on the 15th, they had constructed at leisure. But notwithstanding this protection, with the advantage of two pieces of cannon, arms and ammunition in perfect order, and an auxiliary force of Indians, they were driven from their intrenchments by a band of militia just brought to the field, poorly armed, with few bayonets, without field pieces, and with little discipline. The superiority of numbers, on the part of the Americans, will, when these things are considered, hardly be thought to abate any thing from the praise due to the conduct of their commander, or the spirit and courage of his men.

'The enemy being driven from the field, the militia dispersed to collect the plunder. Scarcely had they done so, before intelligence was brought that a reinforcement from the British army was on the march, and within two miles' distance. This was the corps of Colonel Breyman, which had been despatched by General Burgoyne, on receiving from Baum intelligence of his position. The rain of the preceding day and the badness of the roads had delayed his arrival: a circumstance which exercised a very important influence on the fate of the battle. On the approach of Breyman's reinforcements, the flying party of Baum made a rally, and the fortune of the day was for a moment in suspense. Stark made an effort to rally the militia: but happily at this juncture, Colonel Warner's regiment came up fresh and not yet engaged, and fell with vigor upon the enemy.

'This regiment, since the battle fought at Hubbardston, had been stationed at Manchester. It had been reduced, by the loss sustained in that action, to less than two hundred men. Warner, their Colonel, as we have seen, was at Bennington, and was with General Stark on the 14th. The regiment at Manchester was under the command of Major Samuel Safford. In consequence of the absence of a large number of the men on a scouting party, and other causes, it was not possible to put the regiment in motion on the 14th; on the 15th they marched for Bennington. Owing to the heavy rain of that day, it was near midnight, when the troops arrived within a mile of Bennington. Fatigued with the march of the preceding day, their arms and equipments injured by the rain, and their ammunition scanty, a considerable portion of the ensuing day was exhausted, before the men could prepare themselves for battle. The first assault had been made in the manner described, and the enemy driven from the field, before this regiment came into action. At the most critical moment of the day, when the arrival of Breyman's reinforcement threatened a reverse of its good fortune, Warner's troops appeared on the field. Stark, with what men he had been able to rally, pushed forward to his assistance, and the battle was contested with great obstinacy on both sides till sunset, when the enemy were obliged to give way. General Stark pursued their flying forces until dark, and was obliged to draw off his men, to prevent them from firing at each other under cover of night. "With one hour more of daylight," as he writes in his official report, "he would have captured the whole body." The fruits of the victory were four pieces of brass cannon, several hundred stand of arms, eight brass drums, a quantity of German broadswords, and about seven hundred prisoners. Two hundred and seven were killed upon the spot; the number of the wounded was not ascertained. Colonel Baum was wounded and made a prisoner, and shortly after died of his wounds. The loss of the Americans was thirty killed and forty wounded.'—pp. 84—89.

'Several anecdotes of this affair have been recorded, and the following deserves a repetition. Among the reinforcements from Berkshire county came a clergyman, with a portion of his flock, resolved to make bare the arm of flesh against the enemies of the country. Before daylight on the morning of the 16th, he addressed the commander as follows. "We the people of Berkshire, have been frequently called upon to fight, but have never been led against the enemy. We have now resolved, if you will not let us fight, never to turn out again." General Stark asked him "if he wished to march then, when it was dark and rainy." "No," was the answer. "Then," continued Stark, "if the Lord should once more give us sunshine, and I do not give you fighting enough, I will never ask you to come again." The weather cleared up in the course of the day, and the men of Berkshire followed their spiritual guide into action.'—p. 97.

The consequences of this battle were no less striking, than the skill and conduct of the conqueror. Burgoyne's operations were completely paralyzed, and, in the following month, he capitulated with his army. Stark received the thanks of his own State, and of Congress, and was immediately reinstated in the Continental service, in which he continued until the close of the active period of the war. The remainder of his life presents no incident of material importance ; he died in 1822, at the age of ninety-four, having survived all the generals of the Revolution, with the single exception of Sumpter. His history is, however, very interesting and instructive ; it shows how much may be effected by resolute patriotism, under circumstances of the most unfavorable character ; and we are happy that it has been at length presented to the public in the very attractive form, in which every thing from the pen of Mr. Everett is sure to be invested.

The life of Charles Brockden Brown is the second of the series ; and presents us, in the history of an amiable and retiring scholar, with a striking contrast to the adventure of the bold and active partisan. It is written by Mr. William H. Prescott, and executed with great discrimination, as well as with his usual taste and elegance. We are inclined to believe that the merit of Brown is not, at this day, fully appreciated : the circumstances of the country, particularly as relates to literature, are so altered since his time, that we can hardly represent him to our fancy as entering upon a scarcely trodden track, and, though acquiring reputation, deserving even more than he acquired. Though gentle as a child, and with more than just humility in his estimation of his own deserts, there was something bold and original in his character ; his tastes and pursuits were formed by solitary musing, instead of being stimulated by the example or success of others. In the outset of his career, this spirit of independence led him into the adoption and defence of many wild theories ; but his natural good sense found its own way, and he returned to the true path, as the tempest-tost vessel, after falling for a moment from her course, again obeys her helm, and walks in triumph on the sea. He was one of those, who take more pleasure in communion with their own hearts, or with the visible world, than with their fellow men ; a deep shade of melancholy, the result perhaps of constant bodily infirmity, hung over him ; and he fled to literary engagements rather as a relief, than as a welcome task. His melancholy and retirement were not, however, of that kind, which render the soul insensible to any happiness or suffering but its own. Mr. Prescott has given a delightful picture of his character and social feelings, particularly at the period, when, after having accomplished many of the purposes of life, he was sinking to the grave by slow decay. The false opinions, by which his earlier years were overclouded, had then yielded to the convictions of his manly and discriminating intellect; and he went to his rest, not only in the full persuasion of religious truth, but exhibiting a fine example of its power.

It is upon Brown's romances, that his fame will principally rest, though they were evidently written with little care, and with a rapidity which gave no indication, that he expected from them much success. Wieland, the first of them, was published in 1798, when he was at the age of twenty-seven. This was some time prior to the period, which may be not inappropriately termed the era of romances. They were then the reader's luxury, rather than his daily bread; the embroidery, and not the texture of the literary garment. The sentimental novel had not yet made its first ascension; and the historical romance was still to be discovered. As far as he can be said to have followed any model, it is Godwin; though even here, as his biographer remarks with truth, there is no servile imitation: the resemblance consists rather in some characteristics of style and subject, than in the substance; and it is worthy of remark, that these are the precise qualities in which he least excels. His leading defect is a want of taste, rather than of power; he wished to make an anatomical dissection of the heart, to develope all its qualities and passions; but he forgot, that processes of this sort, however valuable their results may be, are not remarkably poetical. In laboring to be striking, he lost sight of truth and nature. There was a fearful grandeur in his exhibition of the soul, driven onward by resistless passion; but the different portions of the picture are not in perfect keeping, and the imperfection of some impairs the effect and impression of the rest. The real secret of the art was yet to be revealed; Scott, perhaps, was the first to disclose it: it was, that the heroes of romance may live and move and act like other men, without ceasing to be heroes. The error of Brown consisted in his acting on a false theory; but it is perhaps the strongest proof which could be given of his real power, that, be his imperfections what they may, his works are still read with admiration, if not with pleasure, and that, even while we most regret the selection of his subjects, we are not the less impressed with respect for the talent of the writer. A remark of nearly the same kind is applicable to his style; it sometimes repels us by its affectation, or offends us by its want of taste: but it is manly and peculiar, and when the subject rises to a certain level, is full of life and strength.

Mr. Prescott, though a liberal biographer, has not suffered his partialities to render him insensible to the defects of this amiable writer; he has, on the contrary, pointed out several of them with great taste and judgment, in commenting upon the romances. His remarks on Wieland, in particular, are a model of judicious criticism. In this tale, the whole machinery is set in motion by the agency of ventriloquism; the hero is thus wrought up to the murder of his wife and children, the secret agent all the while being actuated by no other apparent motive, than a wanton spirit of mischief. The improbability here is too violent for the credulity of the easiest believer. We are led onward by the strong painting of fiery passion to the close, but when we have reached it, we are equally ill-satisfied with the author and ourselves. It is but just to say, however, that all these tales were written before the author reached the age of thirty-four, and that the residue of his life was devoted to other labors, in the field of politics and general literature. In the year 1809, the illness, which had so long attended him, began to assume a more serious aspect, and, being very averse to foreign travel, he made some journeys with the faint hope of restoration. The account of the conclusion of his life will best be given in the words of Mr. Prescott.

'Finding these brief excursions productive of no salutary change in his health, he at length complied with the entreaties of his friends, and determined to try the effect of a voyage to Europe in the following spring. That spring he was doomed never to behold. About the middle of November, he was taken with a violent pain in his left side, for which he was bled. From that time forward he was confined to his chamber. His malady was not attended with the exemption from actual pain, with which nature seems sometimes willing to compensate the sufferer for the length of its duration. His sufferings were incessant and acute; and they were supported, not only without a murmur, but with an appearance of cheerfulness, to which the hearts of his friends could but ill respond. He met the approach of death in the true spirit of Christian philosophy. No other dread, but that of separation from those dear to him on earth, had power to disturb his tranquillity for a moment. But the temper of his mind in his last hours is best disclosed in a communication from that faithful partner, who contributed, more than any other, to support him through them. "He always felt for others more than for himself; and the evidences of sorrow in those around him, which could not at all times be suppressed, appeared to affect him more than his own sufferings. Whenever he spoke of the probability of a fatal termination of his disease, it was in an indirect and covered manner, as "you must do so and so, when I am absent," or "when I am asleep." He surrendered not up one faculty of his soul but with his last breath. He saw death in every step of his approach, and viewed him as a messenger that brought with him no terrors. He frequently expressed his resignation; but his resignation was not produced by apathy or pain; for while he bowed with submission to the Divine will, he felt with the keenest sensibility his separation from those who made this world but too dear to him. Towards the last he spoke of death without disguise, and appeared to wish to prepare his friends for the event, which he felt to be approaching. A few days previous to his change, as sitting up in the bed, he fixed his eyes upon the sky, and desired not to be spoken to until he first spoke. In this position, and with a serene countenance, he continued for some minutes, and then said to his wife, "when I desired you not to speak to me, I had the most transporting and sublime feelings I have ever experienced: I wanted to enjoy them and know how long they would last;" concluding with requesting her to remember the circumstance.

'A visible change took place in him on the morning of the 19th of February, 1810; and he caused his family to be assembled around his bed, when he took leave of each one of them in the most tender and impressive manner. He lingered however a few days longer, remaining in the full possession of his faculties, to the 22d of the month, when he expired without a struggle. He had reached the thirty-ninth year of his age, the month preceding his death. The family which he left, consisted of a widow and four children.'

'There was nothing striking in Brown's personal appearance. His manners, however, were distinguished by a gentleness and unaffected simplicity, which rendered them extremely agreeable. He possessed colloquial powers, which do not always fall to the lot of the practised and ready writer. His rich and various acquisitions supplied an unfailing fund for the edification of his hearers. They did not lead him, however, to affect an air of superiority, or to assume too prominent a part in the dialogue, especially in large or mixed company, where he was rather disposed to be silent, reserving the display of his powers for the unrestrained intercourse of friendship. He was a stranger, not only to base and malignant passions, but to the paltry jealousies which sometimes sour the intercourse of men of letters. On the contrary, he was ever prompt to do ample justice to the merits of others. His heart was warm with the feeling of universal benevolence. Too sanguine and romantic views had exposed him to some miscalculations, and consequent disappointments; from which, however, he was subsequently retrieved by the strength of his understanding, which, combining with what may be called his natural education of soul, enabled him to settle the soundest principles for the regulation of his opinions and conduct in after life.'—pp. 170–173.

Such were the last hours, and such the character of one, to whom his countrymen have scarcely yet been just; who cultivated literature, at a time when literature in this country had few rewards or honors to bestow; and who amply merits the still higher praise, of adding to his literary ardor a still warmer zeal for manly sentiment and virtue.

We next turn to the history of the chivalrous Montgomery, one of the earliest and noblest victims of the Revolutionary cause; and the purity of style in which General Armstrong has related it, only increases our regret, that so little is remembered of his short, but honorable career. Short as it was, it acquired for him an enviable name; at a period when noble qualities were by no means rare, he was distinguished by his combination of the sterner with the gentler virtues; and though he perished at the very opening of the war, and in the moment of disaster, his loss was universally regarded as a public calamity. The story of his life is briefly told. He was born in 1736, at Raphoe, in the north of Ireland. At the age of eighteen, he procured a commission in the British army, and began his career of active service in this country; the regiment to which he belonged being attached to the expedition, prepared in 1758, for the capture of Louisburg. In this enterprise, and in two subsequent expeditions for the reduction of St. Pierre and Fort Royal, in Martinico, and of Havana in Cuba, his bravery and talent were equally conspicuous. From the period intervening between the termination of the war, and his retirement from the army in 1772, nothing relating to his personal history appears to have been preserved; and there is no evidence, excepting that of vague tradition, of the causes which induced him to retire; it is rumored, that it was in consequence of a persuasion, that the agency of government was twice employed to prevent him from procuring a majority. Immediately afterwards, he came over to this country, and devoted himself to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, until in April, 1775, he was elected a member of the first Provincial Convention held in New York. Two months afterwards, when the National Congress began to organize an army, the commission of a brigadier-general was bestowed on him. The attention of that body was very early directed towards the invasion of Canada: it was proposed to effect this object by two routes, one by the Sorel, the other by the Kennebec; and for these purposes, two armaments were formed, the more important of which, designed for the first mentioned route, was assigned to General Montgomery. The history of his efforts to accomplish this enterprise is very generally known: in two months from the time of his departure from Ticonderoga, he entered Montreal, and though laboring under the discouragements arising from the inadequacy of his means, prepared himself for the great object of his hopes, the reduction of Quebec. He determined, if possible, to effect this by an attack in the night-time on the lower town; and we give the history of this assault, and its unfortunate result, in the animated language of the author.

'The troops were ordered to parade in three divisions in the morning of the 31st of December; the New York regiments and part of Easton's Massachusetts militia, at Holland House; the Cambridge detachments and Lamb's company of artillerists, with one field piece, at Captain Morgan's quarters; and the two small corps of Livingston and Brown, at their respective grounds of parade. To the first and second of these divisions were assigned the two assaults, to be made on opposite sides of the lower town; and to the third, a series of demonstrations or feigned attacks on the opposite sides of the upper. Under these orders the movement began between three and four o'clock in the morning, from the heights of Abraham; Montgomery advancing at the head of the first division by the river road, round the foot of Cape Diamond to Aunce au Mere; and Arnold, at the head of the second, through the suburbs of St. Roque, to the Saut des Matelots. Both columns found the roads much obstructed by snow: but to this obstacle on the route taken by Montgomery were added huge masses of ice, thrown up from the river, and so narrowing the passage round the foot of the promontory, as greatly to retard the progress, and disturb the order of the march. These difficulties being at last surmounted, the first barrier was approached, vigorously attacked, and rapidly carried. A moment, and but a moment, was now employed to re-excite the ardor of the troops, which the fatigue of the march and the severity of the weather had somewhat abated. "Men of New York," exclaimed Montgomery, "you will not fear to follow where your General leads,—march on;" then placing himself again in the front, he pressed eagerly forward to the second barrier, and when but a few paces from the mouths of the British cannon, received three wounds, which instantly terminated his life and his labors. Thus fell, in the first month of his fortieth year, Major General Richard Montgomery.'

It is needless to add, that this event decided the fortune of the day; the subsequent efforts served only vainly to display the gallantry of the assailing army. The corpse of Montgomery was interred within the walls of the city, which he had nearly made his own; all hostile recollections yielded to the respect and admiration due to a gallant and honorable foe. The following is the estimate of his character and personal qualities, which is formed by his biographer.

'In this brief story of a short and useful life, we find all the elements which enter into the composition of a great man and distinguished soldier; "a happy physical organization, combining strength and activity, and enabling its possessor to encounter laborious days and sleepless nights, hunger and thirst, all changes of weather, and every variation of climate." To these corporal advantages was added a mind, cool, discriminating, energetic and fearless; thoroughly acquainted with mankind, not uninstructed in the literature and science of the day, and habitually directed by a high and unchangeable moral sense. That a man so constituted, should have won "the golden opinions" of friends and foes, is not extraordinary. The most eloquent men of the British Senate became his panegyrists; and the American Congress hastened to testify for him "their grateful remembrance, profound respect, and high veneration." A monument to his memory was accordingly erected, on which might justly be inscribed the impressive lines of the poet.

"Brief, brave and glorious was his young career:
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger, lingering here,
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise, which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."'

The volume closes with another striking contrast, in the biography of that extraordinary personage, Ethan Allen; who added very few of the graces of chivalry to his iron nerve and unconquerable spirit. This is the production of Mr. Sparks, who has brought to light many particulars of Allen's history not generally known, and presented them in a very clear and interesting narrative. The precise time of his birth is not ascertained, but, with several other members of his family, he emigrated in early life, from Connecticut, his native State, to the New Hampshire Grants, which have since been erected into the flourishing State of Vermont. The title to these Grants had long been the subject of controversy between New Hampshire and New York; Wentworth, the royal governor of the former, had issued patents, under which tracts had been sold to a great number of settlers, among whom were Allen and his brothers. New York, in order to assert her claim, granted new patents to other persons, covering the same lands on which the grantees of New Hampshire had established themselves; and a series of difficulties forthwith arose, which were not quieted for many years. Allen, whose boldness and energy gave him a strong ascendancy over the minds of those around him, took a very leading part in the vindication of what they deemed their legal rights. We have not room to relate the history of these transactions. The settlers, or, as they were called, Green Mountain Boys, resisted the New York claim in the courts of Albany, but the judgments of the courts being unhesitatingly pronounced against them, they took decisive means to prevent their execution, by dispossessing those who entered under them, and treating the civil officers with the least imaginable ceremony. We may perceive to what extent the exasperation on both sides was carried, from the fact, that a proclamation was early issued by the Governor of New York, offering a reward of twenty pounds for the apprehension of Allen, and that of eight other persons, who were associated with him. A law of a most remarkable character was enacted by the Assembly of New York, in opposition to the same individuals. This law began with naming Allen and several others; it then empowered the Governor and Council to issue an order, requiring these persons to surrender themselves to justice; if they neglected to do this, they were to be adjudged and taken as convicted, and to suffer death if indicted for a capital offence, and the Supreme Court was empowered to award execution, in the same manner as if there had been an actual trial and sentence. As Allen himself remarked, these printed sentences of death were not particularly fatal, but it is difficult to say to what extent the contest would have been carried, had not the Revolutionary troubles at this time begun to absorb all others.

The capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, which was effected by parties from Connecticut and the New Hampshire Grants, with Allen at their head, gave an indication of the spirit with which he was about to enter on the new scene of conflict. When this had been accomplished, he took command of the former post, and began to meditate the conquest of Canada; an enterprise, the credit of suggesting which belongs to him, and which, had it been undertaken by Congress with more activity and vigor, would not improbably have proved successful. A regiment of Green Mountain Boys was raised, under the authority of the Provincial Congress of New York, to be connected with the army: for some reason, not now remembered, Allen did not receive the command of it, but attached himself to General Schuyler's army as a volunteer. He was first employed to circulate an address, issued by the General, among the inhabitants of Canada, and to ascertain their disposition; this commission he executed in a very satisfactory manner; and he next proceeded to raise a corps of Canadian volunteers, with which he was about to join the army of Montgomery, now the leader of the Canada expedition, when, at the suggestion of Major Brown, whom he encountered at the head of another party, he was induced to lend his aid in an attack on Montreal. The plan was laid, and Allen's part of it was faithfully performed; but as Brown did not adhere to his, Allen was compelled to surrender. General Prescott, the commander of the British force at Montreal, after threatening him with a halter at Tyburn, gave orders that he should be bound hand and foot, and sent on board a vessel of war. With his ankles confined in shackles, to which was attached a bar of iron eight feet long, and with his hands in fetters, he was accordingly thrust into the lowest part of the vessel, without a bed or any article of furniture. In this condition he was taken to Quebec, where he was transferred for the moment to the charge of a gentleman, who removed his irons; but when Arnold appeared with his army in the neighborhood of that city, he was placed on board another vessel, manacled as before, and sent to England. During this voyage of forty days, Allen and thirty-three others, in fetters like himself, were confined in a single apartment, which they were not once permitted to leave. On his arrival in England, he was still suffered to remain in irons, though he was treated with somewhat less harshness.

'Notwithstanding the comparative amelioration of his circumstances, Colonel Allen's mind was not perfectly at ease in regard to the future. General Prescott's hint about his gracing a halter at Tyburn, rested upon his thoughts, and gave him some uneasiness amidst the uncertain prospects now before him. But despondency and fear made no part of his character, and, even when hope failed, his fortitude was triumphant. Prepared for the worst that might happen, he bethought himself of trying the effect of a stratagem. He asked permission to write a letter to the Continental Congress, which was granted. He depicted in vivid colors the treatment he had received from the beginning of his captivity, but advised the Congress not to retaliate, till the fate that awaited him in England should be known, and then to execute the law of retaliation not in proportion to the small influence of his character in America, but to the extent demanded by the importance of the cause for which he had suffered. The despatch was finished, and handed over for inspection to the officer, who had permitted him to write. This officer went to him the next day, and reprimanded him for what he called the impudence of inditing such an epistle. "Do you think we are fools in England," said he, "and would send your letter to Congress with instructions to retaliate on our own people? I have sent your letter to Lord North." This was precisely the destination for which the writer intended it, and he felt a secret satisfaction that his artifice had succeeded.'—pp. 304-5.

It seems almost incredible at this day, that an individual, whose only offence consisted in his having fought the battles of his country, should have been thus dealt with by the officers of a civilized and enlightened nation; but patriotism was not then a pardonable offence; it bore the united names of treason and rebellion. Owing however, either to the reprobation in which this severity was generally held, or to the menaces of retaliation, the British Government at length resolved to treat Allen and his companions as prisoners of war, and send them to their country. On his return, and until the period of his final release, he had an additional measure of harsh usage and privation to undergo, which would have broken a less stern and haughty spirit. The whole term of his captivity was two years and seven months. 'Insensibility,' as Mr. Sparks observes, 'made no part of his nature,' and the following incident, which occurred towards the close of his imprisonment, deserves to be recorded, as illustrative of his character.

'The Lark frigate, on board of which were Mr. Lovell, Colonel Allen and their companions, sailed from Halifax about the middle of October. Luckily they found themselves at last under an officer, Captain Smith, who treated them with the politeness of a gentleman, and with the feelings of a man capable of sympathizing in the distresses of the unfortunate. The first interview is thus described by Colonel Allen. "When I came on deck, he met me with his hand, welcomed me to his ship, invited me to dine with him that day, and assured me that I should be treated as a gentleman, and that he had given orders that I should be treated with respect by the ship's crew. This was so unexpected and sudden a transition, that it drew tears from my eyes, which all the ill usages I had before met with were not able to produce; nor could I at first hardly speak, but soon recovered myself, and let him know that I felt anxiety of mind in reflecting, that his situation and mine were such, that it was not probable it would ever be in my power to return the favor. Captain Smith replied, that he had no reward in view, but only treated me as a gentleman ought to be treated. He said, this is a mutable world, and one gentleman never knows but it may be in his power to help another."

'An opportunity soon occurred of verifying this last remark. They had not been at sea many days, when it was discovered that a conspiracy was on foot to destroy the Captain and the principal officers, and seize the ship. An American captain, who had commanded an armed vessel, and been recently taken prisoner, was the chief conspirator. He revealed his designs to Colonel Allen and Mr. Lovell, requesting their coöperation in bringing over the other prisoners, about thirty in number, and telling them that several of the crew were ready to join in the plot. It was known that there were thirty-five thousand pounds in money in the vessel, and the plan of the conspirators was to take the ship into an American port, where they expected to divide the booty according to the usual rules of captures. Without waiting to discuss the laws of war, or to reason about the infamy and criminality of such an act with men, who were prepared to execute it, Colonel Allen declared with his usual decision and vehemence, that he would not listen a moment to such a scheme; that, in its mildest character, it was a base and wicked return for the kind treatment they had received, and that he would at every personal hazard defend Captain Smith's life. This rebuff was unexpected by the conspirators, and it threw them into a distressing dilemma, since the fear of detection was now as appalling to them as the danger of their original enterprise. They then requested him to remain neutral, and let them proceed in their own way, but this he peremptorily refused: and he finally succeeded in quelling the conspiracy, by adhering to his resolution, and promising, that, as he had been consulted in confidence, he would not divulge the matter, if the leaders would pledge themselves instantly to abandon the design. In the present state of things they were glad to accept such terms. At the conclusion of this affair, Colonel Allen was forcibly reminded of the words of Captain Smith.'—pp. 315–317.

Congress endeavored to repair the wrongs of one who had thus suffered in their cause, by granting him a brevet commission of colonel in the Continental army; but it is not known that he entered upon actual service. The flame of the old controversy between Vermont and New York had burst forth anew, and Allen, as before, engaged in the conflict with his whole heart and soul; laboring, haranguing and writing, with abundant zeal and with no small effect, in the old and familiar cause. His fellow-citizens expressed their sense of the value of his aid, by appointing him general and commander in chief of the militia of the State, a station, at that time, of great responsibility. Propositions were made him by the enemy, to detach Vermont from her allegiance; these he communicated to Congress, and continued to defend the interests of his State and country until the conclusion of the war, when he retired to private life, and devoted himself to the occupation of a farmer. But his pursuits were not exclusively of this character. In 1784, he published a work, which his biographer denominates 'a crude and worthless performance, in which truth and error, reason and sophistry, knowledge and ignorance, ingenuity and presumption, are mingled together in a chaos, which the author denominates a system.' In this production, which he entitled a Compendious System of Natural Religion, he argues that the Christian Revelation and the Old Testament are false, while he declares his belief in a future state of reward and punishment. He appears, in fact, to have embraced the principles of deism. The short residue of his life was not distinguished by any important incident. He died at Burlington, in 1789.

This biography furnishes a striking instance, if any such were wanting, of the industry and talent with which Mr. Sparks illustrates every subject on which he is employed. There is a great variety of interesting detail in this article, to which we have found no space, even to allude. It is, however, an act of justice to the memory of Ethan Allen to say, that his biographer has formed a more favorable estimate of his character, than has been generally entertained. His roughness of manner and coarseness, his presumption and skepticism, though not to be defended, are yet palliated by the circumstances of his early education and condition. On the other hand, he was frank and generous; courageous in the most emphatic sense of the word; benevolent and kind in his private relations, and in his public ones, firm, honest and true.

It is stated by the editor in his preface, that this beginning is only an experiment, to be pursued or laid aside as circumstances may dictate. He proposes to publish four volumes within the compass of a year; and should sufficient encouragement be afforded, to continue the work by the publication of a volume quarterly. We are reluctant to believe, that encouragement, for such a work, will be likely to be wanting; the subject recommends itself to the attention of all readers, and the execution thus far justifies, in all respects, the highest expectations for the future,

Art. IX.—*Memoir of John Cotton.*

Memoir of John Cotton, by John Norton, with a Preface and Notes. By Enoch Pond, Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary of Bangor, Maine. Boston. 1834.

This is a reprint of a morsel of biography, which time had made scarce, exhibiting a brief memoir of one of the earliest and most honored of the Fathers of New England, written by his successor in the ministry, and in some large measure, the successor, also, to his honors and fame. Dr. Cotton Mather, who never failed in his own way to gather what advantage he could from a name, ranked him as the first of the four celebrated Johns,* to whom was afterwards added a fifth,—who, as colleagues or successors, shone as lights in the ancient church in Boston, and in whose characters, according to their respective gifts and graces, he finds, or thinks he finds, a resemblance to their great Scriptural prototypes, the Baptist and the Evangelist. Those who are conversant with the writings of Mather will easily believe, that the resemblance is more fanciful than real, a circumstance, which in no wise diminishes the writer's delight in pursuing it. But without this doubtful help from imagination, no one will deny, that these five Johns were truly good and venerable men; the two first, the author and the subject of this memoir, were for their genius, learning, and influence the most eminent. In having Norton for his eulogist, Cotton, therefore, found the felicity coveted by all, to whom an honorable fame is precious, 'laudari a laudato viro.' Yet had we no other evidence of Mr. Norton's abilities but the little work before us, we should be slow to concede to him the place, which the unanimous testimony of his contemporaries, and the unquestionable merit of some of his theological productions challenge for him.* Of the specimens of biography it has been our fortune to peruse, this must be counted with the most meagre and unsatisfactory. The smallness of its size, scarcely reaching to an hundred diminutive pages, precluded ample details, but cannot excuse its extreme defectiveness. It is strangely wanting in dates,—a want not felt by the careless reader, but fatal in a memoir, and next to unpardonable with a lover of accuracy, while it abounds with conceits, after the worst fashion of the pedantry of the day. Even within the narrow limits of this little book, the writer is perpetually wandering from his subject in chase of some obscure allusion or quaint resemblance, leaving his reader to find out, as he may, the year of Mr. Cotton's birth, of his education at the University, of his ordination and ministry in Old England, and of his removal to the New. The dates of these, and other passages of like interest in the lives of any individual worthy of a memoir, are altogether omitted, to be guessed at only by the date of his death; while with a perverse sort of accuracy, the writer does not fail to set down the precise period of the appearance of a comet, which, he instructs us, preceded the furies of the enthusiasts in Germany in 1533. And having remarked, that we have many instances of dissension in religion, and heresies following upon these meteors, he adds, with a charity altogether in keeping with his philosophy, 'The genuine offspring of those enthusiastic furies is that generation commonly known by the name of Quakers.' We do not wonder at his editor's friendly interposition, by a note upon this passage, to excuse the somewhat doubtful theories of his author. For, as Mr. Pond observes, 'among the phenomena of the heavens, none have been regarded with more superstitious apprehension than comets; and it is no discredit to such men as Cotton and Norton, that they partook of the general feeling of their age.'*

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* John Cotton died in 1652. John Norton in 1663. John Wilson in 1667. John Davenport in 1670, and John Oxenbridge in 1674.

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* Mr. Norton, according to Mather, was the author of the first Latin book, that ever appeared in this country; and this, taking the less questionable testimony of Dr. John Eliot, 'was written in pure elegant Latin.' It appears that in 1644, Apollonius, a Dutch clergyman, in behalf of some divines of Zealand, sent to New England a number of questions concerning the forms of church government here. At the unanimous request of his brethren, Mr. Norton, then in his retired situation at Ipswich, undertook the reply, which he accomplished in the course of the following year; and to judge of its merit we may quote, says Dr. Eliot in his biography, the words of Mr. Fuller in his Ecclesiastical History, 'Of all the authors I have perused concerning those opinions, none to me was more informative than John Norton, one of no less learning than modesty, in his answer to Apollonius, pastor of the church in Middleburg.' Mr. Norton, besides several other productions, which obtained credit for their learning, wrote the 'Orthodox Evangelist,' highly recommended by Cotton; and in the synod, which met at Cambridge in 1647, he '*revealed*,' says Mr. Emerson in his history of the First Church, 'an unusual acquaintance with school divinity. It was by him that the Cambridge Platform was modelled and recommended.'

As an example of the author's directness in relating facts, we extract the following sentences, designed to inform the reader of the place of Mr. Cotton's birth.

> 'His birth-place, *Derby*, we shall not detain the reader at, though a scituation in respect of the purity, and frequent agitation of the air, attempered (in the judgment of the orator) for the breeding of better wits. Creatures are in their kind subservient; but, tis God, (not the air) who puts wisdom into the inward parts, and giveth understanding to the heart. As the wise man and the fool die, so are they both ordinarily born in the same place. The glory of every good and perfect gift is reserved for the Father of lights. Let it be sufficient to acknowledge both the place an honor to the person, and the person an honor

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* Note p. 107.

to the place. What *Basil* sometime commended in the *Martyrs*, the same is to be looked at in our confessor (or martyr, which you please) namely, that his praise is not to be derived from his country here below, wherein he was born, but from his relation unto that *Hierusalem* which is above, where he was instrumentally born again, according unto grace.'

He thus also sets forth the method of Mr. Cotton's education:

'Though vain man would be wise, yet may he be compared to the cubb, as well as to the wild asses colt. Now we know the bear, when she bringeth forth her young ones, they are an ill-favored lump, a masse without shape, but by continuall licking they are brought to some form. Children are called infants of the palms, or educations, not because they are but a span in length, but because the midwife, as soon as they are born, stretcheth out their joints with her hand, that they may be more straight afterwards.

'This care in the parents was quickly above expectation encouraged in the first-fruits of their young son's proficiency, more and more increasing great hopes concerning him throughout the whole time of his minority, wherein he was trained up in the grammar-school of *Derby*. Three ingredients *Aristotle* requires to compleat a man: an innate excellency of wit, instruction, and government. The two last we have by nature, though in them man is instrumental: the first we have by nature more immediately from God. This native aptitude of mind, which is indeed a peculiar gift of God, the naturalist calls the sparklings and seeds of vertue, and looks at them as the principles and foundation of better education. These, the godly-wise advise such to whom the inspection of youth is committed, to attend unto; as spring-masters are wont to take a tryal of the vertue latent in waters, by the morning-vapors that ascend from them. The husbandman perceiving the nature of the soyle, fits it with suitable seed.

'A towardly disposition is worse than lost without education. The first impression sinks deep, and abides long. The manners and learning of the scholar, depend not a little upon the manners and teaching of the master. Physicians tell us, that the fault of the first concoction is not corrigible by the second; and experience sheweth, that errors committed in youth, through defect of education, are difficultly cured in age. *Mephibosheth* halteth all his life-long, of the lameness he got through his nurses carelessness when he was a child. In the piety of *England's Edward* the sixth, and *Elizabeth*, history ingenuously and thankfully acknowledgeth the eminent influence of their tutors: but amongst the causes of *Julian's* apostacie, the same remembrancer mentioneth it as a principal one, that he had two heathenish masters, *Libanius* and *Iamblicus*, from whom he drank in great prophaneness. The best soil needs both tilling and sowing; there must be culture as well as seed, or you can expect no harvest. What son is he, that the father chasteneth not? And that our daughters may be as corner-stones, palace-stones, and (albeit the weaker vessels, yet) vessels of precious treasure, they must be carved, that is, suffer the cutting, engraving, and polishing hand of the artificer.'

In truth, it must be confessed, that the only value of this little book was its scarceness; and *that* it has now lost by the re-publication; having this in common with many other things of this world ignorantly or unduly valued, that the delusion vanishes with acquaintance. 'Omne ignotum pro magnifico.' It had quite disappeared from the shops. It was not found on the shelves of collectors, nor in some of our most extensive public libraries. The curious eye might possibly have discovered a copy, where it has sometimes been our fortune to find old books of New England, that we had elsewhere sought in vain, in the worm-eaten trunks or ancient book-cases of octogenarians, descending as heir-looms from one generation to another, in the vicinity of that once court-end of the town, North Square, or Winnisimmet Ferry. So that, though it should not prove quite so rare as Mr. Pond supposes,* as far as scarceness makes precious it might be said to be valuable. Nor do we regret the diminution of this value, by the putting forth of a new edition. It is a little monument of olden times in a comely dress, and reveals to us for our comfort how wretchedly some learned men, skilled in theology, can write biography. Whoever wishes to know the history and character of Cotton may find them far more satisfactorily exhibited in Mr. Savage's edition of the journal of Governor Winthrop, than which few books are better fitted to instruct or delight; in the copious memoir in the Magnalia, by Cotton Mather, who, with all his conceits, fails not either of fullness or accuracy in dates and facts; in Emerson's history of the First Church; and, lastly, in the biographical dictionaries of Dr.

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* One copy is preserved in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Eliot and of President Allen. Here, he will find at once, what he will search for in vain in this volume, all that is essential to the history of Cotton's life.

John Cotton was born in Derby, England, in 1584; his parents were of high respectability and reputation; they early discovered and cherished his gifts, and were happy in living long enough to reap the fruits of their care in witnessing the usefulness and reputation of their son. Young Cotton was first admitted as a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards became a fellow of Emanuel. While there, his skill in languages, especially in the Hebrew, (of which he gave some signal testimony during his examination, in which he translated readily the third chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, containing the unusual terms of female dress,) the soundness and comprehensiveness of his learning and his eloquence as a preacher gave him a commanding reputation. He was settled in 1613, at the age of twenty-eight, in Boston, Lincolnshire, where, amidst various discouragements and persecutions, he exercised an able and acceptable ministry for twenty years. His eminent abilities and character obtained for him the favor of the Earl of Dorchester and of Bishop Williams, then also keeper of the great seal, who recommended him to the king. Even the influence of these powerful friends did not long avail to protect him from the growing hatred against non-conformists. He was compelled to flee from his persecutors in Lincolnshire, and after concealment for some months in London, he arrived in New England, September 4, 1633, in company with other eminent divines, of whom were Hooker, afterwards of Newton, and Stone of Hartford. The names of these worthies, in those days of straits and conceits, suggested to their brethren the comfortable assurance, that they had now Cotton for their clothing, Hooker for their fishing, and Stone for their building.

Cotton's reputation had preceded him, and his services were of too much value not to be immediately employed. In little more than a month after his arrival, viz. in October 1633, he was established as teacher of the First Church in Boston, and as colleague with Wilson, who was already the Pastor. Here also, amidst great reputation and usefulness,—a reputation unobscured but for a short season by the part he was supposed to take in the perplexing controversy occasioned by the vagaries of Mrs. Hutchinson, in whose 'familistical' or antinomian notions he was suspected of sympathising, and who was fain to shelter herself under the protection of his name,—he passed a faithful and honored ministry of more than nineteen years, until his death, occasioned by a cold caught in crossing the ferry to Cambridge, where he was engaged to preach. This event happened December 23, 1652, in the 57th year of his age, and the 39th of his ministry in both Bostons.

Cotton is unquestionably to be numbered with the eminent men of his time, for he maintained, with the single exception we have mentioned, an influence in church and state over such minds as Winthrop and others, civilians as well as ministers, which would hardly have been conceded even in those days to piety only or to clerical character. 'Some difference,' however, says the candid and discriminating Eliot, 'has appeared in the opinions expressed of this celebrated man. It has been suggested, that his character has been blazoned beyond its merits, for his biographers were Norton his friend, and Cotton Mather his grandson. Yet his learning was allowed by all his contemporaries. His piety and zeal none could doubt, for he sacrificed his ease, his interest, and country to enjoy the ordinances of religion. His candid spirit was not always in exercise. In the frenzy of his imagination, he sometimes blamed worthy men, and censured some, who had great claims to his respect and affection.' In truth, he did not, like his mild and charitable colleague, Wilson, rise above the prevailing bigotry of his day; but with most of his brother pilgrims, exemplified the observation, 'That when men begin to taste of Christian liberty themselves, they forget that other men have an equal title to enjoy it.'

It may be mentioned, as an evidence of the reputation in which Cotton was held, that in 1642 he was invited to England to assist in the assembly of divines at Westminster. His own inclination would have led him to accept the call, but Davenport and Hooker, with whom he was associated, were reluctant to go. The fruits of that famous assembly, as is well known, were the Confession of Faith and the Assembly's Catechism, larger and smaller.

Cotton's ascendancy in civil as well as in ecclesiastical affairs was great. 'He was called,' says Emerson,* 'the Patriarch of New-England.' It might almost be said, that Boston received from him its name, in honor of the place of his first ministry, and its inhabitants their laws. Governor Winthrop, though more catholic in his opinions and temper than his pastor, held him in high esteem, and on one occasion, when Cotton stood in need of it, interposed for him the powerful protection of his friendship and influence. In his journal,—the highest authority we can adduce in the matter,—that devout and accomplished magistrate bears frequent testimony to his abilities and success as a preacher.

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* History of the First Church.

'It pleased the Lord to give special testimony of his presence in the church of Boston, after Mr. Cotton was called to office there. More were converted and added to the church than to all the other churches in the Bay. Divers profane and notorious evil persons came and confessed their sins, and were comfortably received into the bosom of the church. Yea, the Lord gave witness to the exercise of prophecy,* so as thereby some were converted, and others much edified.'—*Winthrop's Journal*, Vol. I. p. 121.

When any question arose of doubtful expediency, or in which there appeared a diversity of opinion, Cotton seems to have been the common judge, or to have settled the matter by his preaching.

'After much deliberation and serious advice, the Lord directed the teacher, Mr. Cotton, to make it clear by the Scripture, that the minister's maintenance as well as all other charges of the church, should be defrayed out of a stock or treasury, which was to be raised out of the weekly contribution, which accordingly was agreed upon.'—*Journal*, Vol. I.

And a yet more decisive instance of Cotton's powers of persuasion, seeing that it produced an immediate change in the costume of the ladies, is recorded by Hubbard, who tells us that Cotton preached a sermon at Salem one Sunday morning, which so enlightened the women that 'they appeared in the afternoon without their veils.' This important subject had been previously discussed at the weekly Lectures in Boston.

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* This 'exercise of prophecy,' which seems to denote teaching from the Scriptures, or copious expositions, was practised by persons not ordained as well as by the clergy. Governor Winthrop himself often 'prophesied;' and if we should judge from his voluntary labors of this sort, when he was on his visits to Plymouth, Salem, Ipswich, &c. we may infer that he was not reluctant to lend his aid to a service in which, as in all other parts of his official duty, he excelled.

Cotton there taught that where, by the custom of the place, veils were not a sign of the women's subjection, they were not commanded by the apostle. This opinion was opposed, and the contrary maintained by Endicott, on the ground of the general arguments of the apostle. The question excited considerable debate, till the Governor, 'perceiving it to grow to some earnestness, interposed, and so it broke off.' It were desirable, that all controversies of similar moment, where the reason of the parties does not avail, might be quelled by a similar interposition.

We have spoken of the power of Cotton's preaching. Besides his weekly ministrations on the Sabbath, the Thursday Lecture, known to our fathers in those days when names of Pagan origin were abhorred, as the '*Fifth day Lecture*,' was the great theatre of his power. The venerable antiquity of this service, taking precedence in its origin of Harvard University, and almost coëval with the settlement of the town; its ancient associations; the place it long held among the spiritual privileges and grateful remembrances of generations, that are gone; the zeal and perseverance manifested in some memorable instances to attend it; and the succession of eminent men, who brought thither the various stores of their learning or the fruits of their eloquence, sanctified, we trust, by an hearty zeal for truth,—all unite to give to this service a peculiar interest.* But a few weeks have passed since the celebration of its second century by the ministers, who preach it in their turn; and as its history throws light upon the manners of the times, we are persuaded we shall gratify at least the antiquarians among our readers, by the following graphic delineation of its origin, taken from the discourse delivered on that occasion by the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, pastor of the church in which the lecture commenced, and one of the successors of its founder.

'The Thursday Lecture does not only carry us back to the days of the first settlement of the country, but to the native land of our forefathers. It is connected with the old world, as well as with old times. It was preached in the English Boston by the same fervent ministry that brought it to ours. We can follow it from the fens of the Witham to the New England coast. The grandson of Mr. Cotton assures us, that his famous ancestor kept "his ordinary Lecture every Thursday," while he was under the directions of the Bishop of Lincoln, and in friendship with the noble Earl of the same title. One cannot but be struck with the thought, that the eloquent voice might have been heard many and many a time rolling among the stately Gothic arches of St. Butolph's, which came here to fill a poor meeting-house, having nothing better than mud for its walls and straw for its roof; and that under one of the loftiest cathedral towers in Europe, lifting itself up as the pride of the surrounding country, and a landmark to them that are afar off on the sea, this very institution had its origin, which has long shown not even the vestiges of its ancient renown, but is dying under our eyes and hands a lingering death. I imagine it not only associating the present with a remote age, but bringing together the opposite shores of the Atlantic Ocean. I hear the heavy bell calling John Cotton's hearers together in prelatical England; and the knell falls faintly around me of the intervening generations that have gone away one after another into silence.

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* A good man of Ipswich used frequently, it is said, to walk to Boston, a distance of about thirty miles, to attend the Thursday Lecture, declaring it was worth such a journey to unite in one of Mr. Norton's prayers.

'In returning from this digression, which some may think full imaginary enough, to the history of the beginnings of the Lecture among ourselves, the next fact that meets us is one that does not partake at all of the fanciful. It is the substantial reality of a market, set up now for the first time in this place. On the 4th of March, 1634, as Governor Winthrop informs us, "By order of court a mercate was erected at Boston to be kept upon Thursday the 5th day of the week, being the Lecture day."'

Again, in adverting to the aspect of the assembly at its first era.

'It was a meeting of all that claimed or deserved respect in the neighborhood. The magistrates were present, the Governor of the Colony with his counsellors; and after its appropriate offices were ended, it was followed by a convention of the people, at which municipal regulations were adopted, and questions of every kind were discussed that engaged the minds of the men of that day. "Whatever Mr. Cotton delivered," says an historian, "was soon put into an order of court, if of a civil, or set up as a practice in the church, if of an ecclesiastical concernment."

And afterwards, when, with the progress of half a century, Boston had increased, and its thatched meeting-house had given place to a more commodious structure,

'On every fifth morning of the week, there is a flowing together of the people from many a mile round. The villages send their yeomen and pastors. The walls of Harvard College, that have risen at Newtown, contribute of its few students and fellows to swell the train. All other instruction must cease, while the lips of the benignant old patriarch Wilson, of the eloquent and commanding Cotton, of the zealous Norton, of Oxenbridge the well beloved, who broke off his own preaching of this very Lecture to be carried to his death-bed, are dispensing diviner knowledge. The schools dismiss their pupils in the forenoon, and are kept no more that day, in order that no one may be deprived of so great a privilege. The rough weather of a climate yet sterner than it has since been, scarcely thins the assembly that comes to warm itself with fervent words and the glow of a common interest and the breath of its own crowd, in a cold place.'

The General Court, it would appear, were accustomed to adjourn their sessions that they might attend the Thursday Lecture ; and when any thing was going wrong in the Legislature, Cotton interposed with his teachings from the Word to set it right. In repeated instances they received with all docility the law from his lips, and returned to their place and legislated accordingly. 'There was scarcely a subject,' says one of his biographers, 'affecting the civil or ecclesiastical state, which he did not discuss. At one time the town having chosen seven new officers, to the exclusion of Governor Winthrop and other influential men, who had served them faithfully in preceding years, Cotton interposed, and proved from Scripture that it was an order of Heaven to have all such business committed to the elders. Such was the weight of his authority, that he caused, on the succeeding Thursday, a new election. And on another occasion, a serious difference having arisen between the Governor, and assistants, and deputies, and it being found they could proceed no further, the whole court agreed to appoint a day of humiliation, when Cotton, their faithful chaplain, preached before them. 'He took his text,' writes Governor Winthrop,* 'out of Haggai II. 4, out of which he laid down the nature or strength of the magistracy, ministry, and people, with answer to all objections, and it pleased the Lord so to assist him, and to bless his own ordinance, that the affairs of the court went on cheerfully ; and though all were not satisfied about the negative voice to be left to the magistrates, yet no man would say aught against it.' It is to be observed that the great doctrine inculcated was, that the strength of the magistracy is to be their authority; of the people, their liberty; and of the ministry their purity; and that while each of these had a negative voice, *the ultimate decision must be with the whole body of the people*, whom therefore the preacher, in the true spirit of freedom, exhorted to guard their liberties against any encroachment or violence.

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* Journal, Vol. I, p. 141.

This mingling of the politician with the pastor was altogether in accordance with the spirit of the times, and with the exigencies of the people. It would be absurd to ascribe to personal influence alone the sway thus exercised by a minister over the public mind. Much undoubtedly must be conceded to the clerical office, but more to the reverence of the Word of God, which was deeply felt by the people, and to the opinion generally entertained of the resemblance of the government of our fathers to that of the Jews under their theocracy, in which God himself was the ruler, and his Word, which it was the province of his servants to interpret, the law. The learning also of the first ministers of New England gave great weight to their opinions. They had most of them been educated in the Universities. They were familiar with the original languages of the Scriptures. A few of them, like Cotton and Norton, had the reputation of eminent scholars, before they came hither; and though their literature, like their theology and the books which taught them, were borrowed from schools which have passed away, it accorded with the taste of the times, and the people paid them the reverence, which learning and sanctity in every condition of civilized society will assuredly obtain. Our fathers understood the value of this influence of sound learning in the ministry. They perceived its connexion with all just spiritual power; and it was for the preservation of it, and in their dread of an illiterate clergy, that amidst all their straits and dangers they established Harvard College.

Nor may it be overlooked, in considering the sources of Cotton's influence, that in common with some of the most distinguished of his brethren, he spoke with the authority of one, who was conscious in himself, and was known by those who heard him, to have made signal sacrifices in the cause. In truth, none of the pilgrims, if we except a few of the highest condition, Winthrop, Johnson, and his wife the accomplished daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, had given up more. When Cotton came to New England, he left behind him family connexions of respectability; friendship with the rich and the great; and the prospect of preferment in the church. He exchanged his home in a populous city, where he dwelt in honor, for a rude settlement in a wilderness; the stately Gothic church of St. Butolph, where crowds hung every sabbath upon his lips, for a poor meeting-house, more like a wigwam than a temple, having mud for its walls and straw for its roof, and in a place, of which the whole population, old men and children, young men and maidens, would hardly make up in numbers a decent assemblage. He resigned, moreover, the friendship of the Earl of Dorchester and the patronage of Archbishop Williams, who held the highest office in the kingdom, to take his lot with fellow-pilgrims and fellow-sufferers, generous and noble though they were, in the neighborhood of savages. It is true, he was driven to America by persecution, but it is equally true, that conformity would at any moment have recovered all. Yet this he did, and still more, that he might keep peace with his conscience. When, therefore, he spoke from his humble pulpit, the people, who 'knew the worth of the man,' and could estimate his sacrifices, because they had each in their measure made the same, suffered none of his words to fall to the ground. His learning they could respect, for some of them were learned themselves; and in his piety and faith, in which they all of them shared, or knew they ought to share, they saw the best hopes of the Colony and the sure pledge of the blessing of God. No wonder, therefore, that when Cotton taught, the moving of his lips was with power. And whether he showed to the people the times or the things that accompany salvation, they listened with equal deference, and were ready to say with the ancient Hebrews to their Lawgiver, 'All that the Lord hath spoken will we do.'

There have been other periods in the history of our country, when the influence of the clergy in civil affairs was, though not so controlling, yet salutary and acceptable. During the struggles of the American Revolution, when there was a general harmony of feeling, the aid of the pulpit in the common cause of freedom was sought, and was not withheld with impunity. But now that knowledge is widely diffused, and the people can judge for themselves, the day has passed when this mingling of things civil with things sacred would be either expedient or useful. In times, especially, of political excitement, and, as at the present day, amidst the countless divisions of party, any mingling of the Christian teacher by preaching or by action with the strife, must be of doubtful, and in all probability of injurious tendency. He will obtain no influence from the pulpit as a politician, but at the expense of his better influence as a pastor. Those of his flock, who may differ from his opinions, will hardly yield to him the credit of superior discernment on a subject they have not called him to teach. They will be vexed at finding an influence they did not expect, and may, therefore, deem ungenerous, arrayed against themselves; and will easily transfer their dislike of his politics to his most serious and affectionate religious exhortations. Our own times have not been without instances in confirmation of these remarks. And, even at a period, as we have seen, most favorable to such efforts, Norton himself, the author of the Memoir before us, was a memorable example of its danger. In the fullness of his popularity he undertook a political mission to England, and the infelicity of the result may serve as a warning to the clergy in all coming time.* It illustrates the great truth, that learning and piety are the strength of the ministry; that the pastor, most exclusively devoted to the appropriate objects of his calling, will in general be found the most useful and blameless; and it illustrates, moreover, the wisdom of the reply, once made by the spiritual Leighton to the complaint, that he did not, like others, preach to the times. 'If all the brethren preach to the *times*, may not one poor brother be suffered to preach on eternity?'

We have spoken of the learning of Cotton, and of others of the clergy in the first days of New England. Next to their piety it was the strength of their ministry. And when we remember the places or prospects they resigned, and the influence which their learning might have obtained for them in the parent country, with the obscurity of their condition in this; when we contrast what they relinquished or might have gotten there with what they encountered here, it is impossible to feel less than admiration of the martyr-like spirit of the men. This is a sentiment rising up involuntarily from every view of the characters of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their history is one of continually fresh, as it is of exhaustless interest. The same facts, the same personages, must be exhibited, but under what variety of illustration, and forms of excellence! And if, in the beginning of their strength, rather we should say, in the extremity of their weakness and perplexity, they valued so highly and spared no pains to perpetuate a learned ministry,* it cannot be deemed of less importance at the present day, when intelligence is widely diffused, and the means of good education are within the power almost of the humblest. It is true, the people do not now, as formerly, depend on their ministers for their knowledge. But this only makes the necessity of a thoroughly trained clergy the more urgent. For in proportion to the intelligence of the hearer must obviously be the learning of the teacher.

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* Mather, Hutchinson, and Eliot, all speak with sorrow of this unfortunate mission of Norton. The General Court chose him joint agent with Bradstreet, to present the address to Charles II., and to obtain from his majesty some privileges for the Colony. As the people had previously justified every circumstance of Cromwell's usurpation, and commended the justice which had brought the king's father to the scaffold, 'it became,' says Dr. Eliot, a 'delicate and difficult business to transact. It required so much art and dissimulation, that a minister of the Gospel ought not to have been concerned in it.' The mission itself was unsuccessful. The people blamed the agents, particularly charging Mr. Norton with unfaithfulness; till he began to imagine that his best friends had forsaken him. He grew melancholy, and died suddenly on a sabbath, while preparing for the afternoon exercises.

The spirit of the times is eminently favorable to a high standard of theological attainment. Whole denominations of Christians, who once looked with jealousy upon learning, as unfriendly to piety, have become converts to more liberal views; and are already among the foremost in endowing and sustaining their literary institutions. We heartily rejoice in this spirit, and we hope that from no false notions of expediency or economy, or wish to supply a temporary demand in the new settlements of our country, will this standard be suffered to fall. The danger is more, we think, to be apprehended in our oldest seminaries than in the new. It should not be forgotten under any circumstances, that learning in the clergy is vital not only to the just influence of the profession, but of what is of unspeakably greater importance,—to the cause of truth and charity. The sophistry of infidelity on the one hand, and the extravagancies of fanaticism on the other, cannot be successfully encountered but with the help of learning. And, in general, we may be confident, that a thoroughly learned clergy will be a catholic one.

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* The following is an extract of a letter written in 1642, and published in 'New England's First Fruits.'

'After God had carried us safe to New England, and we had builded our houses, provided necessaries for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things wee longed for and looked after, was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, *dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches*, when our present ministers should lie in the dust. And as wee were thinking and consulting how to effect this great work, it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Mr. Harvard, a godly gentleman and lover of learning, then living among us, to give the one half of his estate, towards the erecting of a colledge, and all his library.'

We take pleasure in adducing upon this subject the sentiments of a lamented individual,* who in an official capacity devoted himself with his characteristic ardor of purpose to the cause of theological education, and whose testimony is the result of intelligent and faithful observation.

> ‘ So strong is my conviction of the propriety of raising rather than lowering the standard of education, in all our seminaries of learning, that without pretending to extraordinary foresight, I will venture to predict the ultimate failure of any academy, college, or theological seminary, in which the plan of a superficial education is adopted. The community will not long support an institution, which is known to pursue such a system.’
>
> ‘ It may fairly be doubted, whether in the end any thing is to be gained for the church, by abridging for any young man a term of study, as at present settled by the soundest experience. Public opinion has declared most fully in favor of a thorough and liberal course of education for the ministry. And those institutions, which set out upon a different plan, have been compelled to change, and to conform to the model of the highest and most liberal standards.’

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* The Rev. Dr. Cornelius, in Edwards's Memoir of his Life.

Art. X.—*Progress and Limits of Social Improvement.*

Principi di Scienza Nuova di Giambattista Vico d'intorno alla comune Natura delle Nazioni colla vita dell' Autore scritto da lui medesimo. Edizione sesta. 3 vol. 8vo. Milano. 1816.

The New Science; or a Treatise on the Principles that regulate the Origin, Progress and Decline of Nations. By J. B. Vico, *with a Life of the Author, written by Himself.*

The enquiry into the laws that regulate the progress, and determine the limits of the improvement of society,—which has become of late familiar to the public mind,—was not much agitated in the ancient schools of philosophy. It is chiefly, in fact, within the last half century that the speculations on this subject have begun to assume the form of definite theories. At the opening of the French Revolution, when the whole Christian world was in eager expectation of some great results that were to follow from this political movement, the boldest and most ardent thinkers started the idea, that a complete reform in the institutions of society would bring about the entire abolition of moral and physical evil in all their forms, and convert the earth into a paradise of perfect innocence and happiness, where we should flourish forever in immortal youth, without, of course, any wish or necessity of a better state hereafter. This system has been popularly called the theory of the perfectibility of man, and is not to be confounded with the sounder notions which encourage us to believe in the possibility of great improvements in the condition of particular individuals and societies, but always within moderate and reasonable limits. The partisans of this extravagant scheme were not undeceived by the fatal reverses, that so soon overclouded the fair promise of that memorable period. The oceans of innocent blood, that deluged the streets of Paris for five years, could not quench the fiery faith with which these enthusiastic souls adhered to their delusive visions of ideal perfection. It was in the dungeons of Robespierre,—from which he only escaped to die by the effects of poison, administered by his own hand, as the only resource against a more ignominious fate,—that Condorcet, the apostle of this school, composed his essay on the progress of the human mind. At the same time, when this doctrine was in full vogue in France, it also obtained a temporary currency in England, and may be found, set forth in full relief, in the Political Justice of Godwin ;—a work, which, strange as it may seem, was received with general enthusiasm by the reading public. The strong good sense of the mass of the people, enlightened by the practical refutation of these extravagant theories afforded by the progress of the French Revolution, pretty soon dissipated this delusion, which, as the opinion of a party, may now be said to be extinct.

An attempt has indeed been lately made to revive the system, and even to use it as the basis of a practical reform of the institutions of society, by two or three individuals, who, after failing to realize their hopes at home, condescended to make our country the theatre of their benevolent exertions. We allude to Mr. Owen, and his female associate, Miss Wright. The small success which they met with in this quarter, renders it superfluous to dwell at length on the particular form in which they manifested their opinions. Mr. Owen, with whom we had some slight personal acquaintance soon after his arrival in this country, said at that time that he was quite certain of being able, within five years, to reorganize after his own fashion, or in one word, to *Owenize* our whole vast Republic. More than eight years have since elapsed, and the single, and not very flourishing establishment at New Harmony, is thus far the only result of his labors. Indeed, this great reformer has since returned to his own country, in no very pleasant disposition towards us, affirming publicly, that we are incapable of self-government, and, of course, unworthy to be governed by him ; while it appears, that his fellow-laborer,—after much lecturing against the old-fashioned system of matrimony,—has lately condescended to change her name ;—no doubt on the principle of Benedict in the play, that when she lectured on the advantages to women of dispensing with husbands, she did not think that she should live to be herself a wife.

The same general tendency of opinion and feeling, which gave rise to the theory of perfectibility in France, displayed itself in Germany, under a somewhat more scientific,—perhaps we may say more plausible form,—although the leading characteristics of the German system are substantially the same with those of the French one. The friends of letters and humanity will always be forward in acknowledging their obligations to the Germans, as well for their earnest and persevering efforts in the reformation of religion and the restoration of classical learning, as for much of the best fruit that has been gathered within the last half century from almost every field in the vast domains of science. Nor can we be justly said to underrate their high deserts, when we add, that individuals, and even considerable classes of writers, belonging to this illustrious and excellent nation, to which we of Saxon stock look with pride and pleasure as our parent, have at different periods and particularly within the one just mentioned, indulged in wild speculations on many important points in metaphysical and moral philosophy. Perceiving however, or thinking they perceived, about the period of the opening of the French Revolution, a strong tendency towards an improvement of the condition of society in Europe, and wishing to connect this encouraging fact with the general course of the history of man, the German writers persuaded themselves that the species, like the individual, naturally goes through a process of education, by which it is gradually moulded, fashioned and perfected, so as to pass from a very rude original state through a long course of intermediate changes into one of indefinite purity and excellence. On this system, the generations that immediately followed the deluge, were the infants of our kind; the Greeks and Romans, and the other various nations that occupy the middle period of history were in a state of adolescence; towards the close of the last century, the human race began to approach maturity, and it was supposed that by the beginning of the next millennium, at the year 2000, they would have made such farther progress as to exhibit our nature in something like a state of perfection.

Such was, in substance, the theory proposed by the Germans, and which is particularly developed with a good deal of eloquence and plausibility by Herder, in his Philosophy of the History of Man, a work in its time of great celebrity and influence.* The system retains many partisans among the less clear-headed and more enthusiastic of his countrymen, with whom the education of the human race still forms a favorite subject of declamation and reasoning. The theory is obviously nothing more than the French system of perfectibility in a somewhat different shape; and as the Germans borrowed from the French the leading notions which they thus accommodated in this fashion to their own taste,—so the French, on the other hand, having become tired of their own invention in its original form, have latterly shown some disposition to give it currency again, under the costume which it assumed on the eastern side of the Rhine. Professor Cousin, the most popular and eloquent French philosopher of the present day, bestows in his lectures a large eulogium on the work of Herder, and seems to adopt, under some modifications of his own, the leading points of the theory. His opinions, as far as they are peculiar to himself, are of too abstract and mystical a character to be here noticed. The system, under its German guise, has even found adherents and apostles on this side of the ocean. Some of our ablest and most eloquent writers have descanted with much enthusiasm and evident conviction on the indefinitely progressive character of our nature, without appearing to be conscious, that they were only commenting on the text of the Political Justice and the Age of Reason.

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* The opinion of Herder was not embraced by all his friends of the Weimar school. Schiller, for example, has condensed the substance of a much more reasonable doctrine into a single couplet.

Der Mensch wird alt und der Mensch wird jung,
Die Welt hat nimmer Verbesserung.

It is the natural tendency of extreme opinions to generate each other. An excess in one direction almost always leads, by the effect of reaction, to an excess in the opposite one; and this result in fact happened in the present instance. Struck with the absurdity of the theories of social improvement, to which we have alluded,—alarmed at some of their practical consequences,—and anxious to refute them, if possible, in a perfectly intelligible and positive way,—a school of philosophers arose in England, who denied the possibility of any improvement at all. It was declared to be impracticable, not merely that the human race should arrive on this sublunary sphere at a state of faultless perfection, but that France, Great Britain, the United States, or any other community should make any considerable advances beyond the precise point at which it stood in the year 1798; when, if we recollect rightly, the work of Malthus, the founder of this school, was published. This writer affirmed that all improvement would necessarily be attended with an increase of population, and that all increase of population was necessarily greater than the corresponding increase in the quantity of food required for its support could possibly be made. Hence all improvement carries with it a bane just powerful enough to neutralise the good principle to which it was owing, and to bring matters back exactly to their former state. In proportion as communities advance in civilization, they begin to fall short of provisions, and if they could possibly arrive at a state of perfection, they would be obliged, like the crew of a ship at sea in distress, to feed upon each other,—a result which, as Malthus rightly suggests, is not quite consistent with a state of entire innocence and happiness.

In reply to this argument, the partisans of the system of absolute perfectibility might, perhaps, pertinently enquire, how it appears, that man, in a state of complete perfection, whether in this or any other sphere, would retain his ancient senses and appetites. If we go the length of supposing that this mortal is to put on immortality here below, why not also suppose, that it may throw off at the same time the inclination and necessity for the gross aliments by which it is now sustained, and learn to subsist on an exclusively intellectual and substantial diet? Others again might have enquired how it happened, that this principle, which was to prevent all future improvement in all parts of the world, had formed no obstacle to the past; and why the multifarious movement of society, whether advancing, oblique or retrograde, which had been going on so busily for thousands of years, was to be arrested forever, precisely two years before the close of the eighteenth century. Such, however, is the celebrated system of Malthus, which, though passing out of vogue, like the other extreme doctrine which it was intended to refute, still has its partisans on both sides of the water, is vigorously maintained by some of the leading journals, particularly the Edinburgh Review,—and is considered by its partisans as forming a new era in the science of Political Economy.

If, however, we reject this system as not less irrational than the one it was meant to supersede, we shall still be at no loss to find reasons for refusing our assent to the doctrine of absolute perfectibility. The slightest observation of the universe to which we belong shows us, in fact, that one of its elements is a principle of evil, moral and physical, which has exhibited itself to a greater or less extent and under various modifications from the creation of the world up to the present day, and which evidently could not be eradicated while the system remains what it is. If men became angels, they would necessarily cease to be men; but when we enquire into the laws and limits of improvement, we mean to ask, what men are capable of becoming, without ceasing to be substantially what they are. History, the grand record of experiments in moral and political philosophy, refutes the doctrine on every page. We find no traces either of a regular improvement in the condition of the whole race, during the period of which we possess a historical account, or of any of the transition states through which, according to this theory, men have passed, from that of monkeys, or as some say, reptiles, into their present condition, in the course of that progress which is to elevate them ultimately into saints and seraphs. On this point we have the authority of Dr. Johnson, in his reply to Lord Monboddo, a Scotch partisan of these notions, who maintained that men were an improved race of monkeys, whose tails, originally long, had gradually shortened, and finally dwindled into nothing by the constant use of clothing. 'Show me,' said the Doctor, 'a single man who has the smallest remnant of a tail, though it be but an inch long, and I am a convert to the theory. Till then, allow me to believe the Bible, which assures us, that God created man, not in the form of a monkey or a reptile, but in his own image; and that it was not, as Helvetius affirms, an accidental twist of his thumb while in the monkey state, but the inspiration of the Almighty that gave him understanding.' In fact, Religion directly contradicts this theory. It not only teaches us, as has been just intimated, that we were created with substantially the same faculties which we now possess, and with a mixed moral nature, prone alternately to good and evil, but it further teaches us, that this mixture of good and evil is the permanent and unalterable law of our condition in this world;—that the very purpose of our existence here, as moral beings, is to work out, within the sphere of our own activity, the triumph of good over evil, which we of course could not do, if evil did not exist; and that the degree of fidelity with which we execute this purpose will determine our condition in a future state of being. When we suppose the possibility of perfection in this world, we abandon the hope of a better,—shut out from our intellectual vision the bright and glorious views that Religion opens to us of our origin, nature and destiny,—and in short, throw ourselves headlong into the black and bottomless gulf of Atheism, which, we know, swallowed up all the adherents of this system in France.

While we reject, without hesitation, a doctrine pregnant with such absurdities, and pointing to such conclusions, we still maintain, that there is in our nature a capacity for improvement within certain limits and under certain conditions. Although the whole human race appear to be formed after a common type, the essential characteristics of which will never be altered,—although men never have been monkeys, and in their present state of being never will be angels,—although the differences between the principal varieties of our species,—intellectually and morally viewed,—are, perhaps, less important than we are at first thought disposed to consider them,—it is nevertheless certain, that such varieties exist. Men, when examined at different times and places, and under different circumstances, exhibit very different intellectual, moral, and even physical characteristics. The several communities that inhabit the globe at the same periods, differ materially from each other in many important particulars. It is impossible for the utmost stretch of liberality to place the New Hollanders and the Hottentots on a level with the Frenchmen or the Englishmen of the present day,—to confound the subject of the Celestial Empire with the citizen of the United States. The same communities again exhibit, at different periods, as great a variety of characteristics as different communities at the same periods. Cities, that have figured as the seats of empire and luxury, dwindle into nameless heaps of ruins. Whole regions that have been at one time abodes of civilization, wealth and happiness, are given up to universal desolation at another. Compare the England of our time with the England of the Heptarchy or the Roman conquest. Compare the wealth,—the arts,—the luxury,—the high cultivation,—the dense population, that have rendered a little island one of the leading powers of the world, with the rude condition of the few scanty and half-naked savages, that shuddered under the shadow of their sombre forests at the incantations of the Druids. Look at Sicily as she was two thousand years ago, feeding from her abundant stores her own population of twelve millions, and at the same time exporting provisions to such an extent, as to be styled the granary of the Roman Empire. Compare her with the Sicily of the present day, exporting nothing, and hardly sustaining a wretched remnant of less than half a million inhabitants. Look at Greece in the age of her greatness and glory,—glowing with life and genius,—swarming with inhabitants,—every hill crowned with a fortress or a temple,—every valley teeming with the richest fruits,—every grove vocal with the sweetest strains of music and poetry,—every sea covered with her canvass,—every climate filled with her renown,—first repulsing, and then overturning the giant power of the Persian despotism,—in short, subjugating,—civilizing,—charming the known world of her day :—and then look at her as we see her now,—aptly described by the illustrious poet, who devoted his pen and his life to her service, as the cold and lifeless corpse of what she was,—bereft of every thing, except the inalienable treasure of her fine climate, and trembling but lately in her abject degradation at the nod of the chief of the black eunuchs of the Seraglio of Constantinople. Egypt, the wonder and glory of a still earlier period, has relapsed into a sand-bank, while Holland has risen from the same condition of a sand-bank, covered with alluvial earth, to be, as it were, the Egypt of the modern world. Rome herself, so long, and in such various ways the metropolis of Europe,—Rome, after swaying successively, through a career of more than two thousand years, the sceptre of military power,—law,—luxury,—civilization,—art,—and finally religion, is rapidly passing to the same gulf of ruin and complete oblivion that has swallowed up her predecessors; while a new Rome is rising with rapidity in our own day, on the banks of a river which the universal geography of the former did not even include, and promises, at no distant period, to realize a dominion even more extensive and durable than that of the Eternal City. The most superficial observation of the state of the world and the course of history proves, in short, that the condition of man, whether viewed in his individual or social capacity, though not subject to a law of regular progress, is nevertheless not determined, like that of the lower animals, by a fixed and unalterable standard, but varies very much at different times and places, and that the modern theories, which deny the possibility of any improvement, are not less incorrect than those which affirm that it can be carried to the point of absolute perfection.

If, then, we dismiss from our attention both these extreme systems,—if we recognise, on the one hand, the practicability of the advancement of civilization, and admit, on the other, that there are limits, which it never can transcend,—the interesting question naturally presents itself, *What are the principles which regulate this progress, and determine these limits?*

The law on this subject, suggested by the analogy of nature, and confirmed by all experience, appears to be this. The essential characteristics of human nature will always remain the same, but individual men and individual communities are susceptible of improvement or degradation, according to the circumstances in which they are placed, and the comparative vigor of their own exertions in turning them to account. If we look at the communities that fall within our own observation, with reference to their moral, intellectual and physical condition,—every particular, in short, which constitutes what we call civilization,—we find in each a common standard which is, as it were, an average of the condition of all the members, and to which that of the great majority of them in point of fact very nearly approaches; and we also find a certain number of individuals and families towering above or dropping below this standard, and exhibiting talents and virtues on the one hand, or weaknesses and vices on the other, which distinguish them completely, though in different degrees, from the rest. The same phenomenon presents itself to us, when we extend our observation so as to take in at once the whole compass of history. Nations,—races are the individuals and families that make up the vast society of man;—and as we notice in each particular community a common standard of civilization, and a certain number of individuals and families that rise above or fall below it, so in tracing the character of our race from its origin up to the present day, we observe in like manner a common standard of humanity,—if we may so speak,—which is the average of the condition of the various communities that have successively flourished in the different quarters of the globe, and to which the great majority of these communities make, in fact, a very near approach: and we also observe a number of particular communities rising above or falling below this common standard,—in one case living out feebly and obscurely the term of their existence, and then sinking into complete oblivion,—in the other, exercising a powerful influence over their contemporaries, and leaving a luminous track in the annals of the world.

Such then appears to be the law. The nature of man will ever be substantially the same. The condition of individuals, whether men or communities, is variable : depending partly on the will of Providence, which places them in a more or less favorable condition for progress and improvement, but still more, perhaps, on the fidelity with which they respectively take advantage of the talents committed to their trust. The degree to which this improvement or this degradation may be carried, may be said to be indefinite, not because there are no limits to it, but because it is impossible to say beforehand what these limits are. We cannot affirm with certainty that no individual will ever be greater or better than the greatest or best man that has yet appeared, or more abject and vicious than the worst. In our own times, and within our own country, we have seen the standard of individual character raised to a height which it never reached before, in the person of Washington. But who will undertake to affirm, that virtues still more pure and glorious than those which distinguished the illustrious and beloved Father of our country, are absolutely unattainable ? In like manner every enquirer, in casting his eyes over the long roll of history, would probably fasten them upon some one nation which, in his opinion, was fairly entitled to claim a preëminence over the rest. The magnificence of Egypt,—the piety of Judea,—the taste of Greece,—the virtue of Rome,—the stability of China,—the science and art of modern Europe,—the pure freedom of our own country, would in turn engage his attention, and according to his peculiar habits of thought might determine his preference. But he would exhibit more weakness and prejudice than sound philosophy, who should undertake to affirm that no nation can possibly exist hereafter, which shall exhibit his favorite qualities in higher perfection, and with less alloy than any of these.

But though the capacity for improvement may justly be said to be indefinite, it is far from being infinite. It is obviously limited, as we have already remarked, by the laws of our physical and moral constitution ; and experience shows, that the actual progress in improvement of individuals and nations has no tendency to exempt them,—still less the whole race to which they belong,—from the operation of these laws, or to confer upon them powers and privileges, which Providence in this our state of probation has denied us. The best and greatest man that ever appeared has, we need not say, no more chance of arriving at immortality and perfection, on this side of the grave, than the worst. The mightiest and the weakest nations pursue alike the common course of progress, maturity, decline and fall. If merit could have secured its possessor from the lot of humanity, would our Washington have slept with his fathers on the banks of the Potomac? If religion, virtue, taste, courage, art, science,—all the finest and noblest qualities that adorn the character of nations,—afforded security against the mutability that is attached to every thing earthly, would Egypt, Judea, Greece, Rome, and so many other illustrious communities of ancient and modern days, have disappeared in succession from the theatres on which they flourished? Indeed, the highest attainments of individuals or communities, far from serving as a point of departure for a subsequent progressive advancement of the whole human race towards perfection, are much more frequently,—we may rather say universally, for such appears to be the general law,—the precursors of their own regular and rapid decline. The individual continues to advance until he arrives at the maturity of his nature; but no sooner has he reached this point, than the germ of decay begins to display itself. No matter how superior his qualities, how noble the use he makes of them:—let him be as great as Napoleon,—as wise and good as Aurelius or Socrates,—it makes no difference; he must go the way of all flesh,---dust returns to dust,--- and the spirit returns to God who gave it. Families, that at one time produce great characters, are very soon exhausted by their own fertility. It is much if a name continues illustrious for two generations, after which the glory of the ancestor only serves in general to exhibit more conspicuously the nothingness, if not the infamy of his degenerate progeny. Do we find the descendants of Warwick and Marlborough leading on the British armies to victory, or those of Bacon, Boyle, Bolingbroke, or Oxford preëminent in Council or in Parliament? The glories of Pitt the father, and Pitt the son, are inherited by,—we know not whom,---probably some active and enterprising fox-hunter; and the next generation of that far-famed race, which in our day peopled the thrones of Continental Europe, will be,—we say it not to their disparagement, they will probably be much better, though not greater men, than their progenitors,---a very quiet company of attorneys, ornithologists, and plain country gentlemen.

In like manner in the history of nations, their most brilliant epochs have generally preceded, by a very short interval, their decay and ruin. The reign of Sesostris, the culminating point of the greatness of Egypt, was succeeded very shortly by the Persian conquest. David and Solomon had scarcely closed their illustrious career in Judea, when the kingdom was first rent in twain by domestic dissensions, and then subjugated by a foreign invader. Pericles, who has given his name to the brightest period in the history of Athens, witnessed himself the first three years of that wasting Peloponnesian war, which destroyed the prosperity of all Greece. The barbarian invasion and the dark ages, as they are emphatically called, tread upon the heels of the Augustan epoch; and the decline of France, notwithstanding the transitory splendor of the reign of Napoleon, will probably be dated hereafter from the close of the age of Lewis XIV. It was accordingly affirmed by Rousseau, an acute and profound, though sometimes mistaken reasoner on political events and principles, that no nation of modern Europe was likely to make any considerable advances in greatness and glory after the time when he was writing, for the reason that each had already reached and passed its brilliant period. The assertion has received a remarkable confirmation, both positive and negative. Of the Western nations to which he alluded, and which had then, or before, reached their brilliant periods, none, with the exception perhaps of Great Britain, has since obtained, or is likely to obtain hereafter, a permanent accession of power; while Russia, which was not included in his list, and which has not yet reached her period of brilliancy, has acquired, within the last fifty years,—as we have already had occasion to remark,—a prodigious accession of influence, and is rapidly pressing forward towards a complete and decided preponderance over all the rest.

It would not perhaps be difficult to show, why this is so; why the germs of evil, inherent in our nature, are warmed into life and activity by the same general causes that develope the principles of good; and why the progress of nations, like that of individuals, is naturally arrested at a certain point of maturity, from which they afterwards fall by a regular decline.* But the subject belongs to another order of enquiries, and is foreign to our present purpose, which is rather to state and illustrate the fact.

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* It is remarkable that so little has been written directly upon this question, which is, perhaps, the most interesting in political philosophy. Our libraries are overrun with works upon the manner in which

Nations and races therefore pass like individuals through their periods of progress, maturity and decline, and the attainment by any one of the highest degrees of civilization that have yet been witnessed, instead of serving as an introduction to a new series of advances, is in general the precursor of approaching decay. It is evident, therefore, that no one race or nation can ever carry forward the work of improvement beyond a certain point, or extend its influence so as to change the character of the race.

But admitting this, it is sometimes suggested, that there is a regular progress of humanity kept up through a succession of races and nations, each of which inherits the acquisitions of those which preceded, and transmits them in turn with additions to those that follow, and that the sum of civilization is thus always increasing, and may continue to increase to an indefinite extent. The Asiatic, for example, takes up the line of the great 'march of intellect' where it was left by the African, and the European, in turn, where it was left by the Asiatic; so that the result is the same, as if each or all of them had carried it forward in a uniform course, up to the same point which it reached in the hands of the last.

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nations *ought* to be governed; but there are scarcely any upon the principles that *in fact* regulate their progress, and determine their condition, including the forms of their governments, at the different periods of their history. The work of Vico, which we have placed at the head of this article, is the only one of much importance upon this subject, and in this the author has done little more than propose the problem,—his own solution being far from complete or satisfactory. The principal merit of his book lies, in fact, in the title, which proves that Vico had distinctly conceived the original and important idea, that the circumstances which regulate the origin, progress and decline of nations are susceptible of generalization, and may be stated and classed as a separate branch of philosophy. In his attempt to do this, Vico failed, and the principles of the *New Science* are still to be discovered. Vico has been called in Italy the *Dante of Philosophy*. He was a bold and original, though not a very correct thinker. The effect and reputation of his work were destroyed by the confused, obscure, and cumbrous style in which it is written. Montesquieu, with whom he was contemporary, borrowed a good deal from him without acknowledgment. The public attention has lately been attracted to his work, by the praise which Cousin has bestowed upon it; and one of the pupils of that Professor, M. Michelet, has published a translation, or rather abstract, which, however, is nearly as illegible as the original.

But this view of the subject, though somewhat more plausible in theory, is not more conformable to fact and experience than the other. The character and condition of each particular nation are the results, as we have already remarked, of the common principles of our nature, developing themselves in particular forms, according to the particular circumstances that affect their operation. One of these circumstances is undoubtedly the influence of other nations, whether preceding or contemporary, and this may be of any degree of importance, according to the extent of the relation through which it is exercised. Sometimes it is almost null. Whole races,—the Asiatic for example,—have passed through their periods of progress, maturity and decline, without having their civilization modified in any degree by this cause. In other cases, again, the effect of foreign influence is evidently considerable; but even in these, it is far from being true, that there is a regular superiority in the nation which follows over that which preceded, and in some degree formed it. The influence of the former is one of the elements that determine the character of the latter, but this character, in the general result, is neither superior nor inferior to the other. It is rather something *sui generis*,—and entirely different. In Greece, for instance, the impulse to improvement was given by colonies from Egypt, and the influence of these colonies no doubt affected, in a considerable degree, the progress of society in the former country. Greece, therefore, may be said to have inherited the wisdom of Egypt, and on the view of the subject which we are considering, the result should have been that Greece should have taken up the work of improvement at the point where it was left by the Egyptians, pursued the same course, and excelled them in their own way. What in fact happened? The form of civilization in Greece was not only different from that which existed in Egypt, but in most respects precisely the reverse. The Egyptians were religious; the Greeks philosophical. In their system of government, the Egyptians aimed at stability and order; the Greeks sacrificed every thing to an enthusiastic love of individual liberty. The style of art in Egypt was grand, massive, colossal; in Greece light, airy and elegant. We cannot say, that either nation was on the whole superior or inferior to the other. Each would be preferred by particular persons according to their particular tastes and habits, and each was superior in its own way.

The Jews again inherited, under different circumstances, this same wisdom of Egypt, and formed themselves upon it. The civilization of Judea was cradled in an ark of bulrushes on the banks of the Nile. On the system we are considering, the daughter of Zion, in her mature beauty, should have exhibited at once the imposing majesty of her parent, and the wild and native graces of her younger sister, the charming wood-nymph of Hellas. What in fact happened? She bore no resemblance either to one or to the other. We may say, that the civilization of the Jews was superior to that of the Egyptians, because they excelled the latter precisely in the quality that forms the highest distinction of our nature, that is Piety; but the two things are not, after all, susceptible of comparison. They are essentially different. The temple of Solomon was, perhaps, inferior in grandeur to those of Carnac and Luxore; but the lyre of David sent forth strains that were never heard within the cloisters of the priestly aristocracy of Memphis.

The Saracens, a modern nation, inherited and formed themselves upon the whole learning of the ancient world. Their sacred writings are a compilation from the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures: their philosophy and art were borrowed from the Greeks. Is the Koran, then, an improvement upon the Bible? Did Averroes carry intellectual philosophy beyond the point where it was left by Aristotle? Is Sinbad the Sailor a better poem than the Odyssey? Did Bagdad and Cordova, at their brilliant periods, flourishing in all the pomp of oriental luxury,—marble halls,—flowing fountains,—orange groves,—trelliced arbors,—bear much resemblance to Jerusalem, Rome or Athens? Was the civilization of the Saracens superior, inferior, or equal to that of the ancient world, or was it not rather something entirely different, having merits and defects of its own, and admitting, in reality, no precise comparison with that of any other people?

Finally, we see in the modern world of our own time a new formation out of the same materials, which were employed by the Saracens. We inherit like them, and with their additions,—whatever they may have been,—the wisdom of Egypt, Greece, and Palestine. On the doctrine we are considering, it would be difficult to say, what the result ought to be; for we should have been obliged to surpass, each in its own way, three or four nations, whose respective forms of civilization were all different.

This was obviously impossible; but if we could not excel them all at once, each in its own way, we might at least have selected some one of our masters, whose peculiar characteristics we might have copied and carried to higher perfection. Has this in fact happened? Quite the contrary. The civilization of the modern world is another new creation, entirely different from that of any of the ancient nations, whose acquisitions we inherit. We are neither superior nor inferior to them; they were neither superior nor inferior to us. They excelled us in certain particulars, each in its own way: we excel them in others. The Egyptians surpassed us in the grandeur of their public monuments;—the Hebrews in piety;—the Greeks in taste;—the Romans in virtue;—even the Saracens in a sort of wild magnificence. We excel them all in the physical sciences, and their application to the arts. There lies our peculiar glory; and it may serve to moderate the pride which we are sometimes inclined to feel in our supposed general superiority, to recollect, that the ancients had the advantage of us in most of the attainments belonging to our moral and higher nature, and that it is principally in the lower order of mechanical and purely material enquiries that we excel them. In making this remark, we leave out of view the modern improvements in political science, from which we expect great results, but of which the value is not yet fully ascertained.

We find, in short, no appearance in the history of the world, of a law, by which each successive nation or race takes up the work of improvement at the point where it was left by preceding ones, and after carrying it on during the period of its own existence, delivers it over in a more advanced state to its successors. On the contrary, the fortunes and characters of particular nations rather seem to be, when the term is properly explained, the results of accident. The development of civilization is accordingly described by a late English poet, Mrs. Barbauld, as the effect of the presence of a capricious Genius, who, without any moving cause, but his own accidental preference, fixes his residence alternately in different quarters of the globe.

> ‘There walks a spirit o’er the peopled earth;
> Secret his progress is, unknown his birth;
> Moody and viewless as the changing wind,
> No force arrests his foot, no chain can bind.
> Where’er he turns, the human brute awakes,
> And roused to better life, his sordid hut forsakes:

He thinks, he reasons, glows with purer fires,
Feels finer wants, and burns with new desires.
Obedient nature follows where he leads,—
The steaming marsh is changed to fruitful meads;
Then from its bed is drawn the ponderous ore;
Then commerce pours her gifts on every shore;
Then kindles fancy, then expands the heart,
Then blow the flowers of genius and of art;
Saints, heroes, sages, who the land adorn,
Seem rather to descend, than to be born;
Whilst history, midst the rolls consigned to fame,
With pen of adamant inscribes their name.

The Genius now forsakes the favored shore,
And hates, capricious, what he loved before.
Then empires fall to dust, then arts decay,
And wasted realms enfeebled despots sway.
Even nature's changed; without his fostering smile,
Ophir no gold, no plenty yields the Nile;
The thirsty sand absorbs the useless rill,
And spotted plagues from putrid fens distil.
In desert solitudes then Tadmor sleeps;
Stern Marius then o'er fallen Carthage weeps;
Then with enthusiast love the pilgrim roves
To seek his footsteps, in forsaken groves,
Explores the fractured arch, the ruined tower,
Those limbs disjointed of gigantic power;
Still at each step he dreads the adder's sting,
The Arab's javelin, or the tiger's spring;
With doubtful caution treads the echoing ground,
And asks where Troy and Babylon are found.'

The facts, which Mrs. Barbauld describes as the consequences of the caprice of the Genius of Civilization, and which may be fairly represented, according to the common use of language, as the effects of accident, are in reality, we hardly need say, results of the will of Providence, determining the circumstances in which men and nations are placed, and of the will of man, so far as he is left free, exercising a spontaneous action upon these circumstances, and modifying their results.

Such appears to be the law which regulates the progress, and determines the limits of the improvement of society. The essential characteristics of the race will always remain the same. The condition of individuals and communities is variable and susceptible of improvement or degradation, within certain limits assigned by the moral and physical laws of our nature. In briefly recapitulating the different views that have been taken of this subject, we have incidentally alluded to some of the more remarkable historical examples which tend to illustrate it, and to substantiate the conclusions we have drawn. A more complete and systematic survey of the field of history would probably afford new evidence of their truth. When we contemplate, at one view, the succession of nations and races, whose records fill up the annals of the world, and endeavor to ascertain the relations in which each has stood to those which preceded, accompanied, and followed it in the order of time, far from perceiving the existence of a law of progress, by the effect of which every generation regularly surpasses the preceding one, and is surpassed, in turn, by that which follows it, we find, on the contrary, that the common principles of our nature develope themselves spontaneously in each particular community or race, according to the particular circumstances which affect their operation, and of which the influence of other nations and races is only one, frequently not among the most important; and we find, that each particular race and nation passes through its regular course of progress, maturity, and decline, without appearing to exercise any permanent influence on the character and fortunes of the species. It would be impossible on an occasion like the present to enter, in much detail, upon a survey of this description, but it may not be wholly unprofitable to cast a rapid and hasty glance over the mere outline of this vast picture.

1. The history of civilization divides itself into three great branches, corresponding, in the main, with the three great divisions of the ancient continent; Europe, Asia, and Africa. The last of these sections is the one which formed the theatre of its first development. Scripture and the classical writers concur in attributing to the Ethiopians,—a people situated at the sources of the Nile and on the territory which forms the modern Abyssinia,—the precedence in the order of time over all other civilized nations. Between this people, and that which at the same time occupied the peninsula now called Hindostan, there was probably much communication, as appears from the similarity of their architectural monuments, and some other circumstances; but as the period when they both flourished lies beyond the domain of history, we have

no means of deciding with certainty which was a colony from the other. As far as the accounts carry us, the priority belongs to Ethiopia. The history of this nation is almost wholly concealed in the night of ages; and we know but little of it, excepting that it must have been in its day the seat of great power, wealth, and luxury, and the point from which they diffused themselves over all the neighboring regions. From this remote quarter, civilization descended the Nile into Egypt, and was carried over the Red Sea into Arabia, Syria, and Mesopotomia. Babylon and Nineveh are represented in Scripture as colonies of Ethiopia. Phenicia, which included Tyre, and of course Carthage, which was a colony of the latter city, sprung from the same stock. In short, the whole North of Africa and South-west of Asia,—the whole vast extent of territory, which stretches from the Streights of Gibraltar to the Ganges,—was peopled by a family of kindred nations, of which Ethiopia was the parent, and Egypt the most prominent member.

Egypt is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable nations that have ever flourished, and has, indeed, lately been pronounced by a powerful British writer, decidedly the most remarkable of all. Her history, like that of Ethiopia, is nearly unknown in its details; but there is evidence enough remaining of the power, wealth and high civilization, which distinguished her at the period of her greatest prosperity. In proof of this, we need only mention the Pyramids, and the ruins of cities and temples, that cover the banks of the Nile: —monuments, that are so far from having been equalled or surpassed at any subsequent period, that we can even now hardly form an idea of the possibility of their construction. These magnificent ruins are, however, by no means the only records of the glory of Egypt. The text of Scripture, the works of the Greek and Roman writers, are filled with descriptions of her wonders, admiration of her wisdom, wealth and luxury, and terrors of her power. The height of prosperity which she had attained as a nation, is the best proof that we could have of the excellence of her political constitution; while it appears, from the paintings and utensils found among the ruins of her cities, that the practical arts of life were carried by her to nearly the same degree of perfection, as with us.

By the side of Egypt, and on the foreground of the same historical picture, Babylon figures with hardly less magnificence. The Greek writers, particularly Herodotus, have exhausted their eloquence in describing her splendid architectural monuments; and the details he gives us are of so extraordinary a character, that they have been regarded by some writers as fabulous; although from the well-attested veracity of the Father of History, as to every point that came within his own knowledge, there is little doubt of their correctness. Egypt and the kindred nations around her, were, in short, the civilized world of that primeval day. There it was, that the generous and stirring spirits of the time, Pythagoras, Homer, Solon, Herodotus, Plato and the rest, made their noble journeys of intellectual and moral discovery, as ours now make them in England, France, Germany and Italy. The great law-giver of the Jews was prepared for his divine mission by a course of instruction in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The colonies that gave the impulse to improvement in Greece,—the founders of Argos, Athens, Thebes and Delphi,—came from Egypt or her colonies, and for centuries afterwards their descendants constantly returned thither, as to the source and centre of civilization.

Such was the height to which improvement attained in Africa; and, it may serve to moderate the pride we are apt to feel in the supposed superiority of the white race, to which we belong, over every other, to recollect that the whole civilized world of this early period was inhabited by men of a color, which in this country we hardly venture to call by its proper name, in connexion with the human species; in short by blacks. Ethiopia and Egypt, India, Babylon and Nineveh, Tyre and Carthage, are all represented by the Greek writers as peopled in their time by men of this color. The Egyptians, in particular, are described by Herodotus as blacks with woolly hair.* Some modern writers have, it is true, attempted to dispute the positive assertion of Herodotus on this subject. It is well known that the Europeans,—unwilling to admit that a race whom they have injured so deeply as the Africans, are naturally their equals,—have undertaken to prove that they are an inferior variety of the species, and even to show, by certain points in their physical constitution, that they must be so. This degrading theory,—degrading, we mean, to its authors, and not to the unfortunate race whom they thus attempt to reduce below themselves in the scale of humanity, in order to have some apology for torturing and oppressing them,—this degrading theory is of course ruined by the single fact, that the Egyptians, the predecessors, and as it were the masters in civilization of the Europeans, belonged to the African family; and in order to maintain the system, its partisans are compelled, and have really undertaken to make out, that Herodotus did not know black from white. Those who do not go quite this length, affirm that even if the mass of the nation were men of color, the ruling families, who possessed the power, wealth and wisdom of the country, must have been white; and this theory has been thought to receive some confirmation from certain paintings found among the Egyptian monuments, representing processions and other public meetings, and which include persons of different colors, black, red and white. This fact may be easily explained, by supposing that the paintings in question belong to the period of Egyptian history subsequent to the Persian Conquest, from which time forward the ruling families were undoubtedly white: and it could, of course, carry no weight in opposition to the highest contemporary authority.

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* Euterpe § CIV.

We may add, that at this time there was no prejudice entertained by the Europeans against the color of the African race. The early Greeks appear, on the contrary,—as was natural enough, considering that the blacks had the advantage of them in power and civilization,—to have regarded the latter not merely as their equals, but as a superior variety of the species;—superior to themselves, not only in wisdom and virtue, but what may seem to be much more remarkable, in outward appearance. The Ethiopians, says Herodotus, excel all other nations in longevity, stature, and personal beauty.* Their excellent moral qualities are amply attested by Homer, who constantly speaks of them with the epithet *blameless*, and informs us repeatedly, that Jupiter, attended by all the Gods, was in the habit, out of regard to their extraordinary piety, of accepting an invitation which they annually gave him to a festival that lasted twelve days. When Achilles, in the first book of the Iliad, complains to his mother, the sea-goddess Thetis, of the insult he has received from

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* Thalia, § CXIV.

Agamemnon, she gives as a reason for not reporting the matter at once to Jupiter, and demanding redress, that he, with the whole celestial synod in his train, was absent on his annual visit to the blameless Ethiopians, and was not expected back in less than twelve days.

'The Sire of Gods, and all the etherial train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Ethiopia's blameless race.
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving light;
Then will I mount the brazen dome, and move
The high tribunal of immortal Jove.'

The black prince Memnon, probably a king of Egypt, who served in the Trojan army at the siege of Troy, is uniformly spoken of by the Greek and Latin poets as a person of extraordinary beauty, and is qualified as the son of Aurora or the morning. There are, in short, no traces to be found of any prejudice against the color of the blacks like that which has grown up in modern times, and which is in fact much stronger in this country than in Europe. It is obviously the result of the relative condition of the two races. We hate and despise the blacks, because we have deeply and shamefully injured them. The prejudice against them proves not that they are naturally inferior to us, but that we, in our treatment of them, are inferior to ourselves. It forms, however,—as was correctly remarked by President Madison in one of his speeches in the late Virginia Convention,—the principal obstacle to the practical improvement of the condition of that portion of this unfortunate race which we have among us; and it is in the hope of contributing, however slightly, to the removal of it, that we have indulged in this digression.

Such, however, is the brief outline of the first development of civilization of which we have any knowledge. It commenced in Africa soon after the deluge,—spread itself all over the neighboring regions, and continued to advance by a regular progress for about a thousand years, until it attained,—at the period assigned to the Trojan war, that is, about eleven or twelve hundred years before the Christian era,—the high state which we have now been describing. If the doctrine of a regular progress in the condition of humanity were true, the advances thus obtained would have naturally served as a point of departure for a new march towards a still higher degree of civilization. What in fact happened? Has Africa,—has the black race, continued to advance during the three thousand years that have elapsed since the period of the Trojan war, with as much rapidity as during the thousand that preceded it? The question would be sufficiently answered by the prejudice we now feel against the very color, shape and physical constitution of that ill-fated people. During the period alluded to, civilization has been constantly declining in Africa and her colonies, as regularly as it previously rose. Shortly after the time of their greatest power and splendor, Egypt, Babylon and all their dependencies excepting Carthage, were subjugated by the Persians,—then a hardy and warlike race of mountaineers. The sensation created at the time by this tremendous political revolution, appears to have resembled that which was occasioned in our own day by the progress and results of the late crisis in the affairs of Europe. We have still extant a lively contemporary expression of it in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, and many of our readers doubtless recollect how universally and how aptly the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, which describes the fall of Babylon, was applied in our public religious ceremonies to that of Napoleon. So deep and lasting were the impressions produced by this catastrophe, that two of the most celebrated painters of our day,—one of whom we are proud to claim as our countryman,—have selected it as a subject for the pencil. Mr. Allston is now engaged on a picture intended to represent the wonderful events that occurred in the interior of the Palace at Babylon, on that memorable night, when Belshazzar held his last feast; and when the troops of Cyrus, after turning the course of the Tigris, passing in its bed under the walls of the city, and ascending the private stairs that conducted from the river to the royal apartments, burst upon the view of the assembled court in the character of the ministers of divine vengeance upon a corrupted people, and announced to the monarch that his kingdom was divided, and given to the Medes and Persians. This was about five hundred years before Christ. Two centuries later, these terrible invaders, already corrupted by power and prosperity, were first repulsed, and then subjugated by the Greeks, who, under Alexander, wrested from them all their African conquests, and extended their own dominions from Indus to the sources of the Nile. Carthage still remained,—the sole surviving fragment of African prosperity;—but this was soon swept away by the swelling inundation of the Roman power. The grand and gloomy figure of Hannibal closes, with appropriate dignity the long line of the successors of Nimrod, Ninus and Sesostris. From this time forward, the proper African race ceases to exercise any independent action in the affairs of the world. Their territory has been successively occupied, without resistance on their part, by the northern barbarians, the Arabs, the Turks, and every European nation that has chosen to invade it. By the effect of this series of revolutions, the wealth and population of these naturally fine and flourishing regions have been gradually wasted, until they have sunk into the state in which we see them at the present day.

II. The history of the African branch of civilization lends, therefore, but little confirmation to the theory of regular progress and complete perfectibility. Look now at the Asiatic,—that, we mean, which occurred in Asia independently of the influence of the African colonies, which, as we have remarked, overspread and civilized the South-western part of that continent. The scene of this development was laid in the central and South-eastern quarter, among a people whom we commonly denominate the Tartars, although that name does not seem to be in use among themselves. The details of its origin and progress are,—as in the case of Africa,—in a great measure unknown. The results are apparent in the vast and populous empires of Japan and China,—especially the latter, which is doubtless in many important particulars one of the most extraordinary communities that have ever flourished, and of which the history and institutions are far too little studied by the political inquirers of the Western world. Improvement appears to have commenced in this quarter somewhat later than in Africa, and to have advanced by a slower progress. China, which had previously consisted of a number of independent nations, constantly at war with each other, was consolidated into its present shape at about the period of the Christian era, and from that time forward continued to advance in power, wealth and civilization, for at least a thousand years. The creation of that immense empire did not however exhaust the activity of the Tartar race. On the contrary, their habits of daring and restless enterprise kept in constant alarm, not merely the central part of Asia, which they inhabited, but the whole ancient continent,—we may say indeed the whole world. Fresh hordes, successively emigrating from this quarter, or urged forward by those who actually did so, subverted the vast fabric of the Roman Empire. Before this catastrophe was finally completed, their spirit of expansion took an opposite course, and under the direction of Gengis Khan and his immediate successors, poured itself out over the kindred nations of their own stock in the south-east of Asia, and crossing the Himalaya mountains, burst, like a tempest, on the beautiful and then unwarlike regions of Hindostan and Persia. Among the results of this last and most violent effort of the development of the Tartar race, were,—as we have reason to suppose,—the emigrations which led to the establishment on our own continent of the empires of Mexico and Peru.

A late British writer, Mr. Ranking, has undertaken to give in detail a history of these emigrations and their consequences; but without indulging in vain speculations, which belong rather to the domain of romance, we have ample ground for considering the principal fact as certain. The attack on Japan by a Tartar army at about this period, which is recorded by the native historians of that empire, proves that a portion of their tribes had moved in a north-easterly direction; and it is hardly probable that their course would have been checked by the trifling obstacle of a narrow arm of the ocean. They doubtless crossed the Streights of Behring, and advanced towards the South in search of a better climate, until they reached the equatorial regions, where they finally settled. The traditions of the Mexicans and Peruvians point, in fact, to the north-west, as the quarter from which their ancestors proceeded; while their manners, opinions and physical constitutions identify them fully with the great Tartar family.

Be that, however, as it may, and from whatever source we may suppose that the population of these empires proceeded, it is certain that civilization began to advance with great rapidity in Asia, soon after the opening of the Christian era, and continued in a state of progress for about twelve or fourteen hundred years. Asia was, in fact, the civilized world of this period, as Africa had been of the preceding one. The Roman empire had become the prey of the northern invaders, among whom the spirit of improvement had not yet begun to develope itself. All the more ancient seats of civilization had relapsed into barbarism, and a general night of rudeness and ignorance overspread the whole West. In the meantime, the East was flourishing in the full enjoyment of the arts, the comforts, and the luxuries that belong to polished society. The family of kindred nations which inhabited it, were governed by political and social institutions, differing, in many points of form, from those which we consider wise and liberal; but, if we may judge by their stability, well accommodated to the genius and taste of the people over which they were established,—after all, the real test of the goodness of any government. Under the influence of these institutions, population increased with extraordinary rapidity, until it reached in China the astonishing height of more than three hundred millions. Wealth, the progress of which is chiefly dependent on the increase of population, accumulated in proportion, and the invention and cultivation of the elegant and useful arts followed in its train. The discovery of the art of printing, which was made by the Chinese, gave an impulse to literature; and books were multiplied to an extent hardly known as yet even in Modern Europe. Learning was the only passport to the political and civil departments of the public service. Poetry and polite literature became the ordinary occupation and favorite amusement of the youth of both sexes, as we learn from the novels and romances of the Chinese, in which the young men and women of the higher classes, when they meet together, instead of engaging in the sorts of amusement which are fashionable with us, commonly challenge each other to a trial of skill in making verses. While these flowers of fancy embellished the surface of society, the philosophy of practical life,—the richest fruit of civilization,—was maturing beneath it. Morality was founded on the solid basis of the natural affections, and sanctioned by the pure and sublime religion of Confucius, which was not yet superseded by the gross superstitions of foreign origin, that have since gained ground among the mass of the people. Respect for age and authority,—devotion to the female sex,—a graceful softness and polish of manners, were the general characteristics of society, and gave security and pleasure to the ordinary intercourse of life. Some departments of art and science were less cultivated. Painting, sculpture, and architecture were neglected in the general enthusiasm for poetry: and the great attention and importance that were attached to moral and political philosophy seem to have thrown into the shade the mechanical and physical sciences, which made but little progress. But notwithstanding these and any other deductions that may properly be made, it can hardly be denied, that civilization had attained at this time, in China and the neighboring nations of Eastern Asia, nearly or quite as high a point of perfection, though under a somewhat different form, as it has ever reached in any part of the world. Such was the state of these countries when they were first visited by Marco Polo, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, and others in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. The accounts of their power, magnificence and luxury, which were brought back by these enterprising pilgrims, appeared to our rude and ignorant ancestors like Arabian tales. Though fully confirmed by subsequent inquiries, they obtained for a long time but little credit, and their authors were even held up as patterns in the art of open and unblushing falsehood. 'Ferdinand Mendez Pinto,' says a character in one of the British comedies, to another whom he is charging with a habit of gross deception, 'Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!'

Here then was another large section of our race,—another family of kindred nations, forming as it were a world by itself, which had risen to a very high point of civilization. If the theory of a regular progress in the condition of humanity were true, they too might naturally have been expected to make still farther advances in improvement, and to have communicated their methods to others until they had civilized the whole human race, and carried it with them to the acme of complete perfection. The result, however, has by no means corresponded with any such expectation. Although the prosperity of Asia, as it increased less rapidly, has also been somewhat more lasting than that of Africa, it has, nevertheless, been constantly declining since the period to which we have alluded. The spirit of expansion and development has ceased to exhibit itself in this quarter, and the vast central *plateau* of Tartary, which formerly sent forth swarms of conquering emigrants toward every point of the compass, is now nearly uninhabited. Three centuries ago the Tartars occupied Moscow. Now the Russians have their permanent military posts close upon the great wall. The wealth and magnificence of China, though still remarkable, have evidently sunk very much since the successive conquests by Gengis and his descendants, probably by the effect of some unfavorable changes of constitution resulting from these events. Instead of extending her peculiar form of civilization throughout the world, this great empire has been compelled for two or three centuries past to act on the defensive, and to repel, as she best might, the vigorous inroads of the spirit of improvement developing itself under a different, and to her hostile shape, in the remote region of Europe, and thence throwing out its ramifications over the habitable globe. It hardly requires the exercise of a very strong prophetic power to foretell which party will ultimately gain the advantage in this struggle, or, even should their prosperity be wholly unaffected by any unfavorable foreign influence, to foresee, that the glories of Pekin, Canton, and Jeddo are destined, comparatively at no very distant day, to share the same fate with those of Rome, Memphis and Babylon.

The history of Asia leads us, therefore, to the same conclusion in regard to the progress and limits of the improvement of society, with that of Africa. It only remains to notice the bearing upon this subject of the third great experiment, which is furnished us by the history of civilization in Ancient Europe.

III. The white, or as it is sometimes called Caucasian race, by which Europe has been peopled, is the one which we, who belong to it, have been in the habit of considering as essentially superior to every other. The illustrious naturalist, Linnæus, has classed it as a separate variety of the species, under the honorable title of *Homo sapiens Europæus*,—the wise European. It is here, therefore, if any where, that we should expect a confirmation of the theory of perfectibility, and it is fortunate for the elucidation of the subject, that as respects this part of it, we have in our possession all the facts necessary for forming an opinion. It is, however, as it happens, precisely in this quarter, that we find the strongest evidence of the visionary character of this system. Among the European nations of the old world, civilization passed through the natural course of progress, maturity, and decay, with equal regularity and greater rapidity than among the Asiatic or the African. The improvement of the white race commenced at once in several quarters, among the Jews, the Persians, and the Greeks, about the time when civilization had passed its maturity, and was going to decay among the Africans: that is, about one thousand years before Christ. The Jews were a white colony, who emigrated into Palestine from the North-east, and after an intermediate residence of two or three centuries in Egypt, finally established themselves in the former country. Their name will be forever memorable in the history of the world, as that of the nation through which it has pleased Providence to instruct a large portion of mankind in the sublime truths of religion. Notwithstanding the prejudices against them, which were entertained by the Romans, their capital is declared by Pliny, to have been by far the most illustrious of the cities of the East. *Hierosolyma, longe clarissima urbium Orientis.*[*] But their political importance does not correspond with the wide space they occupy in the domain of religious and moral philosophy. They were considerable, for a moment, under David and Solomon, but were almost immediately crushed by the still overwhelming greatness of the African nations, and never afterwards recovered their independence. It was, however, only seventy years after their subjugation, that the white race acquired, at the conquest of Babylon by the Persians, the ascendancy over the blacks, which they have ever since maintained. From this time forward, the Persians, the Greeks, and the Romans figured successively as the representatives of the whites, and as the leading powers of the civilized world of that period. The Persians were almost immediately corrupted by the arts and luxuries of their vanquished enemies, and ran very rapidly through their short and comparatively inglorious career, which commenced with the conquest of Babylon, and finished with the flight of Xerxes. The Greeks acquired during their prosperity a peculiar glory, by discovering the true principles of taste in the fine arts, and, at the same time, carrying the practice of them to complete perfection. They occupy in this department the place that belongs to the Jews in religion; and will forever excite the enthusiastic admiration of the lovers of poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture. But they, like the Jews, figured on a theatre too limited in extent to allow them to obtain a durable political importance; and the whole period of their prosperity, from the repulse of the Persians to the Roman invasion, falls within the compass of less than three centuries. It is accordingly among the Romans that we find the most complete development of civilization that took place in ancient Europe, but even here its progress and decline were much more rapid than they had been in Africa or Asia. In less than eight hundred years from the foundation of the city, Rome attained her loftiest height of power under Augustus, and in less than five hundred more was completely over-run by the barbarians; leaving no other trace of her political greatness, but the miserable wreck that survived at Constantinople. The vigor and virtue that marked the earlier periods of this illustrious Republic,—the arts and luxury that attended its maturity,—the vices that precipitated, and the melancholy struggles that attended its fall, constitute the principal subjects of our youthful studies, and are too familiar to us to require any notice. Suffice it to say, that the history of the wise European,—or Caucasian,—the *homo sapiens Europæus*,—whether we view him in Judea, Persia, Greece or Rome, is no better fitted than that of his weaker brethren to encourage the belief in the theory of a regular and indefinite progress in the condition of society throughout the world.

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[*] Plin. Nat. Hist., V. 15.

Such is the brief outline of the whole series of experiments on the fortunes of nations, of which we have any account, and of which the record may be considered as entirely made up and closed. Within four or five centuries, a new development of civilization has commenced among the race to which we belong, on the same field which was the theatre of the former one, and is now in a state of progress on the ancient continent, from which it has more recently extended itself to this. No conclusions can of course be drawn with propriety from experiments that are still unfinished, and we must leave it to future generations to gather from the history of Modern Europe and her colonies, the political and moral lessons which it is fitted to teach. It is natural, however, for communities which are actually in a state of progress and expansion, to look with complacency on the present, and with brilliant anticipations on the future. Not having yet reached the limit of their own advancement, and not having it of course immediately before their eyes, they are tempted to flatter themselves that none exists, and that they are destined to furnish a splendid exception to the course of universal history. Such appears to have been, in fact, the historical origin of the theories upon this subject that grew up at the opening of the French Revolution, and to which we have alluded. The delusion, by the effect of which the individual believes that his case will form an exception to the general laws that regulate the fortunes of his kindred and kind, however common it may be, is of too gross a character to require refutation. But having in this way adopted the notion that civilization, after reaching the point which it has now attained in Christendom, could not possibly decline, some persons have sought and assigned certain positive reasons for this belief. It has been said, for example, that the art of printing must forever secure to us the knowledge, and of course the power and prosperity which we now possess. But those who urge this argument forget, that it is not the loss of the arts which occasions the decline of nations, but the decline of nations which occasions the loss of the arts. Subject the United States to a government like that of Turkey, and the art of printing would be extinct among us in fifty years. Establish in Turkey the political constitution of the United States, and within the same period the empire would be covered with booksellers' shops, and inundated with newspapers. The Chinese possess the art of printing as well as we;—nay, they possessed more than a thousand years ago the last of our improvements in that line, that of stereotype plates, which are the only types in use among them. Their system of characters is perhaps in theory more perfect than ours. But the art of printing, with all the perfection to which they have carried it, has not prevented them from declining in civilization, after they had reached their period of maturity. We are told again, that the superior correctness of our political principles, and the excellence of our forms of government, will secure us against the fate that has befallen our predecessors. But it should be kept in mind, that the real excellence of all political institutions lies in their conformity to the character and condition of the people; and that, if these undergo an unfavorable change, the very same forms, that were before elements of strength and prosperity, become the fatal sources of weakness and destruction. It is lastly affirmed, that we enjoy in the religion of the Gospel a singular distinction, which will secure us forever from the danger of political decline. But if the possession of Christianity, in the pure and perfect shape in which it was preached by Christ and his apostles, did not prevent the decay of civilization in Ancient Europe,—did not prevent the utter ruin, within half a century, of the city in which it had its origin, and, within three or four centuries, of the Roman empire by which it was adopted,—how can we expect, that it should be with us a sure guarantee of unalterable worldly prosperity? The Divine Author of this religion, in fact, declared, that his kingdom was not of this world. However pride and patriotism may lead us to indulge in sanguine calculations of the prosperous and brilliant destinies that appear to be reserved for the communities to which we belong, it would be useless and puerile to pretend to disguise from ourselves and others, that they are still communities of men, that they are subject to the common law of humanity, and will pass with more or less rapidity through the same successive periods of development, maturity, and decline, that have made up the history of all the rest.

All experience, therefore, concurs with reason and religion in assuring us, that there are limits fixed by the physical and moral laws of our nature, beyond which improvement, whether in the case of individuals or communities, cannot be carried. Within the limits marked out by these laws, its possible progress may be said to be indefinite. This view of the condition of humanity will not, we trust, be considered as in any respect gloomy or discouraging. It leaves open, in fact, to the generous and patriotic citizen, a field of exertion as wide as the loftiest ambition needs to wish. Although analogy may perhaps suggest the sober reflection, that the long lapse of four thousand years, of which we possess the record, has probably exhausted almost all the possible combinations of circumstances, and that there is little reason to expect hereafter any better results than the best that have occurred already, we are yet at liberty, without elevating our hopes beyond the line of practicable improvement, to aim at greater attainments than those that have illustrated the most celebrated names of ancient and modern times. The young enthusiast may dream of an eloquence superior to that of Cicero or Burke,—sublimer strains of poetry than those of Homer or Milton,—a deeper philosophy than that of Aristotle or Bacon,—a purer virtue than that of Washington. The ardent patriot may hope and believe that his country, under the influence of wiser institutions and happier circumstances, may attain a height of civilization as much superior to any that has yet been reached in any other part of the world, as the present condition of Europe and the United States is to that of the degraded inhabitants of Southern Africa, or the aboriginal natives of our own continent. All this we may hope and aspire to for ourselves and our country, without aiming at attainments beyond the limits of practicable improvement, as we have attempted to define it,—and if all this do not satisfy us, it must be owned, that our ambition is not very moderate. And if the view, here presented, cuts off the visionary prospect of complete perfection,—the belief of which could only lead to delusion and practical abuse,—it concurs, on the other hand, with the conclusions of reason, the suggestions of feeling and the promises of Scripture, in confirming our assurance of a pure and happy immortality hereafter.

We have thus endeavored to explain, though in an imperfect and summary way, the nature of the laws that regulate the progress and determine the limits of the improvement of society. It is, as we remarked at the outset, of high practical importance,—particularly in a community which, like ours, is actually in a state of rapid progress,—that the prevalent views on this subject should be of a correct and rational character. Loose and exaggerated expectations naturally generate fantastic schemes, which can only end in disappointment, and inflated forms of expression, which expose us to the ridicule of foreigners; while they also tend, on the other hand, by the effect of reaction, to discourage the efforts that would otherwise be made in a judicious and practical way. There is the less reason for us in this country to indulge in delusive visions of ideal and impossible improvement, inasmuch as we have before us, in the prospects that are really held out by the actual situation of the United States, as ample a field for useful exertion and flattering hope, as the most active and enthusiastic patriot needs to wish.

We shall conclude this article by pointing out some of the principal circumstances in our situation, which render it probable that, within the limits assigned by the moral and physical laws of our nature, and the uniform experience of the world, we are destined to make as rapid a progress, and to attain as high a point of civilization, as the most favored communities of ancient and modern times.

1. The first ground of high, and at the same time perfectly rational hope on this subject, is founded on the great recent improvements in the physical sciences, and their application to the arts. These constitute, as we have already remarked, the peculiar distinction, and only incontestible title of superiority that belongs to the modern world; and they are probably destined to exercise a most favorable influence on its future con-

dition, especially in this country. The immediate effect of such improvements is to increase the productiveness of labor, and of course to render its products proportionally cheap and abundant. In this way, the material comforts of life are rendered accessible to a much larger number of persons than before. The increased facility for obtaining the material comforts of life carries with it additional opportunities and facilities for intellectual and moral culture. Now the principle of the most important change for the better which we can imagine in the present condition of society, lies precisely in the extension, to a much larger number of persons, of the facilities for the material enjoyments of life, and for moral and intellectual culture, which have hitherto belonged to comparatively few individuals. The most astonishing results have already been realized in this way in some departments, particularly that of communicating information and instruction by the process of reading. To say precisely how much the productiveness of the labor formerly employed in copying manuscripts has been increased by the invention of the press, would be difficult, but to state it at a million times would probably be a very low calculation. Libraries, that would formerly have been considered treasures fit only for princes, are now within the reach of individuals of moderate fortunes, and of village societies. The more recent improvements in some of the other applications of labor are hardly less remarkable. The invention of the power loom and steam engine, with the supplementary machinery which comes in aid of them, has done nearly or quite as much to increase the productiveness of the labor employed in the manufacture of most of the objects necessary to the material comforts of life, as that of the press did for the dissemination of knowledge through the medium of books. Its practical result ought to, and under circumstances otherwise favorable, must in the end be to render the use of these objects much more general than it has hitherto been in any community. These results are not yet fully realized either abroad or among ourselves, and there is perhaps no point towards which the efforts of benevolent individuals or associations can be directed with better effect, than that of enabling the poorer classes to obtain all the advantages in the way of food, clothing, and comfortable habitations, which the great discoveries alluded to are capable of affording them. Having noticed, at the beginning of this article, the wild speculations of Mr. Owen on the general question of the improvement of society, it is perhaps but justice to him to remark here, that his views in regard to the extension of the advantages derivable from the modern improvements in the arts to the poorer classes of people, are of a far more judicious and practical character, and may be consulted with advantage by those who take an interest in the subject.

2. Another strong ground for a high, and at the same time rational hope of the rapid advancement of civilization in this country, is founded in the free and popular character of our political institutions. In many parts of the world, which are equally with us, or perhaps to a greater extent, in possession of the last and most valuable improvements in physical science,—the political constitution of society is such, that the whole power and wealth of the community, with the means of material enjoyment and intellectual culture which they carry with them, are concentrated in the hands of a very few persons, and that the mass of the people have no real assurance of retaining and enjoying the fruits of their labor. Under these circumstances, it is obviously of no importance to them, whether the labor, of which they are not to enjoy the fruits, is more or less productive. Their only effort is to work as little as they can, and the advantages resulting from improvements in science, and their application to the arts, are hardly felt. With us, on the contrary, where every individual is completely protected in the enjoyment of the fruits of his labor, every augmentation of their amount operates as an equal addition to the wealth and happiness of the mass of the people, and they will of course seize with avidity the opportunity afforded by any increase in the productiveness of labor for realizing such an addition. The advantages resulting from improvements in science will of course be diffused very generally, and with great rapidity, and the condition of the body of the people must assume in the end an entirely different aspect, as respects the comforts of life and the state of intellectual and moral culture, from that which it wears under institutions of a different character. On the other hand, the same genial influence of freedom, which diffuses security, comfort and intelligence through the body of the people, opens to the few gifted and lofty spirits who choose to enter on it, the field of honorable distinction, in every department of public and private life, upon much more inviting terms than can possibly be offered in other differently constituted communities, and thus encourages the progress of civilization in both its great constituent branches, one

of which consists in the well-being and intelligence of the people at large, and the other in the high attainments of the smaller number of superior minds who are fitted, by original powers and peculiar advantages of education, to give a direction to the thoughts and labors of the rest.

While therefore we retain in their purity our present political insutulions, we are morally certain of continuing to make a regular and rapid progress in improvement; and should they be destined to a long term of existence, we have every reason to hope and expect, that we shall attain under their influence a higher degree of civilization than has yet been reached in any other country. Every thing depends, therefore, on the durability of these institutions; and while the most sanguine patriots will readily admit that they are still of too recent construction to be regarded as completely out of danger, it is nevertheless cheering to reflect, that we have all the securities for their stability and permanence, which the nature of the case would easily admit.

We are sure, in the first place, that our institutions are not the mere forms of free government, which are often united with the substance of tyranny; but rest on foundations which are laid broad and deep in the state of the community. When the diffusion of property and intellectual and moral culture keeps pace with that of political rights, as is the case with us, it is certain that the government has all the stability which belongs to its character, and can only be shaken by changes in the condition of the people, or by its own essential impracticability.

Again: we are in a great degree secured by our favorable geographical position and extent of territory, from the accidental danger of foreign invasion, and sudden domestic convulsions, which have proved fatal to the peace and prosperity of so many free states. The vast ocean, which intervenes between us and the ancient continent, has always been and will continue to be a perpetual wall of defence against hostile inroads from abroad; while the large extent of our territory, which has sometimes been regarded as one of our dangers, furnishes the best protection we could possibly have against the occurrence of violent political convulsions at home. When the body politic is bounded by the walls of a single city or by the borders of a narrow territory, the slightest accidental circumstance, —a single burst of popular feeling,—the restless ambition of a single aspiring citizen, may overturn the government. But when the action proceeds, as with us, on a theatre extending over a whole vast continent, and is conducted by ten or twelve millions of independent actors, the partial and local effect of sudden movements and single characters is lost in the general result, which is determined entirely by the operation of general causes. The great elemental principles of TIME and SPACE are therefore, under Providence, allied with us against all our enemies, foreign and domestic. Our case will be tried in the court of experience, on its merits, whatever they may be ; and if there be any danger of failure, it can only arise from the utter impracticability of a purely democratic constitution on the scale on which we have attempted it, although tried under every accidental advantage, and with the aid of important improvements in political science, which had never been applied to practice before.

On this vital question,—the essential practicability of our institutions,—it becomes us of course to speak with the serious hope that leads to active and persevering exertion, rather than with the vain confidence that inspires an idle security ; but we have yet a right to point, with modest assurance, to the favorable experience of two centuries, during which our institutions have been gradually and constantly developing themselves, and acquiring new degrees of consistency and vigor, as an encouraging guarantee of their future destiny. We know, at the same time, that the success of the grand experiment we are making in the science of government, will depend entirely on the vigor and fidelity with which each successive generation perform their part in guarding and transmitting to posterity the invaluable treasure which they have received from their own predecessors. Every effort we make for the diffusion of knowledge, and for the extension of the influence of morality and Religion, besides the immediate advantages which it is intended and fitted to produce to ourselves and our contemporaries, brightens the prospects of the country, and will improve the condition of our children and their descendants for centuries to come. From such efforts, the blessing of Providence is never withheld ; and should they be generally made and perseveringly continued, so as to give a character to the moral aspect of the people, the success of our experiment is certain ; and we shall pass through a course of national existence, as long, as brilliant and as fortunate as the transitory nature of human affairs will permit.

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